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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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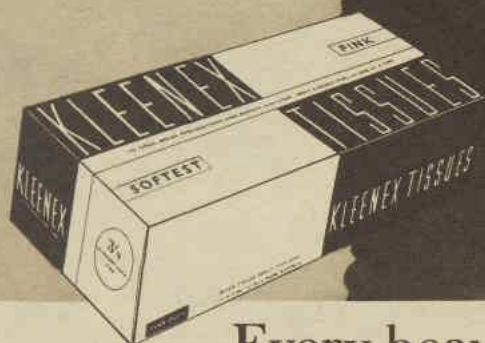
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● The American best-selling novel "Advise and Consent," about top-level politics in Washington, is being made into a film with Hollywood stars as leading politicians.

ALL Washington was agog when the film company, with director Otto Preminger, hit town. Diplomacy and affairs of State were set aside in the excitement of meeting "President" Franchot Tone, "Vice-President" Lew Ayres, "Southern Senator" Charles Laughton, "Majority Leader" Walter Pidgeon, and "Secretary of State-designate" Henry Fonda.

And among the dazzling cast was beautiful Gene Tierney making a comeback after ten years (story, page 5).

Lift-out shopping news

NEXT week we introduce a new service for our readers — Retail Store News.

Every week your Women's Weekly will include a lift-out section of shopping news from the big city and suburban retail stores.

Our first Retail Store News will contain display advertisements — in pages twice the size of a Women's Weekly page — for eight major stores.

Our Cover

● The lovely garden scene was photographed by staff photographer Ron Berg during Tulip Time in Bowral, N.S.W.

The garden, which belongs to Mrs. R. Green, of Kangaroo Road, Bowral, was a prizewinner in the competition held in conjunction with Bowral's Festival of Flowers. It won the section for over 66ft. frontage without a gardener's help.

Mrs. Green has two and a half acres of ground, which, when she and her husband built their home eight and a half years ago, was undeveloped.

She does the garden herself; mows all the lawns with a push mower.

Some of the gumtrees had to be cut down when the house was built, but one magnificent white gum dominates a part of the garden and gives the house its name, "Yarra-bin," which is aboriginal for white gum.

NEXT WEEK: Play clothes to sew — six international designs from easy-to-follow patterns . . . Christmas Party Fare — recipes for savories, cakes, and drinks.

KK637R

TULIP TIME

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TULIP-TIME-IN-BOWRAL WEEK attracted 7000 visitors to the lovely town on the New South Wales southern tablelands. The Rotary Club donated 10,000 bulbs for the municipal gardens, 60,000 others bloomed in public places, many private gardens were open for inspection. Tulip Time will now be an annual festival. Photograph shows blooms in Corbett Gardens.

Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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SPEED COULD MAKE A TOWN CALLED EYRE

By NONI ROWLAND, staff reporter

● If Lake Eyre is used as the site for an attempt on the world land speed record next year, it could result in a township growing up in one of Australia's most desolate areas.

THIS is the opinion of British speed driver Donald Campbell, who said he would make the attempt next May if salt islands could be removed from the lake and an access road provided.

Mr. Campbell, who recently inspected the site, said that if these two difficulties could be overcome, he would return to "have a crack at" the late John Cobb's world land speed record of 394.196 m.p.h.

"Lake Eyre could become an international test and record site if developed," said Mr. Campbell. "After all, I am not the only person looking for a test site."

"Motor manufacturers the world over are looking for a new testing station because the demand on present sites has outgrown their capacities."

"The car you are driving was tested exhaustively before you bought it."

"If services can be provided, there is the basis for a new town on Lake Eyre."

"There is a precedent for it, you know. In 1955 when I went with my father to Utah, U.S.A., for the first time, there was only a tin garage and the granddaddy of all motels. Now there is a sizeable little township."

The famous speed (land and water) driver had flown back that day to Adelaide from the area, where he stayed with

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Price at Muloorina Station, the only habitation near Lake Eyre.

Though he'd been back only an hour from the dusty interior, he looked more as though he'd just stepped out of a West End club.

I had heard about the "Campbell charm" and saw it in action as he patiently answered the same questions for the individual TV and radio interviews.

He was solicitous when he heard I had a cold, and, when I rang him the next day to check a point, asked me if I felt any better.

I didn't ask him, but I



DONALD CAMPBELL inspects the surface of Lake Eyre. The British speed driver recently visited the area to see if it was suitable for an attempt on the world land speed record.

tered number of Campbell's boat Bluebird, holder of the present world water speed record.

The club meets once a year in the north of England and once in London.

Membership is restricted to those who have worked as members of the operational team in a world water speed record attempt and officials and Pressmen accredited to cover such attempts.

As far as Donald Campbell knows, only one Australian is a member.

do with it, madam," he said firmly. "Conditions would be far too arduous for women."

"Plus which, with so many men at the site, the presence of a few women could lead to trouble. The men would probably end up fighting over them."

I asked how many men would be travelling to Lake Eyre if it was decided to use it for the land speed attempt.

"I would think round about a hundred," he said.

"There would be about 25 to 30 engineers, mechanics, designers, technicians, and specialists of one kind and another, plus 10 to 12 people in the official party responsible for timing and the enforcement of international rules."

"In addition, there would be anything between 50 to 60 representatives of the Press, if Utah were any guide."

Mr. Campbell waves away any serious difficulties in transporting, feeding, or housing this number of people in desolate Lake Eyre.

"They could fly in or come by road," he said, "and the food would arrive the same way. The problem of water would have to be overcome, of course."

"Presumably, tents or some sort of temporary structures could be erected."

The whole operation at Lake Eyre would last about two months.

For Campbell, himself, the worst time of the world speed record attempt will be sitting in the cockpit waiting to start.

"This is always the most tense period," he said.

"It's even worse on water when you sit in the cockpit sometimes for three hours waiting for the right conditions."

"Then suddenly a wind springs up, the water becomes too choppy, and you go home and come back tomorrow."

The son of the famous test driver, Sir Malcolm Campbell, Donald Campbell says that water is his first love.

"I made my first world water speed record bid in 1949," he said.

He hints that the Lake Eyre attempt, if it comes off, will be his last.

"Madam, unfortunately I am not so young any more," he said.

... the solution lies in the salt

wouldn't mind betting that Donald Campbell's favorite color is blue.

For the interview he wore blue socks, blue shirt and tie, grey flannels, and navy-blue blazer.

The royal-blue tie was covered by a series of pale blue wings linked to the letter "K."

The tie, Mr. Campbell told me in his clipped, very English voice, is that of the K.7 Club, "a very exclusive club with very limited membership."

The K. stands for the U.K. symbol in international water competitions for powered boats and the "7" is the regis-

He is Professor Thomas Fink, of Sydney University, who worked in England with the Bluebird team as consultant on the aero-dynamic side of the speedboat.

Mr. Campbell, a good-looking man with vivid blue eyes, said that the K.7 Club was exclusively male.

"Oddly enough, no Press-woman has ever covered a world water speed record bid," he said.

When I suggested that perhaps women would cover the land speed attempt at Lake Eyre, he was decisive.

"Not if I have anything to



AT LAKE EYRE, Donald Campbell flies for the first time over a proposed run for his attempt at cracking the world land speed record in his car Bluebird. His speedboat is also Bluebird.

After taking her life apart "stitch by stitch . . ."

THE RETURN OF GENE TIERNEY

By PAULA WALLING, in Hollywood

● After nearly ten years away from the screen, the exotic and still very lovely Gene Tierney is making her comeback in a new picture, "Advise and Consent."

THE film is a fascinating story of top-level politics in Washington. It is the screen version of the best-selling novel, and deals with the events that take place when the President asks the Senate to "advise and consent" to the nomination of a new Secretary of State.

Gene Tierney, after a severe mental breakdown ten years ago, has been in and out of sanatoriums and clinics. Her collapse was attributed to the birth of a mentally retarded child, the break-up of her marriage to dress-designer Oleg Cassini, and her tempestuous romance with the late Aly Khan.

She herself is convinced that it was none of these things. "My doctors and I took a long time of tough 'tooth-pulling' to find out what was really wrong with me," she told me.

"You have to work pretty hard—in the wrong direction

— to become as emotionally sick as I was, and it takes an equal length of time and effort to get well.

"Recovering is like unravelling a sweater. You take your life apart stitch by stitch. You do it with your doctor—in whom you must have the utmost faith—studying one part of the pattern, then another.

Greatest lesson

"The most important thing I discovered was that I had to learn to accept defeat.

"I had always thought that I had to fight the impossible. Now I had to learn to say, 'I can't win that one. Let's give up on it.'"

Miss Tierney then went on to talk about her marriage to Oleg Cassini, now Jacqueline Kennedy's main couturier.

"Our life," she recalled, "was a real clash of temperaments. I somehow couldn't let off steam, but that man simply had no safety valve: he just exploded."

Aly Khan was quite another matter. She found him calm,

cool, suave, the international sophisticate.

"We were tremendously in love," she said, "but I couldn't cope with him. I guess I'm basically the simple Connecticut country girl."

In fairness she added that she was already very ill mentally when she met Aly. "Our association might have speeded things up a bit," she said.

They talked of getting married, but "he was just too, too cosmopolitan."

After eight months in the Meninger Clinic in Kansas, Gene returned to Hollywood to do the lead in a television version of Ibsen's "A Doll's House."

When she came face to face with the acting problems involved she suddenly realised

she hadn't had enough treatment, so she gave up the role and went back to the clinic.

Later, as part of her therapy, she worked in Kansas as a salesgirl. Then she signed for a starring role in 20th Century-Fox's film "Holiday For Lovers."

Once again Gene withdrew from the role, explaining that she felt "too insecure to do a good job."

After her marriage to Hedy Lamarr's ex-husband, Howard Lee, 20th Century-Fox, which has kept her under contract all these years, offered her a co-starring role in "Return To Peyton Place."

"He trusts me"

She accepted this role enthusiastically, feeling that now at last she had enough confidence in herself to finish the job.

It wasn't to be.

Gene became pregnant. She was released from the film, but the tragic thing was that not only did she lose this big chance for a comeback but she lost the much-wanted baby as well.

● Director Otto Preminger instructs Gene Tierney in her role as a political hostess. At left is Charles Laughton; in background, members of Washington society, playing themselves.



● Still possessing the magic that makes a great star, Gene Tierney, at left and above, in scenes from "Advise and Consent," the film based on Washington politics. With her is Peter Lawford, President Kennedy's brother-in-law, who plays Lafe Smith, a rakish bachelor senator.

(Of her younger daughter by her first marriage, Christina, now 13, Gene says: "She has been a great strength and comfort, always when I needed it most.")

After all Gene's failures Otto Preminger, producer-director of "Advise and Consent," still wanted her to play the important role of Dolly Harrison, the Washington hostess.

"I think he trusts me," Gene said. "I think he feels that at last I am cured, and I blushing confess he thinks I am a competent actress."

String of stars

"Otto was my director when I starred in 'Laura.' I have always felt that it was my best work on the screen, even though I received an Academy Award nomination for best actress in the next film I made, 'Leave Her to Heaven.'"

Preminger is probably the ideal man for Gene Tierney to work with.

Often called the "enfant terrible" of Hollywood, the Austrian-born director could bully and cajole her into the finest performance of her career.

He arrived in Washington to shoot the film with a string of stars—Franchot Tone, Peter Lawford, Walter Pidgeon, Lew Ayres, Charles Laughton, Henry Fonda, and Gene.

Preminger was able to ask for—and get—almost anything he wanted.

He declined ("too busy") President Kennedy's first two invitations—a lunch and a dinner—but was able to accept the third, to lunch.

Washington's social set vied with one another for jobs as extras for the movie's ball scene; 250,000 dollars (£A110,000) worth of furniture and knick-knacks was lent; a prominent Washington matron allowed her mansion to be used as the setting for a big dinner scene.

The only thing Preminger wanted and couldn't have was the use of the United States Senate chamber for his Senate scenes.



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IN DEFENCE OF AUSTRALIAN MEN



● Australian men are often accused of being a weird, uncouth mob who don't know how to treat women, but Australian girls should thank their lucky stars the men are as they are.

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

GRANTED there are charming Englishmen, irresistible Americans, fascinating Italians, devastating men of other nations.

Granted, too, that Australian men mightn't kiss your hand in the suave Continental style; they mightn't shower you with flowers as the average American does.

But they have their own easy charm and a complex-free approach to life which combine to make them mighty nice blokes—by any standard.

No doubt this statement would bring a burst of derisive laughter from such outspoken critics as English author J. B. Priestley.

In his latest novel, "Saturn Over The Water," he described Australian men as "monks without God, with only beer, picnic baskets, and tennis racquets . . ." and without any great interest in women.

This outburst isn't in itself likely to affect the Australian male ego.

But the pity is, it provides added ammunition to those Australian women who are always ready to praise men of other lands and criticise their own.

Until a year ago I might have agreed with them.

Then, during a flying world trip, I realised that Australian women were giving praise where it wasn't due.

It became obvious that the American men, the Italian men, the Frenchmen who seemed—to Australian women—so much more glamorous, so much more attentive, are largely creatures of stage, movie, and TV image.

Most real-life versions fall far below the image.

During an eight-week visit to Rome it took just a few words from two pretty Italian girls to launch my awakening.

The signorinas, both in their mid-twenties and from noble Roman families, had worked

as interpreters during the Olympic Games. While on duty they had met two Aussies, who'd become their "steadies" for the time they were there.

The Olympics were long finished, but for the girls the Aussies were memories which would take a long time to dim.

Over lunch the girls told me they were tremendously impressed by Australian men, because they were "so gentle . . . such gentlemen."

I must have looked a trifle surprised.

"They are, they are," chorused the girls.

"Oh, you don't know how different they are from our men, and from the Americans, and from the Englishmen, and from the men of other countries we have met."

Just a woman

One explained: "To Italian men, you are a woman—nothing more, nothing less. They like you to look lovely. They adore beauty, and it can be flattering to receive admiring glances and even to be whistled at."

"But to them you're a woman: someone to be made love to, someone to marry maybe, someone to mother their children."

"But the Australians are so different."

"To them you're also a person, a personality. They are what we call 'sympatico' (on the same wave-length). To them your wishes are important, your conversation and ideas are interesting, and with you they're so polite."

Could this really be Australian men they were talking about, I wondered.

Those Australian men who allegedly have more respect for racehorses and poker-machines than for women? Who at a party gather at one end of the room and leave the women to their own devices?

But on reflection I decided that we Aussie women have been a bit too critical of the local boys.

I'll admit that at the Italian parties I'd been to the men didn't gather in a corner.

But, then, I don't think this happens at Australian parties where the women have anything to say for themselves.

Certainly Australian men won't remain happily in a mixed group if the women have nothing to say or talk non-stop about babies and washing-day worries.

What men would, however?

In the case of Australian versus Italian, I'd give the Aussie man the verdict without hesitation.

Admittedly, there's not much danger that the Italian would put his chianti before his women. He is, in fact, completely preoccupied with women and sex.

I think this would soon send the average Australian woman hurrying gratefully back into the arms of the nearest rugged Aussie.

Girls visiting Italy find that the local men are, temporarily, the greatest morale-boosters since high-heeled shoes.

Wherever girls go they're treated to whistles (now regarded as more sophisticated

than the traditional pinching), and men of all shapes and ages appraise them from head to foot.

But this, most girls agree, soon gets tiresome.

So much for the Italians.

Against the Australians, the French scored about the same as the Italians.

In England, Australian men rated very highly among the local girls.

Mr. Priestley, who was so beastly about them, might have been wise to investigate the shortcomings of his fellow-countrymen before making his comments.

A London office-girl told me:

"I'd like to marry an Australian, and so would nearly all my girl-friends. They're not nearly as stuffy as Englishmen. They enjoy taking you out and spending money on a nice dinner. They make you feel you're someone special."

"English boys are mean when they take you on a date. They don't seem to want to spend money on you and think if they buy you a ticket to the front row in the pictures, they've done you proud."

"It's not that they haven't the money to spend. Often they have more than the visiting Australians."

"They just aren't as nice and easy-going as the Australians, and most of them don't put their women on pedestals. English women aren't supposed to be the warmest and most affectionate females in the world, but maybe they just don't get much encouragement."

This was just one opinion—but still the Aussie was looking nicer by the minute.

U.S. comparison

Across the Atlantic in New York the situation was totally different. But the Aussies still didn't fare too badly.

The first thing you notice about New York parties is that the men wouldn't have the time to huddle in a group in a corner. They're too busy circulating with their little black books, taking down the telephone number of every girl.

"This happens at every party you go to," an Australian girl who has lived in New York for three years told me with a sigh.

"At some parties as many as thirteen men will take your phone number. You never hear from some, but at least three or four ring up within a day or so and ask you out."

"You usually go only once, though, because they're a fast race and their main interest is in moving on from one conquest to another. You live in the hope that one of them will turn out to be more sincere than the rest, but it's like winning the lottery."

"I love living in this fabulous city, but, oh, how I long for those nice Australian men. They mightn't all be answers to a maiden's prayer, but at least you have a vague idea where you stand with them."

One New Yorker told me he'd arrived home 32 nights earlier on leave from the Far East—and he'd already taken out 32 different girls.

Here is a man Priestley couldn't accuse of putting beer or cocktails before his women. But I know whom I'd prefer.

However, all New Yorkers aren't like this, and all Americans aren't like New Yorkers.

The others generally are gentler and much more like Australians. The one difference is that mostly the American woman rules the home and family—and quite obviously.

This might look like a point in favor of American men, but I'll bet that most Australian girls, if they're honest with themselves, would rather have their husbands wear the trousers.

Not all Australian men are handsome, loving angels. Not all men of other nationalities suffer by comparison.

Every man has his faults; there's good and bad in every nation.

But, by comparison, Australian men are not such a bad mob. It's high time that more of their womenfolk began to appreciate them.

ENGLISHMAN



... his countrymen are accused of being frightfully stuffy and very stingy escorts.

AMERICAN

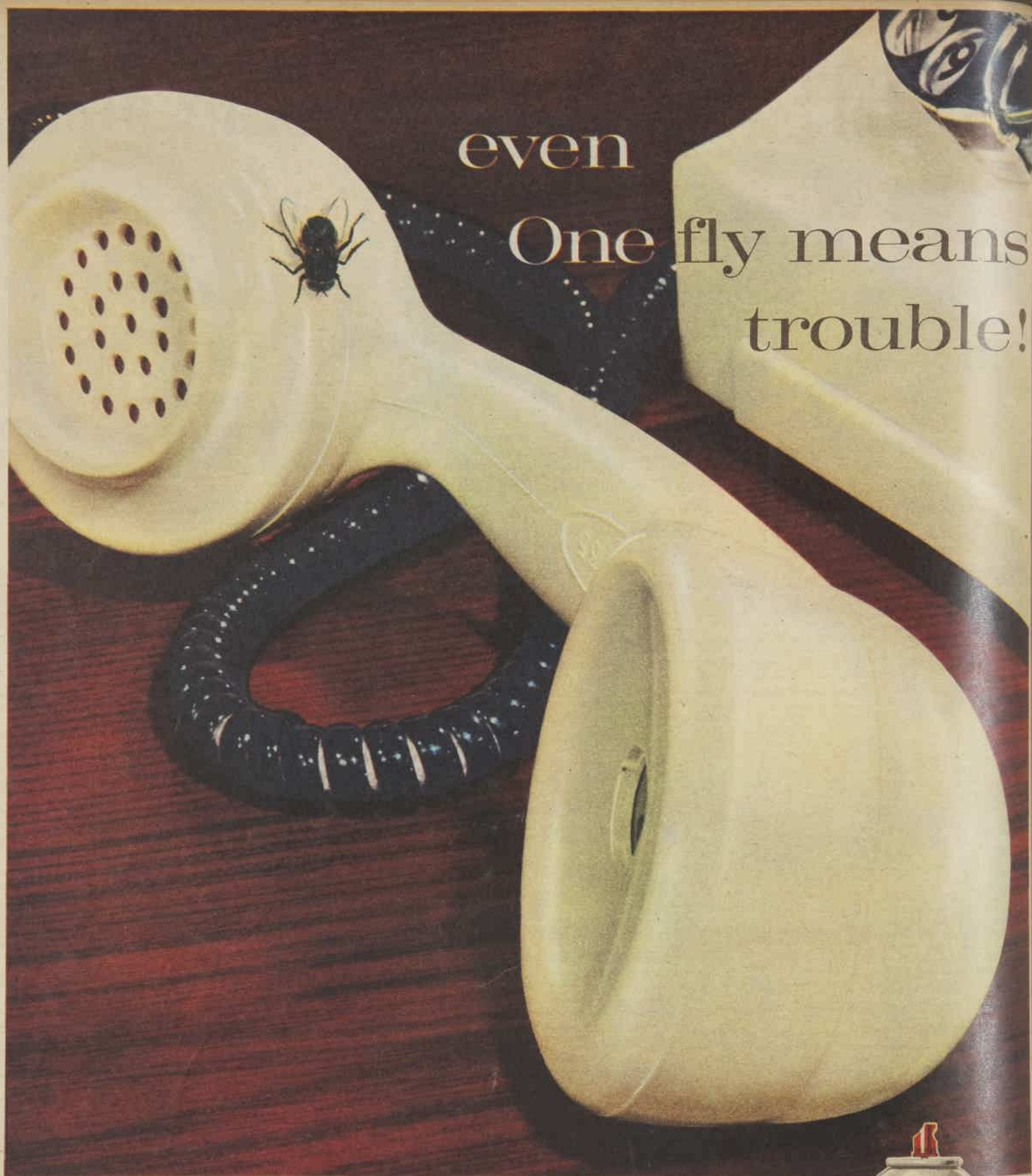


... his countrymen are accused of being "too fast and interested only in conquests."

ITALIAN



... his countrymen are accused of being "completely preoccupied with women and sex."



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 1, 1961

The alderman is a lady

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● The Deputy Mayor of Lane Cove, Alderman Gwladys Leach, says she finds that men who make the best councillors are those who listen to their wives. The reason: local government can be "too finicky for a man."



Alderman Leach.

WHEN Alderman Leach drives past the intersection of Epping Highway and Longueville Road and sees a policeman shepherding children safely across, she can't help feeling personal satisfaction.

She recently had a lot to do with the policeman's presence at this accident "black spot."

Feeling ran high among the mothers about the dangerous crossing. No doubt—with or without her help—they would have won through in the end.

But this problem is just one of a thousand that municipal councils have to deal with in which "the woman's touch" speeded up action.

"When you've had small children of your own and taken them to school yourself you realise how urgent such problems are," Alderman Leach told me. "And that's

why I think women can do so much on councils.

"Local government is concerned with day-to-day living. It's the women who know what local transport is like, the condition of the roads, whether the shops are adequate, if garbage collection is efficient, whether there are enough play areas."

Woman's eye

Alderman Leach brings a practical eye to road-safety problems. For instance, what man would ever stop to consider whether the median strips running down the centre of the Pacific Highway for pedestrians are too narrow?

Alderman Leach said: "They're all right for a man with his narrow-fitting trousers, but certainly not wide enough for safety to a woman with a billowing skirt."

"I'm always expecting to see a woman pedestrian dragged along by fast traffic when I

see her perched on this strip of concrete scarcely the width of a normal foot."

Over the past four years it has become a common practice among local residents to ring, call, or write to Alderman Leach with problems.

A widow thought that the alderman, "being a woman," would understand that she needed very sympathetic help after the sudden death of her husband left her with five children and no ready money. The widow did get the help she needed.

An elderly unmarried businesswoman believed that, "being a woman," the alderman would give advice on her position when her landlord, at a few days' notice, sold the house she was in.

Alderman Leach's husband, Stephen, is an industrial chemist. Their two daughters, Rosemary and Gillian, are university students and Roger goes to high school.

Gwladys Leach used to be a teacher, is a trained psychologist, and is now counsellor for 20 metropolitan schools.

"Backs me up"

"I couldn't do all this, of course, unless my husband and children were so understanding," she told me.

"My husband calls himself my deputy horse. At the moment, however, while the mayor is away abroad I am acting-mayor, and so he calls himself — temporarily — the mayoress."

"But his joking doesn't mean he takes my job lightly. He backs me up every way he can."

She thinks any able housewife could make a useful council member. Her own home shows every sign of a good manager.

For instance, the inside of a cupboard door in the kitchen is lined with a blackboard and a stick of chalk lies alongside.

As members of the family leave the house they write on the board where they are going, whether and when they'll be in for dinner, or where they can be contacted.

"It saves so much time and confusion," she explained.



● At home the busy Leach family of five find it's worth their while to chalk daily movements on a blackboard.

Starting next WEDNESDAY

The Australian
Women's Weekly
and the
Daily Telegraph
will contain a lift out

RETAIL STORE NEWS

See the best buys from
Sydney's leading stores
presented to you in big

BROADSHEET PAGES

Next **WEDNESDAY**
and every
WEDNESDAY in

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
and
Daily Telegraph

TREVOR IV WAS A CATCH — BUT HE WASN'T BITING

[I]T'S said you can tell a trout fisherman by:

- His ears (tattered from miscasts in crosswinds, bent from listening to other fishermen's arguments, and deaf to women).
- His nose (flexible for turning up at worm fishermen).
- His chin (aggressive and pointed for leading with in arguments).
- His arms (right strong for casting, left long for desnagging).
- His legs (locked from leaning backwards to land a heavy fish).
- His feet (completely waterlogged).

The 300 fishermen who attended the fourth annual £2000 Trout Fishing Contest held by the Cooma (N.S.W.) branch of the Monaro Acclimatisation Society on the recent Monday holiday in N.S.W. may have looked like this.

But dressed as they mostly were in floppy rubber waders and old hook-encrusted hats it wasn't apparent.

The big prize of the day was Trevor IV, a tagged trout worth £1000. Last year Trevor III (also worth £1000) was caught, so fishermen were hopeful and insurance men anxious.

The society is a band of fanatic trout fishermen from the Snowy Mountains area who aim at popularising trout-fishing, at bettering fishing facilities, and at keeping up the quality and numbers of trout in the rivers and lakes around Cooma.

These men are such fanatics that not only do they fish whenever they can get away (wives permitting) at all hours and in all weather—but they have a hand in breeding thousands of fry and fingerlings every year, and releasing them into the waters.

Past Jindabyne, on the road to Kosciusko, is the Gaden Trout Hatchery on the banks of the Thredbo River. Here millions of trout are bred every year. They're patiently tended by Herb Butler, who has lived all his life in the mountains, and closely studied by Don Tuma, a Canadian biologist.

By **KIRSTEN WARD**, staff reporter

The various branches of the M.A.S. often send a voluntary working-bee to the hatchery to clean the pools, net fish and count them, or any of the other hundred and one jobs.

In piscatorial social circles, the trout is very much top-drawer. He is ugly but definitely a blueblood. Not because he is particularly rare or delicate but because for hundreds of years finding and fighting him has been a rich man's sport. He favored high mountain streams and mostly it took a man with money and time to seek him out.

Now he has been acclimatised to more accessible rivers and lakes—but his appeal remains.

There is friendly antagonism between the trout fly-fisherman and the spinner-fisherman.

The fly man maintains his is a more artistic, more difficult battle of wits with the fish. The spinner man reckons he is just as good and that the fly man is only putting on airs.

Actually it only gives them something to talk about over a warm rum on cold nights camped by a tumbling icy stream.

Among the trout there's a certain distinction, too.

The rainbow trout turns his broad leathery nose up at the plain brown trout. He's better dressed—he has colored spots on his sides. He's a better fighter. Fishermen get a certain look in their eyes when a healthy three-to-four-pound rainbow trout begins his wrestle with the hook and line. And he frequents the better swifter spots around the waters.

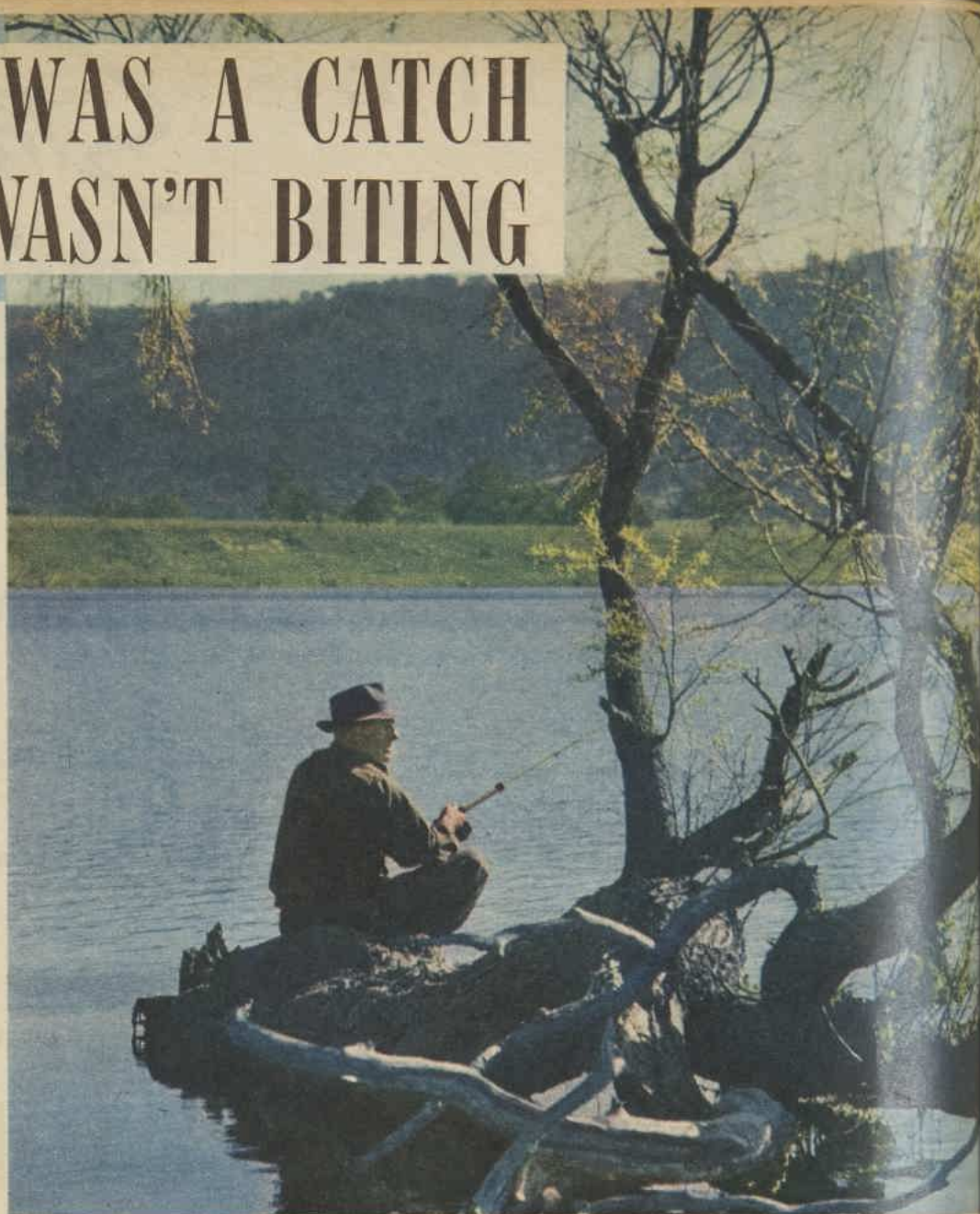
For the contest 73 trout of all shapes and sizes were netted at the hatchery and in the lakes around Cooma. They were then tagged and set free in the lake on Jock McFarlane's Coolamatong property.

The day before had been so windy you had to walk sideways, but the morning of the competition dawned bright, clear, still, and hot. This was fine for spectators, but the trout is a literally cold fish. He doesn't like the sun and the heat, and to come up for food he prefers the water to be choppy.

But a fisherman never gives up.

On the dot of ten, the green flare shot into the sky, and before it had hit the water nearly 300 lacquered reels had swished and a cobweb of nylon lines fringed the lake.

But the fish weren't biting. Only eight were caught all day—and Trevor IV still sat grinning out in the lake, perhaps chewing a juicy grasshopper with no hooks attached.



THIS IS THE LIFE! Trout fisherman George Marks, a plant operator on the Cooma Council, waits for the trout.

SUCCESS. Ross Fraser, of Thornley property, near Cooma, came in late in the day with this tagged trout of two and a half pounds.



ENGAGED COUPLE Joy O'Brien and Pete Charlton travelled from Canberra for the fishing. Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron.



COOLAMATONG LAKE, near Cooma, N.S.W., where 300 fishermen tried their luck in the hunt for a tagged trout worth £1000, but the valuable fish wasn't biting.

It's all in the life of a trout



BREEDING. Supervisor at the Gaden Trout Hatchery, Herb Butler, is shown netting fish. Herb says he's kept so busy breeding trout he never gets time to go fishing.



TAGGING the trout is carefully watched by Inspector Lynch (far left), of the Cooma Police. Next to him is Bill Rushton, secretary of the competition; behind is Jim Dyball, and at the right is Dudley Blyton, of Cooma.



RELEASING the tagged fish into the lake the day before the competition is Aub Hosking. The fish is tagged on its fin with a numbered metal disc.

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You've known Marmite for years. But now there's a new Marmite on the market — that tastes better, spreads better, is more economical. Just spread very, very lightly on toast, bread, biscuits and savouries. No other spread in the whole wide world rewards you with such a zesty, savoury flavour. Serve new improved Marmite to your family — soon! On sale at all good grocers.

Spreads better! Tastes better! More economical!



"Boy! Is she mad!"



"WHY do you keep the cakes so high up? That's what I want to know!"

It seems to me

IT was honest, but I doubt that it was wise, of ex-President Eisenhower to be so truthful on television about the cause of his first heart attack in 1955.

He told his interviewer that the heart attack was precipitated by temper at being interrupted to answer the telephone for a third time during a game of golf.

The calls were from the U.S. State Department. Ike explained that he was playing particularly good golf that day and that the matters the State Department raised were not important.

When Eisenhower was President there were many people who thought he set rather too much store by his golf. His own story supports that view.

There are men all over the world running businesses large and small (and the United States is a very large business) who place their leisure interests second to their work. For that matter, there are countless people in humbler positions, on modest wages, who put their work ahead of pleasure.

It mightn't be the best way to enjoy life, but it would, I think, be the most efficient way to conduct the affairs of a great nation.

YOUNG men are not interested in what their girls think, complains a writer in a Hungarian newspaper.

The boys want girls to be "good-looking and good cooks." The girls admire strong men who excel at sports.

"These views," says the Hungarian journalist, "represent a warning. We must educate young people to think more deeply."

While the Hungarians are at it they could educate their writers to think more clearly and accept the facts of life.

THE New South Wales Railways Department, having had a good deal of success with its one-day and weekend tours, is now introducing afternoon trips to beauty spots.

Its aim is to attract mothers and children looking for an outing.

Left behind in the age of speed, the railways may in time become chiefly useful for pleasure trips.

Their role as essential transport shrinks year by year, but their possibilities as mobile entertainment units are limited only by the money necessary to promote them.

People could be encouraged to hold parties and meetings and rock-n-roll dances aboard trains. One crying need, if this were to be accomplished, would be to turn big railway stations into gay and attractive places. Which would cost a fortune, but would be worth while.



Dorothy Drain

THERE'S a fortune lying round for the inventor who first finds a way to silence the whirrs, whines, and chuff-chuffs of labor-saving appliances.

Everybody suffers some sounds because of other benefits, but what some friends of mine didn't realise was how the gadgets can increase the normal tensions of a family breakfast.

They were burgled, and the insurance provided a complete set of kitchen replacements.

"We have wonderful new things," the wife told me. "And while the shaver's whining the beater clatters away at the scrambled eggs. The stove alarm rings for the porridge, the kettle shrieks. Even the miraculous pop-up toaster gives an eerie little plop. And all the time in the background the coffee percolator goes on perking—a-glug, a-glug, a-glug, a-glick."

"It's got so even the cat sulks. He's stopped stamping round and sits, not even purring, just glaring on the doorstep."

A READER points out—but nicely—that my attitude to those sequined eggs (October 18 issue) was a bit unreasonable.

She is Mrs. R. L. Muller, of Edmonton, North Queensland, who describes their use as ornaments on a Christmas tree. She saw them in Boston, U.S.A., at the house of a friend who had pierced the eggs, blown out the contents, then dyed them in pastel colors.

"Some of the eggs were decorated with sequins, colored beads and ribbons," writes Mrs. Muller. "In others she had cut windows and inserted tiny pictures. While I agree that there are many 'mad' items available in America, these were really a most novel idea."

THE Common Market is not an easy short cut to prosperity," said the British Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, last week. "It's a bracing cold shower, we shall enter—not a relaxing Turkish bath."

Oh Mr. Mac, we do implore,
Pray, kindly watch that metaphor.
It isn't mixed. Okay. We know.
The trouble is, that virtuous glow
You're trying to communicate
Is just the sort of glow we hate.
It's borne upon the kind of thought
That people dream up, drinking port.
While sagged at ease upon a chair
They love discussing shirts of hair.
Oh, nothing less becomes a speech
Than worthy tendencies to preach.
And as for bracing showers, cold,
We've noticed that they're most extolled
By chaps who later cry, "Great Scott,
I say, this water isn't HOT!"

Wash your hair with colour



Helena Rubinstein's Colour-Tone SHAMPOOS

foam new, living colour into your hair

Choose from six glorious shades of Colour Tone Shampoo and add deeper radiance to your own natural hair colouring.

Colour Tone has a rich, deep-cleansing lather—it gently cleans and healthfully conditions your hair while washing in glowing colour. Immediately after the first shampoo you'll notice how soft, how gleamingly colour-toned your hair will be . . . even the dulllest hair is left young and alive with colour. There is a shade for every hair colour:

Blonde Tone	Brunette Tone	Silk Sheen
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Helena Rubinstein's Colour Tone Shampoo in three sizes from 5/- and Bubble at 1/11.

COLOUR TINT HAIR RINSES:

Helena Rubinstein has an exciting colour range of hair rinses for more intense and dramatic hair colour. Sachet of two rinses, 3/9.

Colour Tone Shampoo is available at Helena Rubinstein's salons, all leading department stores and leading chemists throughout the Commonwealth.



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NO HARD RUBBING!

NO RINSING!

NO SOAKING!

Just apply -let it dry!

A QUICKER, EASIER WAY TO MAKE YOUR CARPETS CLEAN AS NEW

No more hard work — you just apply Plush with a cloth, sponge or soft brush and leave it. No hard rubbing... no rinsing... no soaking — just leave it. Leave it to foam and float out trodden-in dirt that wears out your carpet. When dry, sweep or vacuum clean in the usual way and all the loosened dirt is removed. It makes the carpet pile stand up and look like new.

PROVED BY THOUSANDS OF HOUSEWIVES

Plush comes from England, where it has been proved by thousands of housewives as the world's greatest, safest and best carpet shampoo. Keep your carpets looking better longer. Use Plush. One-action foaming Plush is so economical too! One plastic container cleans the average lounge room wall-to-wall carpet for only 8/3.



Plush FLOATS DIRT OUT!

Plush does all the hard work for you. The cap is a measure — mix five measures to a pint of warm water. Rub it on. The Plush lather is gently active — specially mild — floats up all the embedded dirt. Better than any soap, any detergent, any general purpose cleaner. Use only Plush for carpets.

Plush GETS CARPETS BRAND-NEW CLEAN

Worth Reporting



MISS SYLVIA ASHBY with training figures
— Mrs. Right (left) and Mrs. Wrong.

Justice is a family affair

FINDING a J.P. in a hurry is no problem to the Condon clan, of Randwick, N.S.W.

Mrs. Marguerite Condon has eight Justices of the Peace in her family — herself, five of her eight children, her brother George, and her son-in-law, Mr. John Heath, of Canberra.

Soon there will be nine, maybe 11. Another of Mrs. Condon's children is becoming a J.P. — and the remaining two are "thinking seriously about it."

Mrs. Condon traces the family's "admiration and respect for the law" to her grandfather, Sir Richard Silles, who was a magistrate in County Kerry, Ireland.

Only "non - J.P. - minded" member of the Condon family is the head of the house, Mr. Condon, a retired master butcher.

"He can't see any immediate necessity for becoming one," said Mrs. Condon, "and we appreciate his point."

Two girls and a toolshop...

SIGHT of two slim, pretty girls demonstrating power tools has been intriguing male customers at Sydney and suburban stores.

Competently operating the screaming motors, the girls pause only to pat their hair into place or stiletto-step across to the microphone to explain a tricky technical point.

Brunette Catherine MacLachlan and blonde Sheila Harding got the bright idea of their portable do-it-yourself workshop after they met on an English migrant ship coming to Australia last year.

Now in touch with 16 Australian manufacturers — whose factories they often visit to master difficult techniques — they demonstrate floor-tiles, paints, wallpapers, and the power tools.

Their ingenious "workshop" folds into suitcase proportions for easy carrying on their wide store circuit.

Historic home for children

STATELY 104-year-old "Hartwell House," Kiama, is now being conducted as a family home for 12 school-children. Nine of the 12 children came to Australia under the Dr. Barnardo scheme; the other three — two boys and a girl — are Australians.

Built by Thomas Chapman in 1857, "Hartwell House" is set in lovely gardens. Its trees include a 100-year-old cedar of Lebanon.

The home, conducted by the Rev. Stanley Allen — a former Barnardo boy — and his wife, will be officially opened at a fete on October 28.

The occasion will also mark the 40th anniversary of the arrival in Australia of the first Barnardo boys from England.

WHAT makes the successful woman interviewer in market research house-to-house surveys?

How does she persuade the lady-of-the-house to drop everything and discuss in "brief" or "depth" the merits of so-and-so's soap or a new brand of beans?

Two tiny-jointed wooden figures in the Sydney office of Miss Sylvia Ashby, head of an Australia-wide research organisation, hold part of the secret.

Emigrants from the Left Bank, Paris, these figures are used to demonstrate to Miss Ashby's trainee-interviewers the right and wrong approach.

Observe a lesson in deportment in our picture (above) with Miss Ashby.

Mrs. Right (at left) is erect, relaxed; the left arm (holding her bag and papers) is slightly to the rear; the right arm is forward; the head is slightly tilted — she is the epitome of confidence.

Mrs. Wrong is a bundle of nerves; head downcast, bag clutched to her — the epitome of apologetic timidity.

Transforming the Mrs. Wrongs (inhibited or over-aggressive) into the perfect Mrs. Rights takes up to seven months' training, says Miss Ashby, whose firm has 200 interviewers in the field.

Even the click of the gate and the walk up to the front door are vital.

Mrs. Right, conscious of unseen eyes behind the curtains, walks confidently, a pleasant expression on her face.

Mrs. Wrong gives the impression that she is about to run straight out the gate again — or, worse, rush the door with a battering ram.

Mrs. Right — when the door is opened — stands at a respectful distance from the "respondent" (housewife) and always slightly to one side — so as not to impede the housewife's view.

Mrs. Wrong either "apologises for her unhappy pres-



ON THE JOB, demonstrators Misses Catherine MacLachlan (left) and Sheila Harding.

Toti Dal Monte: She's still a tiny giant

● Toti Dal Monte, once famous on every continent when she was the world's tiniest prima donna, is still a giant of energy.

NOW 61 and reduced by the years to slightly less than the 5ft. with which she used to queen it over the leading opera houses, she's still as active as ever.

Older Australians will remember her three sparkling tours and many will recall her riotous wedding day in Sydney in 1928.

Now Toti—once known as the "Venetian Nightingale"—is one of the world's top teachers of singing, and serves on international music juries. Old records of her magnificent voice are about to be reissued. And in her spare time in her palace in Venice she is writing her memoirs.

Toti, daughter of a Venetian organist, Signor Meneghel, was brought up to be a pianist. As a child she showed remarkable ability and a concert-platform future seemed assured.

In an accident a tendon was cut in her right hand. She had to give up as a performer, but her love for music was so great that she immediately turned to the study of opera.

She was only 22 when Toscanini introduced her as prima donna to the audience of La Scala Opera House in Milan. He declared she was "the greatest Gilda for 'Rigoletto' anywhere in the world," and from that night she was hailed as a find.

Two years later, with all Europe at her feet, she sang at the Metropolitan, New York. Americans went wild about her and brought her back the next six years running for long tours of the United States.

Was mobbed by Australians

She made her first tour of Australia in 1924 with Dame Nellie Melba—pretty formidable competition for any artist—giving 86 performances in six months. Wherever she went she was mobbed by the public, who applauded their great Melba's choice.

When, four years later, Toti married an Italian tenor, Enzo de Muro Lomanto, at St. Mary's Cathedral in Sydney, there were 4000 people in the congregation and all roads around the church and the nearby parks were blocked by 20,000 more who had come to pay her homage.

As the diminutive, white-veiled figure climbed into her car to drive off, they rushed forward through the police

guard and stripped the car of its canopy of flowers and ribbons.

Many finished up with only a petal as a souvenir, but it was cherished with all the fervor that a piece of Johnnie Ray's tie was accorded by teenagers in the 1950s.

Toti Dal Monte gave her last public performance in 1951 in her beloved Venice, singing "Madame Butterfly."

Nowadays, from every point on the globe, she accepts eager students to her studio.

"While I teach I still feel in myself the great joy that singing brought me," Toti says.

Two of her students, young sopranos Dolores Wilson and Giana Dangleo, have performed at the New York "Met," where they were a great success.

Voice "like a sunny day"

Recently the cheerful, busy Toti made trips to Spain and Russia, where Stalin had once kissed her hand and told her, "Your voice is like a sunny day." At the end of this year she plans to journey to Bulgaria.

"I love travelling and it warms my heart to learn that my voice is remembered after so many years," she says.

It is more than just remembered. One of America's leading recording companies has, after a long search, discovered records of her heyday which had been supposed lost. They plan to reproduce them on modern discs.

These include some of her most magnificent performances: arias from "The Marriage of Figaro," "William Tell," and "Carnival of Venice" and her two most famous roles in "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Rigoletto," which she herself loved best.

Today Toti Dal Monte still receives letters from fans all over the world. So does her daughter, Marina, who is a TV and stage star.

Marina has not followed her mother into opera. She sings modern popular songs, which Toti, like any adoring parent, says she loves to hear.

WEDDING DAY

She married Italian tenor Enzo de Muro Lomanto at St. Mary's, Sydney. Wedding picture is a period piece of the late 1920s.

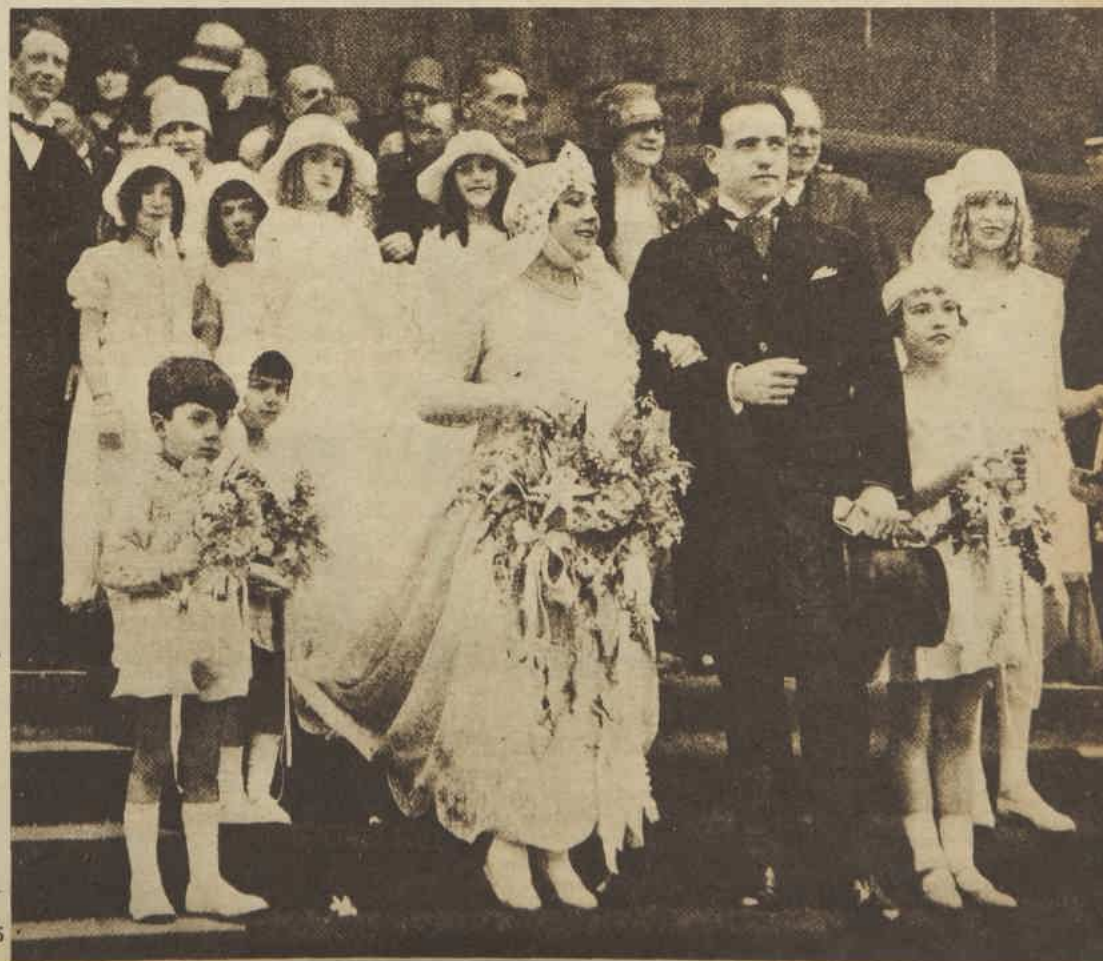


HEYDAY

Many Australians remember her lovely voice and bright, diminutive beauty.

TODAY

In the studio in her handsome modern palazzo on the Grand Canal in Venice.





● Manly today. Aerial picture by Douglass Baglin shows the area replanned in the models. The harborside wharf is at right; the tree-lined esplanade and Pacific Ocean at left.



● In this model not only The Corso but also the harborside and ocean roads are turned into pedestrian malls. Traffic is confined to an elevated expressway. Buildings include three big hotels, two multi-storey parking stations. Note the marina for boats. (Prepared by J. S. Easton, J. S. Burns, G. L. Kerr, U. K. Naiker, D. C. Stait).

WHICH MANLY DO YOU LIKE?

AN 18-man team of qualified geographers, architects, surveyors, and engineers studying for advanced diplomas in town planning at Sydney University recently used the Sydney seaside resort of Manly in an unofficial redevelopment project.

It took several months to build the four scale models (each about 16 sq. ft.) shown here. Then the models were lent to Manly Council to enable residents to vote on them.

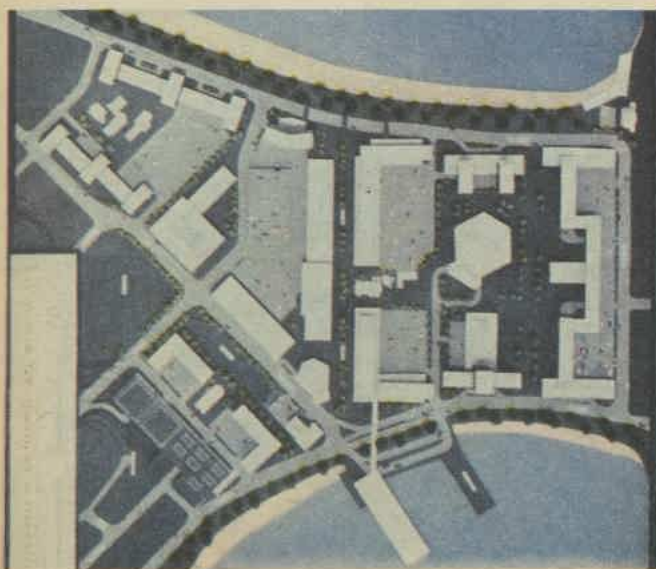
The planners were unanimous that The Corso, the main shopping area, should be sealed off from traffic.

Manly Council is considering many of the ideas, but any plans would be long-range. It would cost many millions of pounds to apply the suggestions.



● At left: Model favored by public vote. A hexagonal convention centre is flanked by hotels and home-unit blocks. There are units and hotels along the ocean front. Left of The Corso is a car park. The ocean and harborside roads are retained. (Prepared by C. C. Donges, W. H. Hull, B. L. Paine, D. B. Young.)

● Above: All central roads are sealed off and traffic moves in a circular pattern round Manly proper. A large domed convention centre is suggested. The Corso is raised to two levels of shops, topped by home-unit blocks and a large tourist hotel. (Prepared by H. Baker, E. Hooper, P. Kerr, C. McFadyen, and K. Paul.)



● At right: In this model the ocean front is closed to traffic and lined with hotels and units. Plan retains Manly Hotel, modernised, in its original position. Each team reported on Manly's historical background, age and condition of properties, and traffic, parking, commercial, recreational, and tourist facilities. (This model was prepared by K. C. Fitzpatrick, I. S. Indulkar, M. W. Jackson, M. R. Rolfe.)



SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
MARY COLES

"HOUSE FULL" sign will be up at hotels and motels in the Dubbo-Narromine area on November 4, when more than three hundred guests descend on the district by cars and planes for the wedding of fair-haired Judy Lindsay and Ross McFadyen.

After the 6.30 p.m. ceremony at the Presbyterian Church, Narromine, the bridal party and friends will drive ten miles to "Mungiebar," the property of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Lindsay.

They're having a marathon reception at the lovely old two-storeyed white brick home—stead amidst trees and lawns.

After dinner, served in a blue-lined marquee in the garden, dancing will follow indoors—and there'll be breakfast for late-stayers who keep up the celebrations until dawn!

The wedding will also be long remembered for the superb simplicity in the dressing of the bride and her attendants.

Judy will wear an old-world high-neckline gown of heavy white corded French cotton and carry a long chain of white daisies, trailing to the tips of her toes.

With their white Swiss embroidered batiste short dresses, bridesmaids Diana Fairfax, Julie Bangel, Gillian Garland, and Janet Baldwin will feature a touch of color with little posies of blue forget-me-nots.

Ross, who is the younger son of Mrs. Lionel McFadyen, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mr. McFadyen, will be attended by Kerry Partinger, Graham Balchin, Graham Leslie, and Bill Cox.

After a brief honeymoon he and Judy will make their home at Newmarket, in Brisbane.

SUCH a welcome from her host of old friends for Mrs. Gerald Askew, who is on a brief visit from England with her mother, Mrs. Frederick Doberer. They're flying back on November 7 after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Anslie Lindeman at Grafton, where, on October 29, they'll attend the dedication service of the Bishop's throne and panelling they've presented to the Grafton Cathedral as a memorial to Mrs. Doberer's late husband.

THRILL for Kerrel Eakin on her recent return from abroad was going up with her mother, Mrs. H. L. Eakin, of Armidale, to inspect and decide on furnishings for the new house her fiancé, Russell Moor, has built at "Sirath Isla," Coolatai, as their home after their marriage in February. Russell had the house completed and a square-cut diamond-and-sapphire ring "burning a hole in his pocket," as he waited to slip it on Kerrel's third finger when she stepped off the ship after nearly two years overseas.

ALMOST as soon as Dr. and Mrs. Clarence Everingham received the cable from their son-in-law and daughter, John and Verity Norman, announcing the birth of their baby daughter, Mrs. Everingham reached for her recipe book to bake a christening cake for their first grandchild. John and Verity, who are living at North Ferriby, a little English village near Hull, are naming the baby Anna Jane Elizabeth. She'll be called Elizabeth as a compliment to her aunt, Mrs. Dennis de Koning, of "Enfield," Mudgee.

FAMOUS flatter Mrs. Charles Walton is literally "on the wing," dashing between capitals to be guest of honor at functions to launch her just-published biography, "Born To Fly," written under her maiden name of Nancy Bred. On October 27 she'll be feted at a dinner party at Tattersall's Club in Brisbane given by a former Cunningham friend, Mrs. A. M. Davis. Mrs. Philip Rudder is hosting a luncheon at her home at St. Ives in her honor on November 1, and on November 16 Mrs. Walton and her book will be the toast at a luncheon Lady Casey is giving at the Australian-American Association Club in Melbourne.



RADIANT smiles from Mr. Ian Johnston and his bride, formerly Miss Jenny Mayes, leaving The Scots College Chapel to skirl of pipes from youthful pipers of the school's pipe band. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, of Bellevue Hill. The bride is the daughter of Professor and Mrs. Bruce Mayes, who entertained at a reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club after the ceremony.



KISS for the bride from Mr. Robin Bailey (Professor Higgins of "My Fair Lady"), who was best man to Mr. Kenneth Laird (right) at his marriage to Miss Patricia Ryan, of North Sydney. Mr. Laird (who is noted for his role of Colonel Pickering in the musical) and his bride honeymooned at Surfers' Paradise before rejoining the company in Brisbane. Mrs. Laird is a member of the "M.F.L." Orchestra.

LILAC taffeta gown set off with an amethyst stole suited Jill Kinsela, of Double Bay, chatting with David Saywell, of Bellevue Hill, at gala first night of the musical comedy "Bye Bye Birdie" at Her Majesty's Theatre.



BETWEEN DANCES. From left, Lady Walder, Lieut.-General H. G. Edgar, Mrs. H. A. Showers, the Chief of the Naval Staff, Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Burrell, and Mrs. C. C. Oldham at the Navy League Ball at Princes. Sir Henry and Lady Burrell came from Canberra to be guests of honor at the brilliant function.



YOU CAN GO RURAL IN HONG KONG

The cities of Victoria and Kowloon are fascinating places and you'll spend most of your time in one or the other. But surrounding the cities are over 300 square miles of wonderful country . . . compact enough to allow you to see everything, yet differing in character from one area to the next. There are lofty mountains, streams, sandy beaches, tea plantations, ancient forts, picturesque islands, fishing villages . . . all within easy reach of your hotel. *Bonus:* Hong Kong couldn't be more Oriental, yet you'll have no language problems, for English is spoken all through the Colony. Plan to make Hong Kong the base for your tour of the Orient: write for information to Hong Kong Tourist Association, P.O. Box 2597, Hong Kong, or see your Travel Agent; he will be glad to help you (*The Orient is Hong Kong.*)



● Midge Ware (Amby Hollister) and Tony Young (Cord) in "Gunslinger."

"Gunslinger"

● "Gunslinger," one of the latest TV series, is hard to classify. Its hero, Cord (Tony Young), looks like a routine Westerner, but turns out to be a Westerner with a difference—a kind of very active military intelligence man operating after the end of the American Civil War.

CORD works with the Army solving many situations that the U.S. Cavalry, trying to maintain law and order, finds too hot to handle politically. Cord has only one name—Cord. Whether it is his given name or his surname is not revealed.

The script demands that he is mature, has the mental and physical ability to handle every possible kind of trouble, is fearless, has integrity, independence, and a quick trigger finger. Tony Young is said to bring all these qualities vibrant to the screen.

The girl with the Gunslinger,

above, is Midge Ware (Amby Hollister). She is fiery, tough, tender, and carries a torch for Cord, but Cord hasn't much time to keep that torch flaming. He gets his under-the-lap assignments from the Cavalry and goes to them with gun at the ready.

Life is hard for Cord. The Cavalry officially washes its hands of him in case of trouble, but true to TV tradition he gets by week after entertaining week.

— NAN MUSGROVE

SHOW BUSINESS

Florian Zabach's twin passions

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Florian Zabach, famous American musician, in Australia to make guest appearances in the Mobil-Limb Show, has two passions in life — fiddling and fishing.

I DIDN'T ask him which came first, but talk to him for ten minutes and you find that the two things seem to be inextricably tangled.

Mr. Zabach's beautifully kept, long-fingered hands are insured for half a million American dollars by Lloyd's of London.

Lloyd's are inclined to worry about fishing hazards like jags from hooks and burns from lines, but Mr. Zabach is not.

"Fishing is important to me," he said. "I fish whenever I can; I fix the car myself, and so on. You can't spend your life looking after your hands; other things are important."

Mr. Zabach is perhaps best known throughout the world as the man who made a tremendously successful recording of that piercingly riotous piece "The Hot Canary."

He is so famous for it that he has to play it whenever he appears. Fans demand it.

"It's something I'd just as soon not do," he said. "I don't mind exactly, but I would like my fans to know I know another tune."

(Mr. Z. can also whistle "The Hot Canary" in counterpoint.)



AMERICAN MUSICIAN Florian Zabach with his rare Guarnerius violin, which is insured for 75,000 dollars (£A37,500). His hands are insured for 500,000 dollars (£A250,000).

perhaps once, but it is very soul-searching. If you are not nice you don't last long, but neither does the really nice person. Viewers get tired of everyone.

"To appear on TV every week is just brutal, but I think perhaps the musician has the longest life on TV."

"Perhaps this is not altogether true. Take Jack Paar. I was on his show two days before I left to come here."

"TV critics say he does so well because he has no talent. He just sits behind a desk and uses other people's talents. This could be true."

Mr. Zabach found Australians much friendlier than he expected, very down to earth, and not nearly as blasé as Americans about TV.

"We've had TV for 12 years in America, and everyone has got over the wonder of it," he said. "All Americans have

two professions now. There's the one they earn their living at—like a plumber—and the other one, TV critic."

I asked Mr. Zabach about his famous violin, a Guarnerius, insured by Lloyd's for 75,000 dollars, and why he chose a Guarnerius instead of the better-known Stradivarius.

"There are not nearly so many Guarneriuses as Strads," he said, "Guarneri worked hard at two things throughout his life. One was to find a better way to make a violin and the other was to pursue women. Due to the latter he died in his early forties."

"Stradivarius was different. He died when he was 93 and left many, many more violins."

"A Strad violin has the world's most beautiful tone—what I call a feminine tone. A Guarnerius has more guts. That's why I have one."

Mr. Zabach once owned a Strad, and because of it nearly never played the violin again. He was staying at the La Salle Hotel in Chicago in 1946 when it burned down and 80 people lost their lives.

Zabach was rescued, but rushed back to save his Strad. His hands were so badly burned that he was in hospital for about three months, and it took him a long time to get back to his peak.



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Tall, friendly

Mr. Zabach was a big surprise to me. From his name I expected an arty maestro with carefully done hair and grandiose ideas, a kind of Liberace of the violin.

Instead he was friendly and entertaining.

Zabach is married, 6ft. tall and slim. He has disconcertingly blue eyes, very tanned skin, and fittingly canary-colored hair. It is very blond and inclined to wave.

He's got other attributes like his famous canary, too. He moves about quickly and speaks at a tempo which equals that of "The Hot Canary" record.

When I told him I expected him to be more like Liberace, he said that his TV series was made by Guild Films, who also made the Liberace TV show, candelabra and all.

(Zabach was one of Australia's best-known TV personalities in the early days, when the Florian Zabach Show was popular on A.B.C.-TV.)

I asked him about Liberace, who has dropped out of the spotlight of world fame.

"Liberace will never starve," he told me, "but I don't think he will ever be again what he was five years ago."

"TV is a very interesting and difficult medium. In front of the camera you can fool it

NEW FILMS

★★★ ROMANOFF AND JULIET

Peter Ustinov wrote, directed, and presided over this crazy satire on the United Nations, diplomacy, foreign aid. As President of Concordia—a happy dot on the map—Ustinov's smooth wit coats a lining of truth. America and Russia vie to win Concordia's vote, but their programmes are threatened by romance: Sandra Dee, daughter of the U.S. Ambassador, and John Gavin, son of the Soviet envoy, fall in love. For cupid Ustinov, his simple recipe proves the smartest dodge of all.—Lyceum, Sydney.

In a word . . . ROLICKING.

★★ SHADOWS

Director John Cassavetes and a handful of vital "unknowns" have come up with an impressive experiment. The drama concerns problems of race and aimless youth. Lelia Goldoni and brother Ben Caruthers are negroes who can pass for whites. But not their darker brother, Hugh Hurd. Cassavetes' cameras follow his

With MIRIAM FOWLER players from back alleys to Broadway lights. The authentic action is laced with humor.—Gala, Sydney.

In a word . . . FRANK.

★ FIVE GOLDEN HOURS . . .

. . . is ninety minutes of flimsy British-made fun in Italy. Ernie Kovacs, an undertaker with a profitable graveside charm for lonely, rich widows, meets his match in much-bereaved Cyd Charisse. George Sanders adds his usual polish.—Victory, Sydney.

In a word . . . SHALLOW.

★ THE BIG GAMBLE

This trucking safari through Africa with adventurer Stephen Boyd, his sultry wife, Juliette Greco, and a stodgy cousin, David Wayne, has only slight interest. The trek is the story.—Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . LIMP.

★ RING OF FIRE

Good scenic shots and a rather spectacular forest fire lift this otherwise poorly acted,

"run-of-the-mill" delinquent-versus-the-law story. David Janssen, as the hero Sergeant Steve Walsh, brings to her senses the female delinquent (Joyce Taylor). J.P.—Capitol, Sydney.

In a word . . . FAIR.

★ EICHMANN—HIS CRIMES AND JUDGMENT

Though similar in style to "Mein Kampf," this documented account of the crimes of Jew-killer Eichmann lacks that film's smooth marshalling of facts. Data is presented in fragmentary flashes. Films (some misted with age) of ghetto, transportation, and extermination-camp nightmares chill beyond description.—Palladium, Sydney.

In a word . . . FACTUAL.

TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY

Irate farmers feud with chemical-plant owners (whose water pollution kills their stock) in this dull pastoral melodrama.—Esquire, Sydney.

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In Universal - International's romantic comedy "Come September," American millionaire Robert Talbot (Rock Hudson) arrives for his annual idyllic rendezvous with Lisa (Gina Lollobrigida) to find his elaborate Italian villa operating as a tourist hotel and himself playing chaperon to a mob of teenagers.



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In love with playboy Robert, whose company she enjoys for one perfect month each year, Lisa (Gina Lollobrigida) tells her harassed English fiancé, Spencer (Ronald Howard) that she doesn't want to marry him. Ronald is the son of the late British star Leslie Howard.



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by

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Pagan Red, White,
Lavender, Chamois,
New Hay, Sea Foam,
Testa-de-Moro, Camel,
Nutshell, Gardenia with
Coffee Cream trim,
Nutshell with
Testa-de-Moro trim,
Coffee Cream with
Testa-de-Moro trim.

Style No. FE002 in hide,
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54/11



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Moro, Lavender, New Hay.

29/11

Style No. BE002
"La Valle" in hide,
White, Testa-de-Moro,
Gardenia, Lavender, Sea
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Blue, Coffee Cream.

19/11



Style No. SL015 in hide.
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Cream, Sea Foam, Gardenia,
Testa-de-Moro.

35/11



Style No. LT002 in hide.
Testa-de-Moro, Sea Foam,
Gardenia, Pink, Chamois, Blue,
Coffee Cream, White.

34/11



Style No. SA489 in hide.
Pagan Red, White, Gardenia,
Lavender, Chamois, Coffee Cream,
Sea Foam, Testa-de-Moro, Camel,
Nutshell, New Hay.

47/11



Style No. SA495 in hide.
Pagan Red, White, Lavender,
Chamois, Coffee Cream,
Sea Foam, Testa-de-Moro,
Camel, Nutshell, Gardenia.

39/11



Style No. HL005 in hide.
Testa-de-Moro with New Hay
trim, Gardenia with Coffee
Cream trim, All White,
All Gardenia, Lavender
with Gardenia trim.

42/6



Style No. HL001 in hide.
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Gardenia, Pagan Red.

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in Florentine hide. White, New
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Foam, Coffee Cream, Black.
49/11



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hide and suede. Sea Foam/Black,
Cameo/Natural, Pagan Red/Black,
Gardenia/Natural, Chamois/Natural,
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trim, Gardenia with
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White, all Gardenia.
Also with 'squash'
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39/11

Style No. CE001 in
Florentine hide.
New Hay, White,
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Sea Foam,
Coffee Cream.

39/11

Style No. CE007 in Antico hide.
Sea Foam, Coffee Cream,
Red, Gardenia.

36/11

Style No. CE002 in
Florentine hide. New
Hay, White, Gardenia,
Chamois, Sea Foam,
Coffee Cream.

39/11

Style No. CS003 in Florentine hide
with 'squash' heel. New Hay, White,
Gardenia, Chamois, Sea Foam,
Coffee Cream.

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Style No. CE003 in Florentine hide.
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AUSTRALIAN NATURE

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Letter Box

H-BOMB PERILS

Extracts from readers' letters commenting on our September 27 feature "Survival in a Nuclear Attack" this week replace the usual "Letter Box." We published the feature at the request of the N.S.W. Civil Defence Organisation.

Nuclear survival

WE were greatly concerned to read the article on "Survival in a Nuclear Attack" which appeared in the September 27 issue of your magazine. Many other scientists join with us in feeling that the dangers of such propaganda are very great, particularly in the following way:

(a) It glosses over the enormous immediate death and serious injury toll which would result, and therefore applies only to a tiny minority. It is a conservative estimate to say that if the main cities were attacked the majority of the total population of Australia would be killed within minutes. This estimate is even acknowledged by comparable American civil defence figures which frankly calculate the immediate death toll in units of millions of corpses.

(b) It implies the preservation of services which would certainly be rendered functionless, e.g., telephone, medical, and fire services.

(c) It ignores issues involving long-term contamination of food supplies, etc., which would bring death or permanent illness to those who did escape the immediate effects of detonation.

It is an example of living in a "fool's paradise" to perpetuate schemes for personal survival in total nuclear war, and only serves to produce the classical "It can't happen to me" feeling which is the faith enabling whole nations to contemplate war. If people believed that "it would happen to me," the probability of war would decline dramatically—and, for the vast majority of your readers, it certainly would happen to them!

Your magazine commands the reading attention of a large number of Australian women. Perhaps they can be convinced more easily than the men that the imminent risk of the death of them and their families is a matter for active concern.

They should actively demand that the politicians make Australia a leader in immediately insisting on total disarmament, at least of all nuclear and large "conventional" weapons.

Signed: M. Blackwood (geneticist), Linda Bruce (chemist), A. C. Jeffrey (psychiatrist), C. B. O. Mohr (physicist), R. C. Traill (chemist), D. Bruce (pharmacologist), H. G. Higgins (physicist), J. W. Legge (biochemist), U. Radok (meteorologist), M. E. Whisson (physician)—Melbourne.

Information appreciated

MANY thanks for the article "Survival in a Nuclear Attack." So little is generally known of the precautions necessary that all sensible people will welcome this opportunity to gain such valuable information.

"Grateful Reader" (name supplied), Maidenwell, Qld.

Need for decentralisation

THE Pugwash Seminar, University of Melbourne, is not opposed to civil defence as such, but we are concerned that some of the measures advocated (in your September 27 feature) are either inadequate or else the strictly limited conditions under which they may be effective are not properly pointed out.

Two points from your article will, we believe, illustrate a level of technical naivete. The use of a handkerchief as a filter for radioactive dust would seem so inadequate as to be nearly useless, particularly when more efficient filter materials could surely be recommended.

It would also have seemed desirable to have pointed out to your readers that the measures advocated would probably have some point for residents of, say, Wollongong in the event of a full-scale H-bomb attack on Sydney, but that the prospects for the residents of Sydney would be poor.

We question the wisdom of not giving a fully realistic estimate of the probable effects of a nuclear attack on, say, Sydney since, if such publicity were to induce some degree of population dispersal (i.e., decentralisation), this would probably save more lives than any other single measure.

A. P. Booth, secretary, Melbourne Pugwash Seminar.

[The Melbourne University's Pugwash Seminar is a branch of an international movement which organises meetings of scientists to discuss the impact of science on world problems. The movement takes its name from the town of Pugwash, Nova Scotia, where the first meeting of the group was held in July, 1957.]

The only defence—Peace

I WOULD like to ask the N.S.W. Civil Defence Organisation if they seriously believe that crawling under a desk could be any slight protection against the enormous heat created by these demoniacal weapons. I am no scientist, but I think that, in our hearts, we know there is only one defence against nuclear attacks, and that is to preserve peace.

Mrs. A. Dawson, Bentleigh, Vic.

Testing for radioactivity

WHEN a thermonuclear explosion takes place, many articles become radioactive. Some substances become more radioactive than others. In the particular family considered in your article, they would have no means of knowing what was safe and what was radioactive. I suggest that a small meter of some sort be included in the stockpile so that, after an explosion, food and clothes could be tested.

I have been told that such meters are readily available in the U.S. at very low cost. Surely if a family spends money to build and stock a shelter, a few extra pounds buying a meter would not be amiss.

Marcel Dayan, West Hobart, Tas.

Ross Campbell writes...

DO Australians who possess stainless-steel sinks really appreciate them?

I suspect that many do not.

The thought came to me when I was looking at the advertisements for houses for sale in an English newspaper.

The frequent references to stainless-steel sinks make it clear that they are highly esteemed over there. Even ads for large, imposing places give the sink a mention, like this:

For Sale: Tudor manor house, visited by Queen Elizabeth I, extensive gardens, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, billiard-room, stainless-steel sink.

I have a strong impression that you don't count socially in England unless you have one of these sinks.

Lord So-and-so may own an ancestral home with everything but the kitchen sink (stainless), but it's not enough. If he wants to be "in," he must install a new sink.

This is encouraging news for my wife and myself.

THE SUPER SINK

We live in a small suburban house with no historic associations—none going back more than eight years, anyway. But one thing we can say—it has a stainless-steel sink.

Up till now I have been inclined to take our sink for granted. It is



hard to feel much love for a sink, as it is so closely connected with washing dishes.

Now and then my wife puts in a good word for it.

She will remark: "This stainless sink is a joy after the one in the other house." The one in our pre-

vious house was a stainful brown job—a real sink of iniquity.

The steel sink certainly looks more cheerful. Another good thing—cups bounce but don't break when you drop them on it. This is an advantage for exponents of power dishwashing, like myself.

It has one peculiarity. It goes "doingg!" when hot water is run into it. I think this is due to the steel bulging. It was frightening at first, but we have got used to it.

We could do with a bigger sink. The family has expanded, but the sink has not. Still, on the whole, it does a good job.

It's just that I never realised before what a glamorous sink it is. It is the kind they hanker after in the stately homes of England.

I keep it polished now, and gaze at it with pride. Our guests are entertained standing round the sink.

If I ever go to England I intend to make the most of it. I shall slip references to it into the TV interviews when I arrive: "In my Sydney home, which is equipped with a stainless-steel sink—"

LIVING FREE

The story of ELSA and her CUBS



by Joy
Adamson

● *Warnings that Elsa the lioness would turn savage to mother her cubs — sired by a wild lion and born in the Kenya bush — proved wrong. Elsa was as affectionate as ever to her human friends, Joy Adamson and her husband, George, who was senior game-warden. Apparently for fondness, she took publisher Billy Collins' whole face into her jaws . . .*

WHEN I woke up next morning there was no sign of Elsa or the cubs, and as it had rained during the night all spoor had been washed away.

About tea-time she turned up alone, very hungry; I held her meat while she chewed it so as to keep her attention and meanwhile told the Toto (an African boy) to follow her fresh pug marks to get a clue to the present whereabouts of the cubs.

When he returned Elsa hopped on to the roof of my car, and from this platform she watched the two of us walking back along her tracks into the bush.

I did this deliberately to induce her to return to the cubs. When she realised where we were going she promptly followed us and, taking the lead, trotted quickly along her pug marks; several times she waited till, panting, we caught up with her. I wondered whether at last she meant to take us to her lie-up.

When we reached the "Whuffing Rock," so named because it was there that we had once surprised her with her mate and heard their alarming whuffing (courtship grunts), she stopped, listened, climbed swiftly half-way up the slope, hesitated until I had caught up with her, and then rushed ahead till she had reached the saddle of the rock from which the big cleft breaks off on the far side.

There, much out of breath, I joined her. I was about to pat her when she flattened her ears and with an angry snarl gave me a heavy clout. Since it was plain that I was not wanted, I retreated.

I was puzzled at the sudden change in her behaviour, but I respected her wishes and left her and her family alone. I joined the Toto, who had waited in the bush just below, and we watched Elsa through our fieldglasses. As soon as she saw that we were at a safe distance she relaxed and the cubs came out and began playing with her.

"Stood very still"

George returned on February 4 and was delighted to hear the good news of the cubs.

Two days later we saw Elsa near the Whuffing Rock. As we were walking toward it we talked rather loudly to give her notice of our approach. She emerged from the thick undergrowth at the mouth of the cleft and stood very still, gazing at us.

After a few moments she sat down facing us — we were still some two hundred yards away — and made it very plain that we were not to come any nearer. Several times she turned her head toward the cleft and listened attentively, but apart from this she remained in her "guarding" position.

We now realised that she made a difference between bringing the cubs to see us and our visiting them.

Two weeks passed before she brought the cubs to camp to introduce them to George.

Continued overleaf

● "Billy" Collins, publisher of the books about Elsa, with Elsa and Makedde. Luckily Billy took it well when Elsa affectionately jumped on his bed and rested on top of him.



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LIVING FREE

Continued from previous page

This was not entirely her fault, for during this time we were obliged to go to Isiolo for a couple of days, and, while we were away, she and the cubs had arrived at the camp one morning looking for us, but had found only the boys.

Makedde told us that he had gone to meet her, and she had rubbed her head against his legs, and one plucky cub had boldly walked up to within a short distance of him.

I arrived about an hour after she had gone. Makedde was delighted with the plucky cub; he said he was sure it was a male, and told me he had given it a name, which was, he said, very popular with the Meru tribe. It sounded like Jespah. I asked him and the other boys where the name came from. They said it was out of the Bible, but as each boy pronounced it slightly differently it was difficult for me to trace it.

The nearest phonetic association I could find was Japthah, which means "God sets free." If that were the origin of the little cub's name it could not be more appropriate.

Later, when we knew that the family consisted of two lions and a lioness, we called Jespah's brother, who was very timid, Gopa, for in Swahili this means timid, and his sister we named Little Elsa.

The cubs were now about nine weeks old, and were lively walkers, chasing and prodding one another as they tried to keep pace with Elsa. In spite of their high spirits they were most obedient to her call, and were also already well trained in cleanliness, and always stepped off the path when they were producing their excrements.

Hug for a lady

During the next few days Elsa often came alone to visit us. She was always affectionate, but some of her habits had altered since she had given birth to the cubs. She now very seldom ambushed us, was less playful, more dignified.

I wondered how she placed her cubs when she came out on these long visits. Did she instruct them not to move till she returned? Did she hide them in a very safe spot?

When, on 19th February, George came "on duty," I returned to Isiolo to meet Lord William Percy and his wife and bring them to see Elsa's family.

In general we discouraged visitors, but we made an exception for these old friends who had known Elsa since she was a cub and had always shown the greatest interest in her development.

Next day, while we were having tea in the studio, Elsa appeared alone; our friends were included in her customary friendly rubbings, and she bore with my taking a few photographs, but then walked out of the picture.

She never liked being photographed, and since the arrival of the cubs she had become even more averse to it.

Later, Lady William started sketching her, and this was another thing she usually disliked, but today she seemed to have no objection. All the same, I kept close by in case she might suddenly take a dislike to serving as a model. However, as she appeared quite indifferent to what was going on, after a while I went away.

As soon as my back was turned she rushed like lightning at the artist and embraced her playfully. As Elsa weighs about three hundred pounds, I admired the calm way in which Lady William accepted the demonstration.

At tea-time the next day we saw Elsa and the cubs on the opposite side of the river, but when she spotted us she moved her family a short distance downstream, then they crossed the river. We quickly fetched some meat, which Elsa promptly collected and then took into the bush to her cubs, who were out of sight.

Later, they all got thirsty and came to the water's edge to drink. I was glad that our guests should have this splendid view of them drinking close together, their heads stretched forward between the pointed elbows of their front legs, which were bent. At first they just lapped noisily, then they plunged into the shallow water and began to play. They were certainly not water-shy, as cats are said to be.

How lucky these little cubs were to be living in such a lovely and exciting place. The rocky range on which they were born started on our side of the river, crossed it and circled for several miles on the other side.

It was broken up by cracks and caves in which hyrax and other small animals had made their homes; around it on all



● Mother and daughter. Little Elsa, rolling happily here, was, however, the wildest of the three cubs, and preferred staying out in the rain to entering the camp.

"Were we

sides stretched the bush, which was full of spoor and of the scent of wild animals, and then there was the river, with its rocks and sandbanks on which turtles, looking like giant pebbles, basked in the morning sun.

Of course, there were also the unpleasant and dangerous crocodiles, but they lived mostly in deep pools. These are overhung by doam palms, whose feathery fronds sweep into the back waters; the grey-green blotchy skins of the crocs blend to perfection with the decaying vegetation and often make them difficult to detect. In other places the river is bordered by fig trees, acacias, and phoenix palms from which lianas and tendrils dangle and twist their way into the thick undergrowth, and thereby provide impenetrable hideouts for many animals.

Here live the graceful vervet monkeys, the clowning baboons, the turquoise-colored agamas, all kinds of lizards, some with bright orange heads, others with vivid blue tails; and also a monitor, with whom we had made friends. Bush buck, lesser kudu, and water buck come here to drink, and the flattened, trampled ground shows that rhino and buffalo also visit it.

Of all the inhabitants of the bush the most fascinating to us are the many colored birds which throng the bush: the oriole, the brilliant kingfishers, the iridescent sun birds, the fish-eagle, and the palm-nut vulture, black and white and very large, the hornbills, whose rhythmic croaking rises to a crescendo and only drops to rise again.

Early one morning, Elsa visited the camp before anyone was up. I heard her and followed her. She was already in the water when I called to her, but she came back at once, settled with me on a sandbank, and began to miaow at the cubs, encouraging them to come near us. They approached within three yards, but obviously did not wish to be handled, and, as the last thing I wanted was that they should become tame, I was very pleased about this.

Elsa seemed puzzled that they should still be scared of me, but in the end she gave up her attempt to make us fraternise, took her family across the river, and disappeared into the bush.

She did not bring the cubs into camp again for a couple of days. That morning we had taken our friends to see the magnificent falls of the Tana River, which few Europeans visit because they are so inaccessible.

On our return we found Elsa and the cubs in camp, and while we had our sundowners they enjoyed their dinner. We were silent, for we knew how sensitive the cubs were to the sound of talking. They did not mind the chatter of the boys, far away in the kitchen, but if we were near them and said a word to each other, even in a low voice, they sneaked away. As for the clicking of a camera shutter—it gave them the jitters.

They were ten weeks old, and Elsa had begun to wean them. Whenever she thought they had had enough milk she either sat on her teats or jumped on to the roof of the Landrover. So if the cubs did not want to starve they had to eat meat. They tore the intestines of the "kills" out of their mother's mouth and sucked them in like spaghetti, through closed teeth, pressing out the unwanted contents, just as she did.

Inbred fear of man

That evening one cub was determined to get some more milk and persistently pushed its way under Elsa's belly until she became really angry, gave it a good spank, and jumped on to the car.

The little ones resented this very much; they stood on their hind legs resting their forepaws against the car, miaowing up at their mother, but she sat and licked her paws, as though she were quite unaware of the whimpering cubs below.

When they had recovered from their disappointment they bounced off, cheerfully making explorations which took them out of her sight. Elsa became extremely alert if they did not come when she called them, and if they did not reappear quickly she hopped off the car and fetched them back to safety.

Soon I found that I had to be careful about letting any of the boys come near Elsa when she had the cubs with her. If even Makedde (one of the Africans, and her friend) approached them she flattened her ears and looked at him through half-closed eyes which had a cold, murderous expression.

Me she trusted completely, and gave proof of it by sometimes leaving the cubs in my charge when she went to the river to drink.

For several nights we had terrific thunderstorms, and the lightning and the crashes came so close together that I was quite frightened. The water poured down as though it were flowing through a pipe.

As George was away, Elsa and the cubs could very well have sheltered in his empty tent, but the youngsters' inbred fear of man was so great that they preferred to soak outside. This trait was the most obvious sign of their wild blood, and it was something we were determined to encourage, even at the expense of a wetting, and even in defiance of Elsa's wish to make them into friends of ours.

Often she seemed to be playing a sort of "catch-as-catch-can" with them, circling nearer and nearer to the tent in which I was sitting, as though she wanted to bring them into it without their becoming aware of what was happening.

Twice she dashed into the tent and peeping over my shoulder called to them. But whatever she did they never overstepped their self-imposed frontier.

It seemed that our rearing of their mother in domesticity had in no way impaired the instinct which all wild animals possess and which warns them against approaching an unknown danger. Moreover, Elsa herself had shown by concealing her cubs from us for five or six weeks that her own instinct for protecting her young was still alive.

Now, she was plainly disappointed that her efforts to make one pride of us were proving unsuccessful, partly owing to the cubs' fear of man and partly owing to what she must have taken as heartless lack of co-operation on our part. She seemed very puzzled, but had no intention of giving up her plan.

One evening she entered my tent, deliberately lay down behind me, and then called softly to the cubs, inviting them to suckle her. By doing this she tried not only to make the

destroying her wild instincts?"



● One of many fights. The cubs were a normal family, with play often interrupted by heated arguments.

● Mother and son. Elsa is "talking" to Jespah, who, although the gamest and cheekiest of the cubs, knew whom to obey—Elsa cuffed him with her paw if he didn't.

cubs come into the tent but also to force them to pass close to me.

No doubt they would have been pleased if I had retired behind their mother, and she would have been pleased if I had done something to encourage them, but I remained where I was and kept still. To have moved would have defeated Elsa's intention, and to have encouraged them would have been against our determination not to tame them.

Elsa spansks a cub

I was sorry because I longed to help the cubs, and felt distressed when Elsa looked at me for a long time with a disappointed expression in her eyes, and then went out to join her children. Of course, she could not understand that my lack of response was due to our wish to preserve the cubs' wild instinct. She plainly thought me unfeeling, whereas I was suppressing all my feelings for the good of her family.

The cubs were worried about our relationship for the opposite reason, and became anxious every evening when Elsa, persecuted by tsetse flies, flung herself in front of me, asking me to dispose of these pests.

When I started squashing the flies, and in the process slapping Elsa, the cubs were very upset. Jespah in particular would come close and crouch ready to spring should his mother be in need of protection. No doubt they found it odd that she should seem grateful for my slappings.

On one occasion when Elsa, Jespah, and Little Elsa were drinking in front of the tent, Gopa was too nervous to come to the water-bowl. Seeing this, Elsa went to him with great deliberation and cuffed him several times, after which he plucked up enough courage to join the others.

Jespah's character was quite different—he was rather too brave. One afternoon after they had all fed and when their bellies were near bursting point, Elsa started off toward the rock. By then it was nearly dark. Two cubs followed obediently, but Jespah went on gorging. Elsa called twice to him, but he merely listened for a moment and then went on feeding. Finally, his mother came back, and it was in no uncertain manner that she walked up to her son. Jespah realised that he was in for trouble, so, gobbling the meat, with large bits of it hanging out of either side of his mouth, trotted after her.

Elsa had won the hearts of thousands of people, and become famous overnight. This was very gratifying, but now we feared that she might have to share the fate of all celebrities—lack of privacy.

People from all over the world wrote saying they would like to come and see her. This was a problem. After all the trouble we had taken to keep her and the cubs wild, we could not agree to Elsa and her family being turned into a tourist attraction. We could, of course, appeal to her admirers, to sportsmen, and to our friends not to invade her privacy, but we had no legal means of keeping people out, and we were very worried in case some visitor should, in our absence, provoke Elsa and accidentally cause trouble.

During April I observed that the cubs were getting more and more shy even of me. Now they preferred to sneak through

the grass in a wide circle to reach their meat, rather than follow their mother in a straight line, because this involved coming very close to me.

To prevent predators from stealing the meat during the night I started dragging the carcass near to my tent, to which I attached it by a chain.

It was often a heavy load, and Elsa used to watch me, apparently content that I had taken on the laborious task of protecting her meat.

Jespah was much less happy when he saw me handling the "kill." After several half-hearted attacks he sometimes charged me in a proper fashion, first crouching low and then rushing forward at full speed. Elsa came instantly to my rescue: she not only placed herself between her son and me but gave him a sound and deliberate cuff.

Afterwards she sat with me in the tent for a long time, totally ignoring Jespah, who rested outside looking bewildered. He lay by the water-bowl, his head against it, occasionally lapping lazily.

Touched as I was by Elsa's reaction, I also understood that Jespah should be disconcerted by his mother's disapproval of his instinctive reaction, and I was most anxious not to arouse his jealousy.

He was still too small to do very much harm, but we both recognised that it was essential to establish a friendly truce with the cubs while they were still dependent upon us for food, and before they had grown big enough to be dangerous. It was a difficult problem, because while we did not want them to be hostile neither did we want them to become tame.

Gentle lioness

Recently Elsa herself seemed to have become aware of our difficulty, and to be making her contribution to solving it. While she spanked Jespah if in his attempts to protect her he attacked me, she also dealt firmly with me if she thought I was getting too familiar with her children.

For instance, several times when I came close to them while they were at play she looked at me through half-closed eyes, walked slowly but purposefully up to me, and gripped me round the knees in a friendly but determined manner which indicated very plainly that her grip would become much firmer if I did not take the hint and retire.

I was always touched by the way in which Elsa discriminated when she played with me or with the cubs. With them she was often rather rough, pulling their skin, biting them affectionately, or holding their heads down so that they should not interfere with her meal; it would have been most painful if she had treated me in the same way, but she was always gentle when we played together.

I attribute this partly to the fact that when I stroke her I always do so very gently, talking to her at the same time in a low, calm voice, to which she responds quietly. I am sure that if I treated her roughly it would provoke her to demonstrate her superior strength.

One day I discovered that Elsa had a large thorn stuck deeply into her tail. It must have been very painful, and when I tried to pull it out she became irritable. Luckily,

I did eventually manage to extract it, then she licked the wound, and afterwards my hand, by way of thanking me.

That night it rained. In the morning I was much surprised to see not only Elsa's pug marks but those of a cub inside George's empty tent. It was the first time that one had entered the self-imposed forbidden area.

On the following night Elsa, observing that the boys had forgotten to place thorn branches in front of the entrance to my enclosure, pushed the wicker gate aside, entered the tent, and promptly lay down on my bed. Wrapped up in the torn mosquito netting, she looked so content that I saw myself having to spend the night sitting in the open.

Jespah followed his mother into the tent and stood on his hind legs examining the bed, but fortunately decided against trying it out. The other cubs stayed outside.

Prowling tribesmen

We spent most of the evening trying to lure Elsa out of my tent—it was a difficult task since we dared not open the door in case all the cubs were to rush in and join their mother. What we intended was that Elsa should crawl out through the wickerwork door. For some time our hopes of success were pretty dim, then I began to make "tcianging" noises round the camp, and to flash my torch, pretending that the cubs were lost, and that I was looking for them. This soon caused both Elsa and Jespah to rush out. She came through the door, how he got out I do not know.

I now had my tent to myself, but was unable to sleep because Elsa noisily attacked my truck. However, as on a previous occasion, to my surprise, she stopped when I shouted, "No, Elsa, no," to her. I could not understand why she went for the goats' truck, for if she were hungry there was still some meat down by the river.

The cubs were about sixteen weeks old, and by now the family should have been guarding its kill. Had Elsa become so lazy that she expected us not only to provide her with food but also to relieve her of the task of protecting it?

Were we ruining her wild instincts, and should we leave her? The moment did not seem a propitious one for deserting her, because we had recently found the footprints of two strange Africans very near the camp. No doubt they had been reconnoitring our whereabouts, for the drought was with us, and probably they intended to bring their stock into the game reserves to graze, though this was illegal.

In the circumstances, I felt I must go on providing the family with food; if not, Elsa would surely kill some trespassing goat. I comforted myself with the thought that very soon the rains would come, the tribesmen would go away and by the next dry season Elsa would have the cubs well on the run to hunt with her.

Meanwhile, I was immensely interested in observing their development. Already they stretched their tendons; they stood on their hind legs and dug their claws into the rough bark of certain trees—preferably acacias—in so doing they exposed the pink bases of their claws. When they had finished this exercise, the bark showed deep gashes.

Continued on page 50

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MEN NEVER WORRY

A short short story

By MARSHA
PRYSUSKA

AT five to eight she was ready. The last look in the mirror assured Leila that she looked as well as any girl of twenty-eight can expect to look, and much better than most of them did. Not a coppery hair was out of place and the flattering dress did everything the sales assistant in the exclusive "shoppe" said it would.

"This," the saleswoman had said, "is not a dress, it's an investment." A discreet glance at Leila's ringless left hand conveyed the message without hammering it home. This was the five minutes Leila liked best. The time when she was ready for her date.

There was always the feeling that this time it would be different. Would it? Leila suddenly asked herself. Why? Why should I even think that this will be different? It will go exactly the same way it always has. He'll come, and all the things we saw in each other when we first met will still be there — for a while. And then, all too soon, they'll disappear. And it's going to be the same till I go to the next party and the next man says, "May I ring you tomorrow?" True, some of "them" didn't ring. This one had. Leila met him at Gloria's party last Sunday.

"I'm Frank Harris," Leila heard a voice say at her side. "And Gloria said you were Leila. Hello, Leila."

He was tall, at least six-foot two, not handsome, but definitely there was something interesting about Frank's face.

They went through the traditional party pattern of "may-I-get-you-a-drink - light - your - cigarette - and - have - you seen-the-latest-Continental-movie?" And then they started talking to each other, and somehow in the smoke-filled room of people they were alone.

They talked about themselves, about books and music, and about all the things two people talk about who meet suddenly, unexpectedly, and who think they'd like to meet again.

"I'll ring you tomorrow," Frank told Leila when he pulled up outside her house. "Please do," she said quietly.

Now it was Tuesday night, three minutes to eight. He had rung the following morning and asked her to come out with him that night. Late dinner, a nightclub.

And immediately, Leila thought, I dashed out and spent a fortune on this dress. But this won't be any different. This will be the way it was with all the others.

The horrible pattern. This curse which seems to be upon me has been stuck on with glue so strong it can't ever be unstuck. I'll see Frank every second night this week, and then every night next week, and we'll both think that we're madly in love, but the word "love" will not be used.

Because that's the way it is. I'm twenty-eight and Frank's at least thirty-four and we "know" that love doesn't happen. But we do have this "thing" about one another, so Frank will suggest that we go away somewhere for a weekend. "Just you and me," he'll say. And, of course, I shall refuse. But I won't refuse because I don't want to go, oh, no, I'll say "no" because of some moral code.

He'll call less often after that. At first I'll play that classic

"I hope you like cyclamen, I grew them myself," Frank said as he handed the flower-pot to Leila.

part of a girl waiting for the phone to ring, and then I shall try to be out most evenings. And then maybe I'll ring him, and maybe I'll bandage both my hands to stop myself from doing that . . .

A sharp tattoo on the door interrupted Leila's thoughts. He was just as she'd remembered him. Tall, dark, and that disturbing something was still part of his features.

"These are for you, I hope you like cyclamen?" "Yes, yes, I do like cyclamen very much," Leila said, taking the flower-pot from his hand.

She had been given flowers before. But this was the first time a man had turned up to take her to dinner clutching a flower-pot.

"I grew them myself," Frank said matter-of-factly. "Oh," Leila heard herself saying, "how strange."

"Not really, I was meant to be a farmer, at least my father thought I should stay on the farm, but I became a copy-writer. Growing flowers on my roof-garden is a sort of compromise between the two."

"I was born on a farm," Leila said. "I bet you can't stand this life then," Frank said. "Smoky city, flats, nightclubs, horrible," he said, grinning.

"Most of the time I love it," Leila said seriously. She wasn't going to pretend that she couldn't stand the city.

"Good girl," Frank grinned. "I was afraid that you'd give me the back-to-the-land bit. I love the city, too."

"A drink?" Leila asked. "Sure, but put the flowers down first."

"Oh," Leila said again. "Yes, of course, the flowers."

"Leila," Frank exclaimed, "let me get the drinks and let's celebrate our first date."

"Yes," Leila agreed. She wondered if he was going to suggest a weekend in a beach shack or in the mountains.

Later they dined and talked, and later still they danced and talked, and even later than that they were still talking.

Two months later Leila watched Frank sign the register at a seaside hotel. The bell-boy took up their suitcases, got his tip, and departed, leaving them alone.

"Just you and me," Frank said, "just you and me, Mrs. Harris, on our honeymoon, and when I think how I worried before that first date of ours."

"I was so scared that it would turn out the way it always had before. You know, at first you're madly in love and then it fizzles out or the girl meets someone else, and it's the same thing all over again—next party, next girl."

"I didn't think men felt like that, I thought men never worried," Leila said.

"Come here, foolish girl, and I'll tell you just how some men DO worry."

"Some men," Frank continued, "bring their girls flower-pots. You see, your hands don't shake with nervousness when you hold a flower-pot, Mrs. Harris."

(Copyright)

There's just one word for it—enchanting!

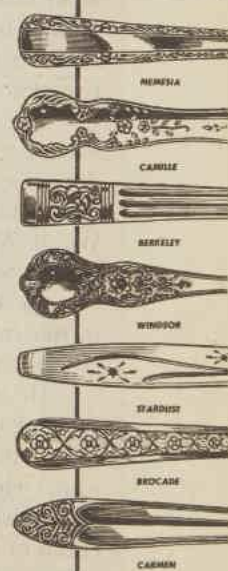
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Page 35

*It was a dangerous situation which obviously called for the
very highest level of international diplomacy . . . a short story*

Beauty Contest at Buckingham Palace

By MARY HIGGINS CLARK

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

SIR WINSTON sat patiently on the sundeck of his Riviera villa and waited for the deferential reporter across the table to begin asking questions concerning his just-published sixth volume of memoirs, which encompassed the last forty years of the twentieth century.

He felt slightly chilled and gave a twist to the knob on his chair, causing the sun's rays to turn more strongly in his direction. "They got the idea for this from something called an electric blanket," he told the reporter. "But, bosh, you probably don't even remember that." He bit into his cigar, reflecting that when you got to be 146 years old you had to remember not to refer to events or objects that belonged in the past of more than two generations ago. Otherwise people thought you were getting fey.

"Sir Winston," the reporter said, holding up his pencil, "I've read every volume of yours with the exception of this new one. Now, looking back over your long, full life, what do you consider your moment of greatest trial? When do you feel your forces of leadership and cunning were most called to the fore? Was it during England's finest hours in World War Two? Or perhaps when you arbitrated the squabble between Russia and the United States over who got stuck with the dark side of the moon? Or—"

Sir Winston raised his hand slowly. "My son, none of these terrible times caused my blood to run cold as did the night in 1961 when the most exalted beauty contest of the twentieth century took place."

He took a sip of brandy, shuddering at the memory. "It was during the early years of the reign of Elizabeth the Second," he said. "Jacqueline Kennedy of the United States was in the White House — as first lady, of course, not President. The first woman President wasn't elected for nearly a quarter of a century after that. Fabiola of Belgium was a recent bride. Princess Grace of Monaco was renowned for her loveliness. Sirikit of Thailand and Farah of Iran — well, someone suggested that nations meet on the basis of beauty, and out of all that a beauty contest was developed among the aforementioned ladies.

"The judges were Khrushchev of Russia, Nehru of India, and De Gaulle of France. I knew in my bones it would be a bit of a sticky wicket, but no one would believe me; and, since these ladies were to be accompanied by their husbands, it seemed a good way to have an informal summit conference in the bargain."

He reached for the brandy again. "So a first-prize medal was struck — a map of the world in miniature with precious stones outlining the borders of the countries — valued at a million pounds, it was. I was the master of ceremonies.

"Someone had adapted a rather ghastly song, 'There She Is, Miss Head of State,' to be sung to the winner. After months of preparation, all was in readiness. The ballroom at Buckingham Palace was prepared. Invitations were issued to the 'creme de la creme,' and the contestants flew over in their jets. You probably don't remember about jets, either."

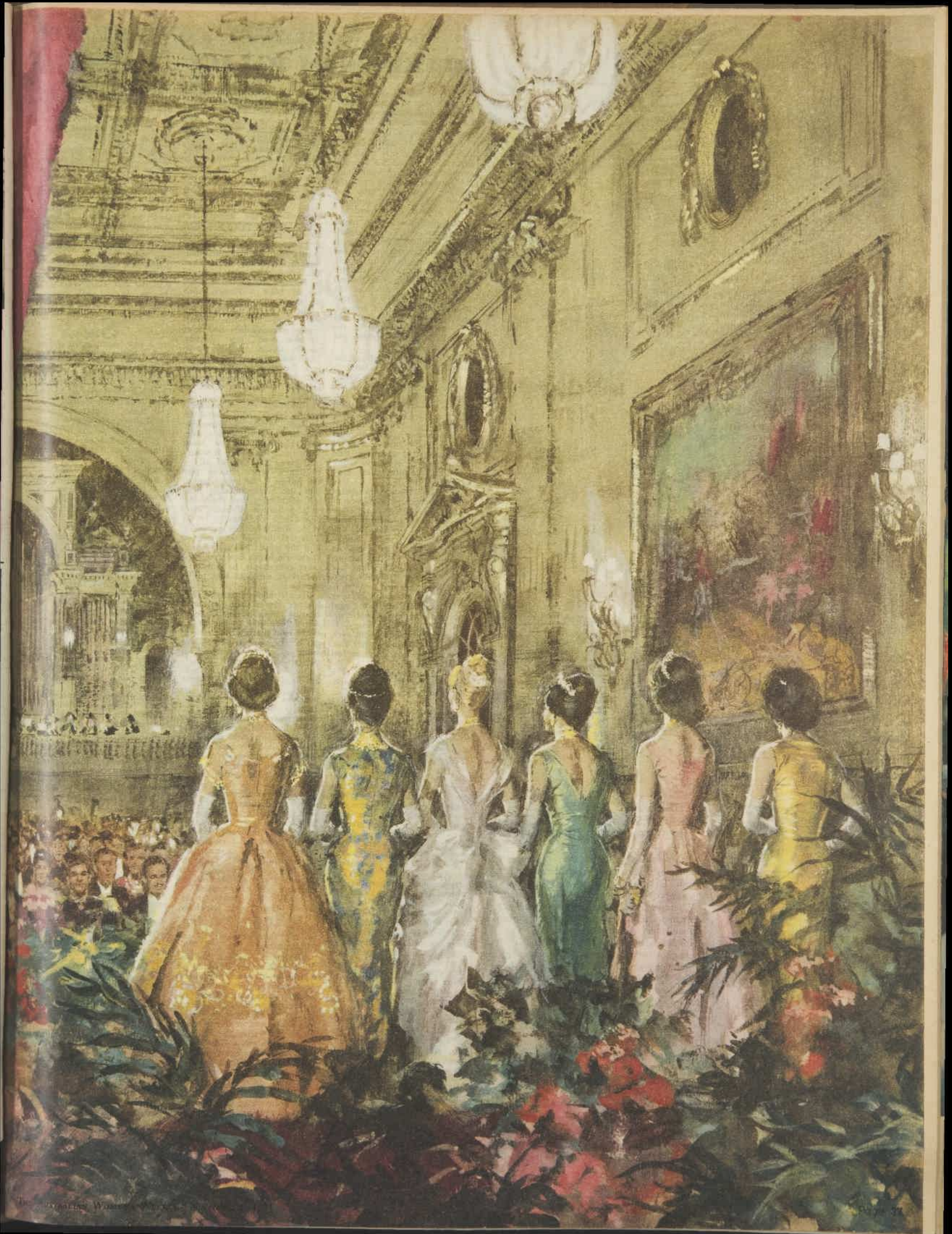
Sir Winston leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. "It's as though it were yesterday," he said.

The reporter waited deferentially. He knew all about the beauty contest, of course. He'd read volumes on it. Who hadn't? It was known as Sir Winston's masterpiece.

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*Sir Winston surveyed the six beautiful young women and
wondered how anyone would dare to say who was the fairest.*





Continuing . . . BEAUTY CONTEST AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

from page 37

The contestants stood in the wings, ready to walk through the crowded ballroom. The ladies were dressed in high-fashion gowns and tiaras.

For the men, white tie was the order. Flowers filled the great hall. When Sir Winston announced the first contestant, the orchestra struck up the opening notes of "Pomp and Circumstance." The audience didn't applaud. It bowed.

Sweeping across the room, her apricot satin gown gleaming, a million dollars' worth of jewellery sparkling on her white throat, her slim hands, and her chestnut hair, was Her Majesty Elizabeth the Second by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and of her other realms and territories, queen head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith.

She smiled dazzlingly at the assemblage, lifted her hand in her familiar gesture of greeting, and took her place on the dais.

It was the first time she'd ever been involved in a beauty contest, and although she hid her nervousness behind royal aplomb, she wondered if she'd be able to add one more title to her already impressive string of "most beautiful first lady in the world."

Of course, she was up against such striking girls as Grace of Monaco, Jackie of the Colonies, Sirikit of Thailand, Farah of Iran, and Fabiola of Belgium, but still, she'd come a long way from the tremulous bride in the love-in-the-mist-blue going-away suit that had been Norman Hartnell's creation. Dear Norman.

She shot a quick look over to the first row where the most important dignitaries were sitting. Philip was smiling. He had a satisfied look in his eyes, so she must be looking her best.

Really, it was nice to feel his pride in her.

He always said: "You're a ripping good queen, pet, probably because you enjoy it so."

The flutter of admiration subsided, and the audience waited breathlessly for the next contestant. The English in the assemblage considered the contest over already, of course. Elizabeth had outdone even herself. It wasn't just those incredibly blue eyes, the perfect complexion, the shining hair. The girl had presence—radiance, don't you know. Shows what happens when you're born to be queen.

Sir Winston consulted the programme in his hands before announcing the next contestant. Not that he needed to. Gads, that had been a harangue, trying to decide in what order they'd enter.

Thank heavens Attlee had come up with the suggestion that Elizabeth as hostess come first and the others follow in the order of the length of their reign. No delicate age problem there, and it put Elizabeth at the head, which was as it should be. Trust a lamb like Attlee to turn into a dove of peace.

"Her Majesty Queen Sirikit of Thailand," he announced, managing to recapture some of the sonorous goldness of his wartime voice.

There was a gasp of admiration as slender Sirikit entered. She'd worn a multicolored brocade with a suggestion of the Oriental culture of her country. It had straight lines and a slit in the front, revealing an ankle that would have been as at home on a chorus girl as on a queen.

Her jet-black hair was piled high and soft on her head. Her

even white teeth flashed as she smiled courteously to the gathering. She walked slowly across the room and up the dais, taking care to stand not too near Elizabeth.

If she could only win, she thought. These Westerners with their appalling ideas about Thailand—it was all the work of that book "Anna and the King of Siam." She'd actually heard someone at the airport remark, "With a queen like that, do you think the king keeps a harem, too?" Harem, indeed! Her dear Phumiphon. Anyone knew that if he ever fell for another girl it would be because she played a mean sax or blew a French horn the most.

But all in all this had been her year—on the best-dressed-women's list—and now, if she won this contest, people would certainly take Thailand seriously. And not just for that silver jewellery that Phumphy was always asking her to wear to drum up trade.

There was excited comment among those who dared to whisper. What an impossible comparison, they were saying. Like choosing between Snow White and Rose Red. It wasn't a degree of beauty at all—it was a type. Heaven pity the judges if the others looked half this well. Solomon himself would have been stumped.

"Her Serene Highness Princess Grace of Monaco," Sir Winston adjusted his spectacles. This was the one who worried him the most. His own queen could win hands down over the other contestants, he was sure, but these actresses had to be watched.

He chuckled to himself. They had a way of being regal of bearing almost beyond the ones who'd been born to the bit.

He bent his head forward to get a glimpse as Princess Grace swept by. Worse than he'd expected—the girl was stunning!

She remembered not to hold her head higher than Elizabeth had done. People were always watching for that sort of thing. She was glad she'd settled on the white gown. She and Rainier had hummed and hawed half the night before they'd decided against the blue. "You shall be the snow queen," Rainier had decreed. "Besides, the white gown will show up better on the new stamp issue."

"Oh, not another stamp issue, dear," she'd protested. "Don't you think we're beginning to have rather more stamps than letters to put them on? We still have so many left from the last issue that we had to store them in the banquet hall. Cook put her foot down on using any more of the canisters, and the basement is already heaped."

Rainier had looked crestfallen, then said hopefully, "We'll have a National Letter-Writing Week again. Last time we did that we used up the whole atticful."

She began to ascend the dais, thinking how nice it would be to win for his sake. He did so want their country to be considered important. Those remarks that compared Monaco to Central Park certainly worried him. And he did so much for her. Like when she'd arrived for the wedding, and he'd told her that he'd had every leak in the palace repaired in her honor. "It's a plumber's delight now," he'd said proudly.

And then he'd shown her his magnificent cactus garden. "Whenever you feel like acting, we can come out here and do a scene from 'High Noon,'" he'd suggested.

The last strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" died away as she took her place on the dais. I just love that song, she thought. If it weren't for those "True

Love" royalty cheques it would be my favorite, hands down. She had to stop herself from humming the last line of "True Love" as she glanced quickly around.

The other girls looked just great. She gazed at the first row of dignitaries and saw that Rainier was smiling from ear to ear and fairly bursting with pride. She relaxed inside. I hope mamma remembers to send me tomorrow's Philadelphia papers, she thought.

Farah Diba stood impatiently in the wings. She knew her eyes were sparkling and she deliberately lowered them and willed the lines of her face into the soft Mona Lisa smile that she knew people expected of her.

SHE was wearing a pale green gown embroidered with hundreds of tiny diamonds. Her dear lord had personally placed the new tiara, valued at a king's ransom, on her head. He'd stepped back to look at her and nodded. "Unless those judges are fools, you'll have another title tonight, little one," he'd said.

She'd smiled back at him. "Have them beheaded if they go against me," she'd suggested.

He'd looked startled. "My ancestors could have done that, of course," he'd agreed. "It might not be considered good sportsmanship today." He'd linked her arm in his when they started down to the ballroom.

And the funny part of it, she thought, is that you still don't know you adore me. Some little part of you believes that yesterday is with you yet.

She remembered how she and a friend were at the Sorbonne when they'd read the Shah's heartbroken message announcing his divorce from his beloved Soraya. Her friend was the sentimental kind. She'd sighed. "No matter whom he marries, he'll always weep for Soraya."

Farah remembered her answer. "Weeping willows are easily transplanted." She still believed it. Oh, granted it hadn't been easy at first. But Reza, jun., had tipped the scales in her favor. And she was six years younger than Soraya. That helped, too.

"Her Imperial Majesty Farah Diba, Queen of Iran." She heard the opening bars of the music, started out into the great ballroom and felt utterly sure of herself. One more thing—when she won this contest, she was quickly going to see that Avenue Soraya got a new name. Oh, she wouldn't think of letting them change it till now. Better to be magnanimous, but enough was enough.

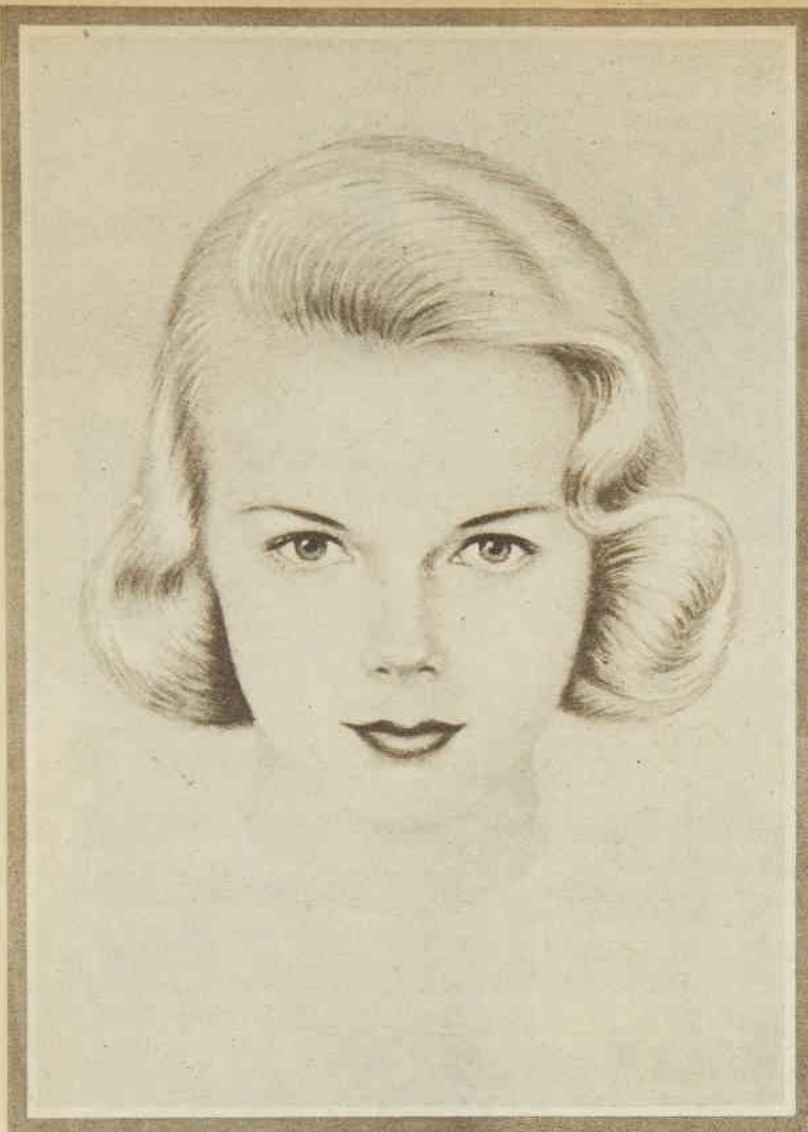
She knew the assemblage was comparing her with her predecessor. But Soraya had had a beautiful predecessor, too, and who mentioned her now? She strode confidently up the dais. Reza was leaning forward in his seat, smiling triumphantly. She wanted to blow him a kiss. It was the outrageous sort of thing that seemed to fascinate him, but she satisfied herself with the barest hint of a wink.

And the funny part of it all, she mused, if it weren't for the heir to the peacock throne bit, I'd have preferred a girl.

Sir Winston cleared his throat. He hoped the sweet young girl who'd just come through hadn't heard the whispers that compared her with her predecessor. These Near East countries, he thought impatiently. What in the deuce was wrong with having a woman succeed to the throne? Judging from

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 1, 1961



Beautiful Hair

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SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

Fear was the passenger . . .

Part two of our tense serial

By **BARBARA JEFFERIS**

AFTER spending a fortnight at an outback property, "Brinalli Downs," JANET OSBORNE boards a small plane owned by the young man who hopes to marry her, DICK GARNETT, who intends flying her into the railway town of Weeringbrinalli because the roads are flooded. After warming up the engine, Dick is about to get out to chase some horses off the airstrip but slips and kicks the throttle open as he falls to the ground. The plane taxis along and, to his horror, takes off.

In her terror, Janet, who knows nothing about piloting a plane, finally clutches at the control yoke and unknowingly holds it in a position so that the plane circles over the property below. From Dick's frantic signs she understands she must keep the plane circling. Realising he has left the radio turned on in the aircraft, Dick races into the house to telephone DAVE JORDAN, the radio operator at the Flying Doctor Base. His brother, PETER, and his mother, MARY GARNETT, are horrified to learn Janet is alone in the plane.

Dave immediately speaks to Janet on the radio and explains the working of the instrument panel and how to control the plane, even though he himself is not a pilot. Meanwhile, Dick gets SYLVIE SMITH at the telephone exchange to keep the line open and to get GEORGE DONOVAN, the taxi pilot from Weeringbrinalli airstrip, on as well.

As the three-way hook-up is being established Dave tells Janet he must make a general call but she can cut in if she needs to. He explains to the scattered outback listeners that there is a plane in trouble and only urgent medical calls will be taken by the base. There are no answers and Janet waits to hear his voice again. **NOW READ ON:**

IN Weeringbrinalli quite a crowd had collected already around and just inside the open doors of the hangar. George Donovan's mechanic had spread a little of the news when he went back into the town to contact the ambulance and the hospital and to ring the other aerodromes in the western district. The fire truck's crew had spread more of it, and the ambulance crew.

People had drifted first toward the post office and the telephone exchange, but the back door to the exchange room, which was always open and often as not propped up by one or another of Sylvie Smith's admirers, was closed now against the possibility of any extraneous noise. So the crowd, still arguing leisurely about the likelihood of any part of the rumor being true, had drifted through the warm, dusty streets and across a swampy, intervening paddock toward the higher ground of the aerodrome.

There were more men and boys in the town than there would normally have been, for Weeringbrinalli was expecting floodwaters within the next forty-eight hours, and some had come for mail and stores before they were cut off, and others to finish the placing of sandbag levees at the lowest end of the town.

At the aerodrome George saw them come and called his mechanic. "You'd better get on to Stan," he said, naming the town's one policeman.

"He's here," the mechanic said. "I saw him outside the pub, so I

To page 59

As the men worked urgently, ripping away the wall, Dick and his mother could see the plane as Janet continued to circle over the property.





Guess who had a Weet-Bix breakfast this morning?

He's feeling fine . . . after a breakfast that *really* sustains and nourishes . . . WEET-BIX! Made from sun-sweetened whole wheat, with extra Vitamin B₁ added, Weet-Bix are toasted till they're crisper than crisp. Everyone loves them and, weight for weight, they're top breakfast food value *by far*!

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Dress Sense

by
BETTY KEEP



DS456.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9. Pattern may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

- The Charleston influence of the 'twenties is seen in this one-piece finished with low-placed pleats.

THE dress is chosen in answer to a request by a young reader. Here is the query from the reader's letter and my reply:

"Please design a snappy one-piece style for a girl in her later teens. I will be needing a pattern for the design you choose."

The dress I have chosen in answer to your request is illustrated above. The young look of low pleats, rippling from a lengthening, easy-fit sleeveless bodice top, is very new in current fashion. In the 'twenties this type of dress was terrifically popular with the young. A paper pattern for the design is available in stock sizes. Beside the illustration are further details of how to order.

"Would it be possible to let me know what frock silhouette will be popular for next autumn?"

Blouse and flare will be recurring lines in next autumn's fashions. Not too much blousing and not too much flare, however. Just enough gentle easing of the straight silhouette to provide an attractive line.

"Is it correct fashion to go hatless when wearing a suit?"

The question of when, where, and with what to wear a hat is one of the most debatable fashion queries I know. Generally speaking most daytime outfits are improved with a chic and becoming hat.

"What would be the most practical buy to add variety to a holiday wardrobe? Whatever you suggest must be suitable fashion to wear in town, too."

One skirt teamed with a variety of blouses is a chic and easy way to give wardrobe versatility. In this category an overblouse is popular. Matched in fabric and color to the skirt, an overblouse can give the impression of a well-planned daytime ensemble.

"What length from the ground will skirts be worn this summer?"

Skirtlines for summer will be short, many just skimming the kneecap. This length can vary according to the wearer's figure proportions. "So many inches from the ground" is not a good guide to find the correct skirt length. Keeping in mind the fact that skirts are short, study yourself in a full-length mirror and experiment until you find the length to flatter your figure and legs.

"Could you suggest a new color combination for a summer suit and a blouse? I want the suit in a dark shade. I would also like correct color for accessories."

I suggest brown combined with pink. This is a new color association featured by Guy Laroche in his recent autumn collections. Use brown for the suit, pink for blouse. For the accessories I like the idea of brown for the shoes, handbag, and gloves; pink for the hat.

A mother's story

• She saw there would always be a fresh pile of dirty dishes coming up, and one more sock to darn. Her article on how she coped wins a £20 prize.

"A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING"

By MRS. D. E. CARSWELL, Wycheproof, Vic.

• "How do you do it?" people say when they hear I have a husband, four children (ranging from one year to nine years), a boarder, a large dust-trap of a house, am an active member of seven community organisations, an office-bearer of four, and have a hobby of writing.

THE answer is organisation — plus willpower. Though there are days when organisation is impossible and willpower negligible.

But for the most part these two factors play an important part in my work programme.

Credit should also be given to my faithful electrical servants—particularly the food-blender, washing-machine, polisher, and vacuum-cleaner.

First, if you are a housewife (and we look like being stuck with that definition), you must decide what you want out of life.

If you want to spend every day washing, ironing, cleaning, tidying, that's your affair.

I reasoned it out after my third child was born that with small children in the family it's physically impossible for one woman to keep everything completely up to date (there'll always be one more nappy to be washed, one more lot of dishes on the sink, one more pair of socks to be darned).

I decided life would pass me by altogether if I allowed myself to become too deeply immersed in these uninspiring chores.

So I effected a compromise and ceased exhausting myself in an effort to compete with that unenviable creature—the over-conscientious, over-fastidious, nervous and cranky, house-proud housewife.

I decided to make time for a few of the things that I like doing, such as dabbling with new recipes, sewing, reading, writing.

Thus I came up with **RULE NO. 1. A little of everything.**

With a husband and children home to lunch each day and a baby in the house, major jobs are hard to fit in, so I find it better to attend to a small quota of several different things.

One morning, for instance, I might wash the woollens (i.e., socks and jumpers), leaving time for an hour's ironing and cleaning the bathroom.

If I did the whole of the washing that day there'd be no time left for anything else.

Another morning I might do the sheets and general washing.

This leaves time for perhaps only one extra job, say the dusting and polishing of dining-room (plus, of course, all the usual chores which every day brings, such as bedmaking, tidying up, baby care,

dish-washing and meal preparation).

So my basic rule is—don't try to do the lot at once. Do a little of everything, in order of importance.

RULE NO. 2. Prepare meals in advance.

Since meals are one of the most vital of a housewife's responsibilities, I map out each morning the menu for lunch and dinner.

What's more, I prepare as much as possible toward both these meals immediately after breakfast.

There's nothing worse than having to start scrubbing potatoes at four o'clock in the afternoon. The solution is to prepare vegetables in advance, cover with water, and set aside until it's time to put them on the stove.

Similarly, many casseroles and desserts can be prepared in advance.

This leaves a clear hour or two in the afternoon for sewing, cake-making, gardening, shopping, an outing, or for one of those special jobs you want to do.

RULE NO. 3. Plan your work.

Each evening when I go to bed I have a rough outline in

my mind of what the morrow's programme will be.

It's no good getting up in the morning and wondering, "Now, what will I do today?" By the time you've decided, a good portion of your precious time will have wasted away.

As far as possible, work out your quota of jobs for the next day. It helps sometimes if you make a list and cross off the jobs when they're done.

RULE NO. 4. Let the family help.

As children were brought up on the theory that "everyone makes work, therefore everyone should help."

My two oldest boys, aged seven and nine, are invaluable as messengers and save me much time by doing the routine shopping. They receive 1/- per week in recognition of this help.

I also have a wonderful husband who seems to think that the morning toast-making and the evening dishes are part and parcel of a husband's duties.

RULE NO. 5. A housewife's home is her castle.

Stop worrying what other people might think if they found you trying to paint a

picture whilst the dishes waited stoically on the sink. Do as you please in your own home.

Work out a system that suits you and don't become a slave to the unending round of domestic monotony.

Find time to do the things you like doing by leaving undone some of the less important things...

It's the only way to keep from becoming frustrated and discontented. Life is too short to spend solely on laundry and house-cleaning.

The least urgent washing and cleaning can wait until tomorrow — meantime, the dress you made, the seedlings you planted, the story you wrote, the hat you remodelled will remain for quite some time as tangible things you have achieved.

That sense of achievement is the contented housewife's secret.

RULE NO. 6. Early to bed, early to rise.

This is an old maxim which still holds good.

It's surprising how much you can achieve in one day if you get up an hour earlier. But you can't get up earlier unless you go to bed earlier!

These, then, are my rules for coping with a family and running a household without submerging your own personality altogether.

And the most important of them all is: "A little of everything." Don't try to do it all at once—it will still be there tomorrow!

They would never rely on the word of a robot

Robots will never take over the testing of garment fabrics at BNS Bayswater.

Not that they have anything against machines at this modern Victorian factory of British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. In the production and testing of nylon, BNS use some of the most up-to-date machinery in the world for the development of quality fabrics.

But when it comes to testing garment quality, these experts insist, human beings can 'show the way' to machines. Trial by Wearer, as they call it, plays a big part in the BNS system of checking the quality of finished garments.

Machines take over

The garments are issued to a panel of men and women to wear and record performances. Strict check is kept on the number of times worn, number of washings or dry-cleanings, rate of wear.

These Wearer Trials bring out points that would need practical attention by manufacturers in quantity-production. Then the job of testing is taken over by machines.

Once the machines know what to 'look for', they never go wrong.

BNS play an important role in assisting Australian manufacturers to produce top-quality garments under the brand names BRI-NYLON and BRI-LON.

'Built-in' quality

Not only do they go to the most painstaking lengths to ensure the quality of their own nylon yarn, but through BNS technical services they help the trade to make the most of this product.

They advise manufacturers on the best methods of 'building in' to garment fabrics the qualities natural to the yarn.

BNS do this because they know that, however good the yarn itself, it can be ruined by faulty methods in the stages of fabric- and garment-manufacture.

BNS also help garment manufacturers to overcome any technical problems encountered in their efforts to produce quality goods.

Garments tested

They have their own machinery, their own textile mill in miniature, to tackle these problems in the most practical way possible.

All the resources of BNS stand behind the brand names BRI-NYLON and BRI-LON.

Only approved manufacturers are permitted to use these names. By agreement with BNS, they submit garments for quality checks, and only garments which comply with BNS standards can be labelled BRI-NYLON or BRI-LON.

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(Advertisement)

Help your child to blossom

• "I suppose I'm not a good mother," the tearful young woman confessed to her children's doctor, "but Bobby's like toothache. Nobody seems to like him."

THE doctor understood why. Bobby — sniffling and snuffling, scowling and howling at the world — was certainly a difficult youngster.

However, he was a perfectly healthy boy. All children, of course, are sometimes troublesome.

But there are some who continually sulk, cling, whine, bite, or otherwise present their least-pleasant face to the world.

Adults and children alike shy away from them. What can anyone — parents, neighbor, or teacher — do to help such a child show to better advantage?

Finding the reason why the child behaves as he does is often the first step — and sometimes this is obvious.

Something about a child's appearance may make him an object of ridicule and cause him in turn to become a tease and a torment.

The solution can be as simple as buying him the right kind of clothes or getting him treatment for, say, a bad hair or skin condition. Dental work also may work wonders.



Time and effort devoted to special interests also can change a child's appearance — sometimes dramatically.

Any child comes more alive and seems more attractive when he is happy with what he's doing and able to display his skills.

Have you ever heard a child snuffling and whining when he has finally learned how to balance himself on a bicycle?

Some children need more affection and attention

than their brothers and sisters. Without it they often become demanding, irritating, and unpopular.

For such a child, extra time with his mother or father — a regular after-dinner walk, a special private joke, an affectionate hand on a small shoulder — can mean a great deal.

Many children begin to blossom, too, when their family spends time together as a family.

Family picnics, reading-aloud sessions, and games all can provide good times and good feelings which carry over into activities with other people.

Even a child who is unpopular with most people may be appealing to some adult or other child — relative, schoolmate, or neighbor.

Neighborhood pest

One nine-year-old — aggravating to his parents and everyone else — was the neighborhood pest.

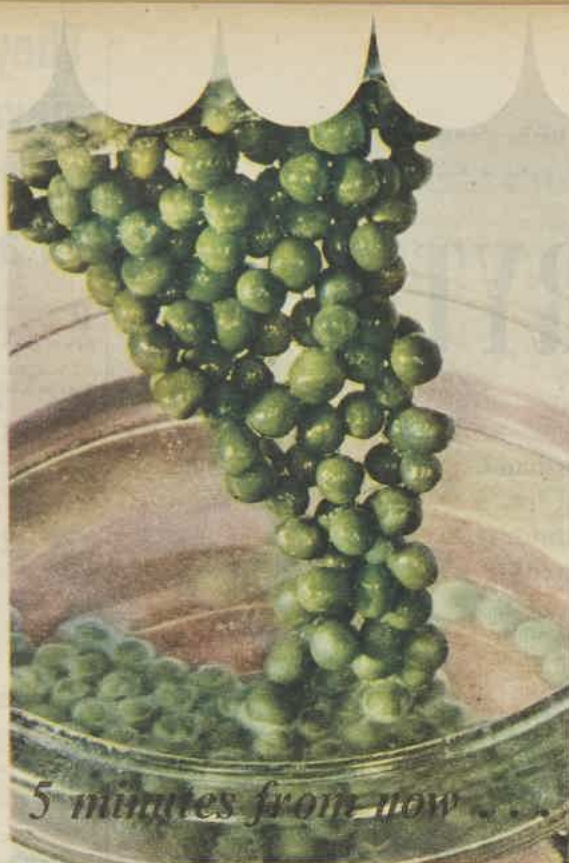
"Oh-oh, here comes Sammy — let's go inside," became the vanishing call from children and adults.

Sammy's continual questioning of everyone about anything he could think of, in the loudest and most piercing voice, had made him very unpopular.

But Sammy's life — and voice — changed.

A fatherly neighbor, deciding that he was an exceptionally bright child with no outlets for his curiosity, took Sammy under his wing — gave the boy answers to his questions, attention to his interests, absorbing things to make and do.

Sammy's sorely tried parents began to take pride in their "bright child" and his questions.



5 minutes from now . . .

your family can enjoy the tastiest, plump^{est} peas you've ever cooked . . . because they're 2-hour fresh from Hy-Peak.



The Hy-Peak secret is perfect timing. First Hy-Peak experts keep watch on the garden-farms, to see that harvesting begins the moment peas reach perfection. Then, a fast trip to the Hy-Peak centre . . . and within two hours of picking, the field-fresh peas are shelled and quick-frozen into their packs! Hy-Peak quick-freezing stops the clock right there . . . sees that vegetables stay fresh, with all their tasty juices and natural vitamins sealed in. Hy-Peak 2-hour freshness means *all* the flavour and food value for you.

Hy-Peak

HINTS FOR HY-PEAK COOKS

Please cook by the clock! Hy-Peak need less cooking because they are tender vegetables, grown specially for quick-freezing. Hy-Peak pack them so soon after picking, too, that no natural juices are lost.

Give peas a plus! Next time, toss a teaspoonful of finely grated onion and a knob of butter in with your Hy-Peak peas after you have strained them. It's a flavour difference you'll like.

taste the home-grown freshness in Hy-Peak

CAKES AND PUDDINGS



● This four-page feature gives recipes for old- and new-style Christmas cakes and puddings as well as ideas and designs in color for decorated cakes.

AND on page 54 this week's Cookery Lesson deals with many of the small problems which tend to give new cooks the impression that Christmas cakes and puddings are difficult to make.

The two most important points to remember are:

1. Use a reliable recipe which gives good balance of dry and moist ingredients.
2. Long, slow cooking produces a moister, more evenly textured result as well as giving a richer flavor and color.

On this and the following three pages, all spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used.

TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS CAKE

Half pound butter, 1 lb. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 5 eggs, 1 lb. plain flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, nutmeg, spice, salt, 1 lb. seeded raisins, 1 lb. sultanas, 1 lb. each of sliced crystallised or drained cherries, dates, 2oz. each of chopped prunes, diced crystallised pineapple, shredded peel, chopped blanched almonds, 1 large green apple, quantity of rum or sherry.

Cream butter with sugar, lemon rind, and essence. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift dry ingredients 2 or 3 times, mix half with prepared fruits. Add dry ingredients alternately with floured fruits and almonds. Lastly mix in peeled grated apple. Turn into a 9in. round or square cake-tin lined with three thicknesses brown paper and one layer white. Surface of cake should be level.

Place in a very moderate oven and bake steadily 4½ to 4¾ hours. Leave in tin, wrap in clean tea-towel, then in 3 or 4 thicknesses clean paper. Make 3 or 4 weeks before required.

Every 2 or 3 days trickle a little rum or sherry over top of cake and allow to soak in. If desired, this treatment can be omitted and 2 tablespoons rum or sherry be added to the cake mixture.

Note: Quantities of this cake can be doubled and mixture cooked in 11in. tin for about 7 hours.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

CANDIED HONEY FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces butter, ¼ cup mild candied honey, 3 small eggs, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup sultanas, 2oz. finely shredded peel, 2oz. chopped crystallised pineapple, 2oz. crystallised cherries, 1 cup chopped peanuts (or mixed nuts).

Cream butter until very soft, gradually add honey, beat until well mixed. Add egg-yolks, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with fruit and nuts. Lastly fold in egg-whites beaten until stiff but not dry. Turn into 7in. cake-tin lined with two layers brown paper and one layer white. Bake in moderate oven 2½ to 3 hours. Allow to cool in tin.

FRESH FRUIT CAKE

Half pound butter, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 eggs, 3 dessertspoons treacle, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 cup grated pineapple, 1 cup grated apple, 1 mashed banana, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup each chopped figs, dates, prunes, nuts, cherries, 1 tablespoon chopped ginger, 1 lb. mixed fruit, 10oz. flour, 1 teaspoon each nutmeg, spice, cloves, bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon brandy.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time; mix well. Add treacle, then carrot, pineapple, and apple. Mix orange and lemon juice with mashed banana, add to mixture. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with fruits. Lastly add brandy. Turn into an 8in. round or square cake-tin lined with 3 thicknesses brown paper and one layer white paper. Bake in moderate oven 4 hours.

INDIVIDUAL CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS

Four ounces raisins, 4oz. sultanas, 2oz. each of dates, currants, cherries, and peel, 1 cup brandy, 4oz. butter, 4oz. brown sugar, 3 small eggs, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 dessertspoon treacle, 1oz. almonds (chopped), 1 lb. fine dry breadcrumbs, 1oz. flour, pinch salt.

Prepare fruits and peel the day before and place in a covered container with half the brandy. Next day cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time and beat well after each addition. Add fruits, carrot, spice, treacle, almonds, breadcrumbs, and sifted flour and salt. Mix very thoroughly. Fill into 4 or 6

small greased pudding basins. Cover with greased paper and aluminium foil. Cook 2 to 2½ hours in a saucepan of boiling water with water coming halfway up sides of moulds. When cooked, remove paper and sprinkle with remaining brandy. Store in a cool place. On day of serving cook further 1 hour.

NO-EGG CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Four ounces shredded suet, 1½ cups flour, 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1½ cups brown sugar, 1½ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup chopped cherries, 1 cup currants, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup chopped mixed peel, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 teaspoon parisian coloring.

Rub shredded suet into flour. Add breadcrumbs and brown sugar. Chop all fruit and stand aside. Dissolve soda in milk, then add dry ingredients, prepared fruits, coloring, and carrot; mix well. Three-quarters fill a greased pudding basin with mixture, cover with grease-proof paper and then a scalded and floured pudding cloth, tie up securely. Place in a saucepan of boiling water, making sure that the water comes only halfway up the sides of mould. Cover and boil steadily 4 hours, adding more boiling water when necessary. Store in a cool place. On day of serving cook further 2 hours.

PUMPKIN FRUIT CAKE

One cup warmed mashed pumpkin, 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 lb. mixed fruit.

Cream the pumpkin, butter, and sugar together in a basin. Gradually add well-beaten eggs and golden syrup. Fold in sifted flour and salt and the mixed chopped fruits. Fill into an 8in. cake-tin lined with 1 thickness of paper. Bake in a very moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

Quarter pound crystallised pineapple, 1 lb. candied cherries, 1 lb. blanched almonds (cut into thin strips), 1 lb. finely chopped candied peel, 3 dessertspoons orange juice, 4oz. butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 4oz. coconut, 1 tablespoon brandy, 1½ cups self-raising flour, extra 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup chopped raisins.

CHILLED CHRISTMAS PUDDING
is a light sweet and ideal to serve on hot summer days. Recipe page 46.

Remove sugar from pineapple and cherries, mix with almonds, candied peel, and orange juice. Allow to stand overnight before using. Next day soak coconut in brandy ½ hour. Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolks, then soaked coconut. Fold in sifted flour alternately with extra orange juice. Add soaked fruit and nuts, raisins lightly dusted with flour, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into paper-lined 6in. square or round tin and bake in very moderate oven 2½ to 2¾ hours. Leave in tin ½ hour. When cold, top with icing and decorate with candied fruit and nuts.

FRUITY ALMOND LOAF

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 small eggs, 4oz. sultanas, 1 tablespoon chopped blanched almonds, 1 tablespoon chopped peel, 6oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 3 tablespoons milk, extra almonds.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar in basin, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sultanas, chopped almonds, and peel, then sifted flour and baking-powder alternately with milk. Fill into greased loaf-tin and top with few extra almonds. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Leave in tin 15 minutes before turning on to cake-cooler.

BOILED FRUIT CAKE

Twelve ounces mixed fruit, 5oz. butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 cup water (or ½ cup water and ½ cup sherry), 1 egg, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour.

Combine fruit, butter, sugar, spice, and water. Place in saucepan and boil together 3 minutes. Allow to cool. Beat the white and yolk of egg separately, then together; add bicarbonate of soda, stir into the boiled-fruit mixture, and add sherry. Lastly fold in sifted flour. Place in a 6in. or 7in. cake-tin previously lined with paper. Bake in moderate oven 1½ to 1¾ hours.

REFRIGERATOR CAKE

Half cup butter, 1 cup honey, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch nutmeg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup raisins, 2 cups finely crushed breakfast cereal or plain biscuit crumbs, 1 cup each dried apricots, figs, dates (finely chopped), 1 cup each of chopped mixed peel, crystallised pineapple, cherries, and nuts, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 tablespoons sherry.

Combine softened butter with honey, cinnamon, nutmeg, and salt. Mix thoroughly, add raisins and remaining ingredients. When well blended, press into shallow 7in. square tin lined with greased paper. Place in refrigerator, leave several days. Serve in finger lengths. Mixture is very rich. Keep in refrigerator; cut and serve as required.

More recipes overleaf

Sugar bell cake

(Shown at right)

Covering Boards: Boards used as a base for iced and decorated cakes need to be light but strong, plywood or hardboard being the most satisfactory. To raise boards slightly for ease in moving, cut small sections of wood and tack on underneath board about 1½ in. from edge. On some boards these need to be covered. To give correct balance, boards should be 1½ in. to 2 in. larger than covered cake.

Types of Paper: Gold, silver, or colored paper can be used. Embossed paper, although a little more expensive, gives a better appearance to the finished piece of work. Cut paper 2 in. larger than actual size of cakeboard.

For Square Boards: For best result, cut and mitre corners, then fold paper over edges and paste down underneath firmly, being sure to smooth out creases.

For Round Boards: Cut slanting 2 in. slits in paper at intervals 1½ in. apart and fold over edge of board, lapping pieces over to give even edge. Paste down pieces on back of board firmly and smooth edge over with palm of hand.

The base of the pale lemon cake at right is decorated with a star-rose design made by using No. 8 star-rose tube. Each star is linked with overlapping loops piped with small writing-tube. Ribbon and loops decorate side of cake. In between the loops dots are piped, and when dry are tinted with gold paint. Delicate yellow sugar-moulded bells (described and illustrated in our issue of February 8 this year) and a selection of small dainty moulded flowers and blossoms piped on wire form part of the attractive centre decoration. Lightly tied narrow pale lemon ribbon adds softness and balance to decoration. Behind bells the two design sections are outlined with gold scrolls lightly dotted inside, using fine tube. Writing is small, fine, and tinted with gold paint after drying.



CAKES OF THE MONTH: DECORATED FOR CHRISTMAS



Christmas bell cake

(Shown at left)

Almond Paste: One and a half pounds icing-sugar, 8oz. almond meal, 3 egg-yolks, 3 table-spoons sherry, lemon juice.

Sift icing-sugar into bowl, stir in the almond meal. Make well in centre and add beaten egg-yolks and sherry. Mix to firm dough, adding little lemon juice if mixture is too dry. Knead into smooth ball, roll to shape and size required, using icing-sugar to prevent paste sticking to board, fingers, and rolling-pin.

When not in use, keep mixture covered so it will not dry out or form a crust. The almond paste is a preservative, adds flavor, and also gives a good smooth base for the outside fondant icing.

Place a layer of almond paste (if desired) and covering of white fondant on to square half-pound Christmas cake. Using icing clippers, pinch design round sides of cake and across one corner. Insert ½ in. pieces of narrow red ribbon at regular intervals above clipper work to give desired effect. In the space left between ribbon, pipe small clusters of holly berries and leaves with writing-tube. These are piped in white royal icing, then tinted with food coloring and fine brush. Round base of cake, using No. 8 or 12 tube, pipe row of large star roses close together, then with smaller tube No. 5 pipe a row above. Join both sets of stars together in triangular design with fine line, using small writing-tube. This tube is also used for the fine interlacing lines across corner and built-up loops round edge of corner design. Mould Christmas bells with fondant round end of large knitting needle or pen handle, allow to dry, then paint in the natural red and yellow colors. Stick a few stamens in centre with little royal icing and arrange in attractive design on top of cake with leaves and buds, attaching them with royal icing. The bow of narrow bright red ribbon and place to one side of top design to complete the decoration.

Candle cake

(Shown at left)

Royal Icing: One egg-white, 6oz. to 8oz. pure icing-sugar, few drops of acetic acid or lemon juice, colorings.

Beat egg-white slightly and gradually work in the finely sifted icing-sugar, beating well after each addition. Add sufficient icing-sugar until mixture forms small peaks on back of spoon when lightly tapped on side of basin. Beat in few drops of acetic acid or lemon juice and color if desired. Keep basin covered with damp cloth.

Pure icing-sugar must be used for royal icing, and must be well sifted to remove the smallest lump, thus avoiding blockage of the fine tubes.

To test whether icing-sugar is pure, place one teaspoon in a glass of cold water and stir. If water remains clear it indicates a pure sugar; if cloudy the sugar is a mixture of icing-sugar and a starch.

Royal icing will keep if placed in a screwtop jar, but must always be kept closely covered.

The attractive design on this pale green cake consists of narrow ribbon tied round centre of side of cake and tiny loops piped above and below it with dots along centre of ribbon itself. A shell design is piped round base of cake with No. 8 star-rose tube, and then No. 5 tube is used for the small slanting shell piped directly above. Prick outlined design of candle on to fondant, then fill in with floodwork as described in our issue of September 27. The main flowers are moulded, tinted with pink and yellow coloring. Stamens are attached to royal icing in centre.

Tiny buds are also moulded and tinted with color. With fine writing-tube, pipe small elongated dots on wire and allow to dry. Tint with red food coloring and fine brush. The design of holly berries and leaves is piped directly on to cake in white royal icing. Outline leaves and pipe small dots for berries. When dry, color inside of leaves green and berries bright red. To complete the candle, use a little royal icing and drizzle down side to represent candlegrease. Tint flame and wick. Assemble flowers at base of candle and pipe the words Merry Xmas.



● Four simple but effective designs for decorating your Christmas cake are given on these two pages. There are also some basic icing recipes and hints on covering the cakeboard with embossed paper to give an attractive finish.

Poinsettia cake

(Shown at right)

Fondant Icing: Two pounds pure icing-sugar, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons glucose (liquid), few drops glycerine.

Sift icing-sugar into basin, reserving $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. Make well in centre and add slightly beaten egg-whites, cover with little icing-sugar, add softened glucose and glycerine. Mix to smooth dough, using reserved icing-sugar to obtain correct consistency. Knead well until smooth, keep covered until required.

If almond paste is not used, allow extra half quantity of fondant icing. This will allow for patching to be done to ensure an even surface before icing in usual way.

To Soften Glucose: Place jar or tin in saucepan of hot water, heat, and leave until a liquid consistency.

When Measuring Glucose: Use wet spoon or wet paper on scales so it does not stick.

To Color Fondant: For pastel shades knead food coloring through icing until it is uniform color.

To help give balance to design and neaten any untidy edges, pipe alternating stars and leaves round base of cake. Carefully mark side design before piping outline with dots with small fine writing-pipe. Using same tube, pipe fine lines for stems, leaves and dots for the hollyberry effect. The leaves are then flooded with softened royal icing and tinted green, the berries tinted red. Mould poinsettia petals with fondant, mark in veins with sharp knife and allow to dry. Paint with red food coloring to make them bright and colorful. Arrange on top of cake with stamens and stalks. Pipe the words Merry Xmas with small tube, and when dry tint with gold. Tie small green bow for two corners and flatten down with little royal icing.

More recipes overleaf



Rich and economical puddings, cakes

● Below are more recipes for Christmas cakes and puddings. Cook these delicacies early this year so that flavor and color will improve on standing.



CHRISTMAS PUDDING with brandy sugar.

RICH CHRISTMAS PUDDING
Quarter-pound flour, ½ lb. white bread-crumbs, ½ lb. raisins, ½ lb. sultanas, ½ lb. dates, ½ lb. figs, ½ lb. mixed peel, ½ lb. currants, ½ lb. sugar, ½ lb. beef suet, 2oz. almonds, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 3 eggs, ½ pint milk, 1-3rd cup brandy, almond essence, loaf sugar, castor sugar, extra brandy.

Prepare fruit, chop peel very finely, blanch

and chop almonds. Chop suet very finely with the flour. Mix dry ingredients thoroughly. Beat eggs well, gradually add brandy, milk, and essence. Stir gradually into dry ingredients (consistency should be stiff). Fill into greased pudding-basin, cover with greased paper. Cover again with pudding-cloth, tie tightly. Plunge into boiling water, boil 5 or 6 hours. Serve with castor sugar sifted over and decorated

with sprig of holly. Soak cubes of loaf sugar in brandy, place round edge of dish and set them alight.

CHILLED CHRISTMAS PUDDING
One and a half pounds mixed fruit, ½ lb. sweet biscuit crumbs, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon spice, ½ lb. butter, ½ lb. marshmallows, ½ cup orange juice, ½ cup sherry.

Chop all fruits finely, add to the biscuit-crumbs and spices. Melt butter and marshmallows over boiling water, add to fruit mixture with the orange juice and sherry. Mix all ingredients thoroughly, press into greased pudding-basin. Chill overnight in refrigerator, serve in slices with ice-cream.

OVERNIGHT PUDDING

Two cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup currants, 1 cup sultanas, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, pinch salt, ½ cup hot water, 2oz. butter, ½ cup cold water, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 egg.

Combine in basin the flour, sugar, currants, sultanas, nutmeg, spice, and salt. Make well in centre and add hot water in which butter has been dissolved, then cold water in which soda has been dissolved; fold in beaten egg and mix well. Stand covered overnight. Next morning spoon into well-greased pudding-basin, cover with greaseproof paper and pudding-cloth or aluminium foil. Boil steadily 3½ to 4 hours. Serve hot.

ECONOMICAL FRUIT CAKE

One and a half pounds to 2lb. mixed fruit, 2 tablespoons chopped mixed peel, ½ cup sherry, 8oz. butter, 8oz. brown sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, few drops almond essence, ½ cup mashed banana, 4 eggs, 3 tablespoons orange juice, 2½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon spice, salt.

Place prepared fruit and peel in basin, pour sherry over; mix well. Cover, stand overnight. Cream butter, sugar, essences, and banana until soft, light, and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in fruit, then sifted flour, soda, salt, and spice alternately with orange juice. Fill into 8in. round or square cake-tin lined with three thicknesses of brown paper and one of white paper. Bake in very moderate oven 3½ to 4 hours. Cool, store in tin until required.

FRUIT AND NUT CAKE

One and a half cups shelled whole brazil nuts, 1½ cups walnut halves, ½ lb. stoned dates, 2-3rds cup chopped candied peel, ½ cup red maraschino cherries, ½ cup green maraschino cherries (both drained free of syrup), ½ cup seeded raisins, ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Grease sides and base of large loaf-tin (8in. x 5in.), line with one layer of greased paper. Place unchopped brazil nuts, walnuts, dates, peel, cherries, and raisins into large basin. Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt together, then mix with sugar. Add to nuts and fruits, mix thoroughly. Make into stiff mixture with beaten eggs and vanilla. Turn into prepared tin, bake in slow oven 2 to 2½ hours. Leave in tin 10 minutes, loosen edges, and turn out on to cake-cooler, remove paper. When cold wrap in plastic, store in refrigerator.

PRIZE RECIPE

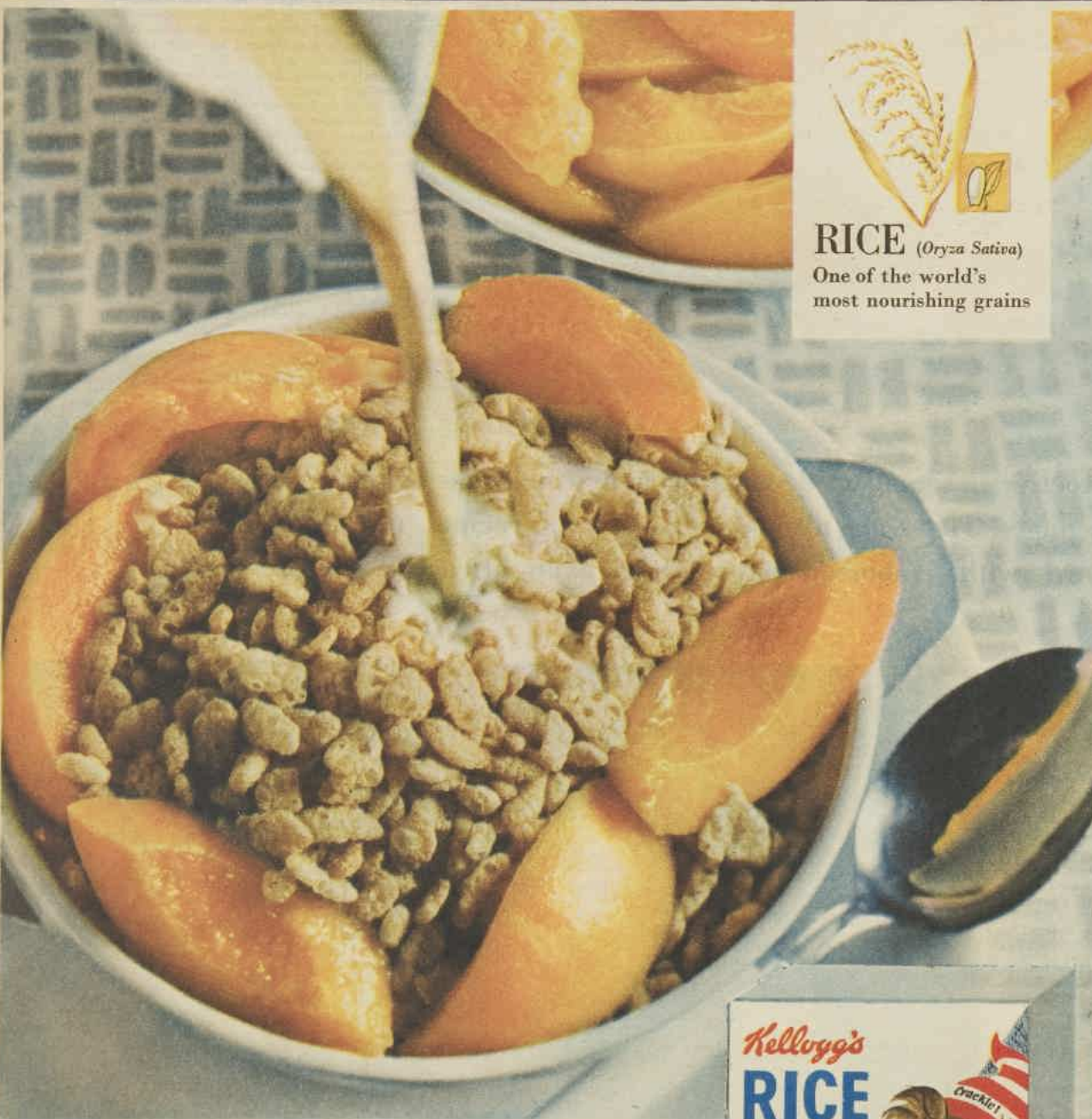
THIS week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. M. Graham, 49 Pemberton Street, Strathfield, N.S.W., for a recipe for unusual coconut-flavored biscuit slices.

CONTINENTAL MACAROON SLICES

Two ounces flour, 4oz. sugar, 2oz. quick-cooking oats, 2oz. coconut, ½ teaspoon almond essence, 2 egg-whites, extra sugar, lemon icing.

Combine flour, sugar, oats, and coconut in basin. Stir in almond essence, work in egg-whites until mixture resembles dry dough. Turn out on to board coated with extra sugar, roll out to ¼in. thickness. Cut into strips 1in. wide and 3in. long. Coat with thin layer of lemon icing, lift carefully on to greased tray, bake in slow oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from oven, loosen with spatula or knife, and cool on tray.

Lemon Icing: One egg-white, 4oz. icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Beat egg-white slightly, gradually beat in the icing-sugar and lemon juice. Mix to smooth, thick icing. Use as directed.



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"The best to you each morning"

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Glass paperweight.

This glass paperweight has a variegated colored centrepiece. Could you tell me the age and origin of it, please? Would it be worth while sending it to Christie's in London to be valued?—Mr. E. S. Cave, Stirling West, S.A.

Your glass paperweight (shown above) displays the superlative ability of a master craftsman. Judging by the jewel-like quality of the specimen it appears to be a French one, probably made at St. Louis about 1845-50. The St. Louis weights of the Millefiori type were frequently signed SL, and dated. This type of paperweight first made its appearance about 1845. There are many modern copies about. I would say yours is genuine. I doubt whether it would be necessary to send it to London for valuation. I am sure Christie's could judge by a photograph. I don't usually suggest this because photos can be misleading, but your paperweight is such a fine specimen there is no doubt that it is genuine.

I have a grandmother clock which has been in my family at least 60 years. It is solid cedar, the head and posts in darker wood. It is stamped "Made in Germany" on the back. — Mrs. G. Rice, Wedderburn, via Campbelltown, N.S.W.

This clock was made about 1895-1905. "Made in Germany" indicates the clock was made after 1890. (The words "made in" started to appear on articles of various countries only after this date.) It is actually a mural time-piece and not a grandmother clock. The wood may be dark walnut, which can easily be mistaken for cedar.

For information about your antiques, send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Collectors' Corner

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' queries about antiques.

I have a vase that stands 14in. high, is a deep turquoise, with sprays of gold flowers and beautiful hand-painting. I have always understood it was Derby, but it has been suggested it may be Chelsea or even Rockingham. Could you give me your opinion about the maker and also the artist, please?—Mrs. G. Triffett, Hobart.

Your vase (shown at right) is 19th century porcelain which rules

out a Chelsea attribution (Chelsea circa 1743-1769). However, there is no doubt it is Colebrookdale porcelain. Colebrookdale is synonymous with Coalport (Coalport in Colebrookdale, Shropshire).

This factory was established by John Rose between 1780-1790. In 1820, Mr. Rose received the gold medal of the Society of Arts for his feldspar porcelain and an improved glaze. Your vase, made about

1825, displays the sumptuousness achieved by Rose's factory. It is an outstanding vase of its kind for the period when elaborate detail and enamel decoration became popular.

I note that you query the artist. I find it difficult to decide who the artist was. I don't think it could be Gregory Steel or Billingsley. William Billingsley, the celebrated artist and, in my opinion, one of the most colorful itinerant potters England has ever known, certainly did influence the productions at Coalport because he worked for John Rose about 1820.

Billingsley, however, is better known for his floral painting on Derby porcelain where he was apprenticed by William Deansbury in 1774. His great artistry influenced the work of subsequent porcelain artists and a "Billingsley style" is



Porcelain vase.

evident on the early 19th century productions of Spode, Worcester, Derby, and Rockingham wares.

The finest-tasting Cheddar of all!



—and it's
ready-
sliced,
too!

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These slices are perfect for grilled snacks, too. You'll love the way the cheese melts into the toast.



P.S. — if you're interested in new cheese flavours, try nut-sweet Kraft De Luxe GRUYERE Slices in the red-label pack.

DAWN SUPERSOFT TOILET TISSUE

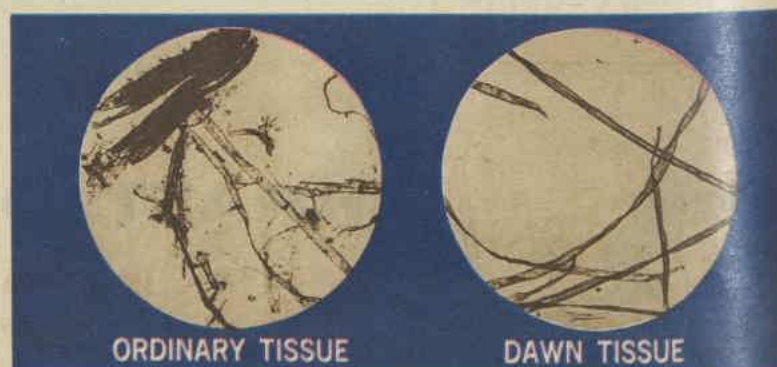
GIVES YOU EXTRA VALUE BY ANY MEASURE!



EXTRA WEIGHT DAWN weighs heavier than other toilet tissues! That's because DAWN gives you 100 extra sheets in every roll!



EXTRA LENGTH DAWN gives you 27½ feet of extra tissue in every roll! DAWN is the longest toilet roll!



EXTRA SOFTNESS Only DAWN is made by the exclusive SUPERSOFT PROCESS! Micro-photos prove that DAWN is made from pure chemical pulp — ordinary tissues contain harsh ground wood which could cause irritation. DAWN is softest — SAFEST!



BUY DAWN — the big national toilet tissue owned by Australians!

GARDENING

BEGONIA SEMPER-FLORENS, or A Thousand Beauties. This dainty wax-leaved begonia is often used as a year-round edging for garden beds. It is easily propagated from cuttings.

Versatile begonia

COLLECTING begonias is within the reach of every gardener. Most strike easily from cuttings.

Except for some delicate tropical species, begonias prefer a light, porous soil. They should be watered only when they appear to need it, or when the soil is completely dry. They demand full sunlight in winter, but some protection in midsummer if the delicate leaves are not to scorch.

As a family the begonia is most remarkable. Some of its members resemble bamboo; others look like lettuces, African violets, ferns, waterlilies, palms, and a hundred other plants. The only thing they don't resemble is each other.



BEGONIA HAAGEANA, or Scharffii, is hairy-leaved. Blooms in winter but may be propagated any time. Flowers are delicate pink.



BEGONIA COCCINEA is a cane-stemmed or bamboo begonia which grows to 15ft. in its native Brazil. In the average garden it's usually 3ft. or 4ft.

BEGONIA var. "Pink Rubra" is listed both as cane-stemmed and as an Angel-Wing variety. It grows to about 3ft. and has lopsided waxy leaves.



Naturally
She chooses
Rosella

The Pick of the Fruit in the
Finest of Jams

MIRA PLUM
SOLUS APRICOT
QUINCE JELLY

RASPBERRY
MELON & LEMON
BLACK CURRANT
SEVILLE ORANGE
MARMALADE



Recipe:— JAM BUNS

8 oz. Self-Raising Flour
Pinch of Salt
3 oz. Margarine
4 oz. Sugar
Milk to mix
Rosella Solus Apricot or Raspberry Jam

Sift flour and salt together and rub in margarine. Add sugar and mix to a stiff dough with milk. Turn on to a board, knead lightly and divide into equal portions. Make a hole in each and add a little jam, put on greased baking tin and bake in a hot oven (450° F) for about 15-20 minutes, according to the size of the buns.

Rosella Jams make the Ideal
Ice Cream Topping

Rosella
TRUE FRUIT
JAMS



LIVING FREE

Elsa meets her

Continued from page 33

None of the cubs showed any sign of the "ridge back" which is so characteristic of lions. It is a patch about one foot long and two or three inches wide down the middle of the spine on which the hair grows in the opposite direction to the rest of the coat. Elsa and her sister, the Big One, grew their ridge backs very early, but Lustica, the third sister, never developed one.

The cubs were very easily distinguishable. Jespah was much the lightest in color, his body was perfectly proportioned, and he had a very pointed nose and eyes so acutely

slanted that they gave a slightly Mongolian cast to his sensitive face. His character was not only the most nonchalant, daring, and inquisitive but also the most affectionate. When he was not cuddling up against his mother and clasping her with his paws, he demonstrated his affection to his brother and sister.

Timid lion

When Elsa ate I often saw him pretending to eat, too, but, in fact, only rubbing himself against her. He followed her everywhere like a shadow. His timid brother, Gopa, was also most attractive; he had very

dark markings on his forehead, but his eyes, instead of being bright and open like Jespah's, were rather clouded and squinted a little. He was bigger and more heavily built than his brother, and so pot-bellied that at one time I even feared he might have a rupture. Though he was by no means stupid, he took a long time to make up his mind, and, unlike Jespah, was not venturesome; indeed, he always stayed behind till he was satisfied that all was safe.

Little Elsa fitted her name, for she was a replica of her mother at the same age. She had the same expression, the same markings, the same slender build. Her behaviour, too, was

so strikingly like Elsa's that we could only hope that she would develop the same lovable character.

She knew, of course, that for the moment she was at a disadvantage compared to her two stronger brothers, but she used cunning to restore the balance. Though all the cubs were well disciplined and obeyed Elsa instantly on all important occasions, when playing they showed no fear of her, and were only occasionally intimidated by the cuffs she gave them when they became too cheeky.

By the time the cubs were eighteen weeks old Elsa seemed to have become resigned to the fact that their relationship with us would never be the same as ours with her.

Indeed, they were growing more shy every day, and preferred to eat outside the area lit by our lamp, except for Jespah, who, as he followed his mother everywhere, often came with her into the "danger zone." Elsa now often placed herself between us and the cubs in a defensive position.

Thunderstorm

As they were in excellent condition we thought that we should risk leaving them to hunt with Elsa, anyway, for a few days. Their father had been about lately, and, as the family had only come into camp for short feeding visits, we assumed that they were spending most of their time with him.

After a five-day absence we returned on the 28th April to camp; ten minutes later Elsa arrived alone. She was in excellent condition and delighted to see us, but made away with the carcass we had brought for her before we had time to tie it up for the night.

She did not reappear for twenty-four hours; then she came alone, ate enormously, and by the morning was gone.

The absence of the cubs worried us, the more so because Elsa's teats were heavy with milk, but to our relief the next afternoon we found the whole family playing in a dry river-bed. They followed us back to the camp.

Soon afterwards a thunderstorm broke out. Elsa at once joined us in our tent, but the cubs sat outside, at intervals shaking the water off their coats. No one looks his best when drenched and cold, but the cubs certainly looked most endearing, if rather pathetic; their ears and paws seemed twice their normal size against their soaking bodies.

As soon as the worst of the downpour was over Elsa joined them and they had an energetic game together, perhaps to warm themselves. After this they settled down to their dinner, and tore at the meat so fiercely that beneath their coats, which were now dry and fluffy, we could see the play of their well-developed muscles.

At the end of their meal we, for the first time, saw them bury the uneaten part of the "kill." They scratched sand over the little pile most carefully until nothing of it could be seen. Perhaps their mother had taught them to do this during the five days in which they had lived totally "wild." After everything had been neatly cleaned up the cubs settled round Elsa and she suckled them for a long time.

Phone call

This visit of ours was a short one and on our return to Isilo we were thrilled to hear that a call from London had come through three times in the last few days and was now booked for the next morning.

To speak to someone in England, four thousand miles away, is very exciting when one is in a remote outpost. The voice we heard was that of Billy Collins, who had published "Born Free," my first book about Elsa, accepting our invitation to come out and meet Elsa. For his arrival we fixed a day during the following week; this would make it possible for him to be with us on our next visit to Elsa.

We chartered a plane to bring him from Nairobi to the nearest place at which an aeroplane can land, and then, two days beforehand, we set off. We were determined to find Elsa and try to keep her and the cubs near to the camp to meet her publisher.

Our journey back proved a troublesome one; we had several punctures, and in the end were obliged to camp in open bush country at a spot where there had recently been a grass fire. Every-

• The cubs learn to sharpen claws on trees.

wherever you live . . .



IN A FLATETTE



IN A HOME UNIT



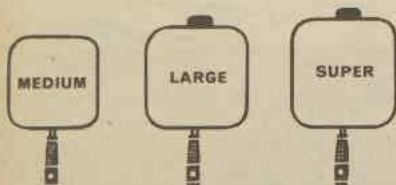
OR IN A HOUSE

LIFE BECOMES BRIGHTER WITH A SUNBEAM ELECTRIC FRYPAN

(ask someone who has one!)

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3 sizes to choose from —



ENJOY BRIGHTER LIVING WITH . . .

Sunbeam

ELECTRIC FRYPAN

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publisher "Billy"

thing around us was black and fire ash drifted in everywhere.

We had taken a small supply of drinking water and wished we had a lot more so that we could wash, for we soon became as black as chimney-sweeps.

Next morning we arrived in camp. George fired a shot to notify Elsa of the fact, and soon we heard her *huk-huk*, but she did not turn up. As her voice came from the direction of the studio, I went to it and saw her and the cubs by the river drinking. She glanced at me and went on lapping, as though she were not in the least surprised to see me after eight days' absence.

But later she came up and licked me, and Jespah settled himself about a foot away; then she sprang on to the table and lay stretched at full length on it. Jespah stood on his hind legs and rubbed noses with her. Though they ate a little of the meat I had brought them, they did not seem hungry. However, when George tried to rescue the remains of the carcass, Elsa pulled it gently away from him and took it into a thicket.

During the evening we heard Elsa's mate calling, and around midnight George woke up to find her sitting on his bed and licking him, while the cubs sat outside the tent watching her.

In the morning I set off with Ibrahim, Makedde, and the cook to meet Billy Collins. We took camping equipment with us, for we were not sure when he would arrive and had to provide for the possibility of having to spend a night in the bush on our return journey.

At lunch-time we arrived in the little Somali village where we expected the aeroplane to land, and I told the Africans to keep the airstrip free of livestock, as a plane might arrive at any moment.

Four-seater plane

This airfield was originally made for locust control; only a few bushes needed to be cleared to bring it into existence. It is now seldom used, and, as the local herds often cross it, blends so well into the surroundings that it is difficult to find from the air.

About tea-time we heard the vibrations of an engine, but it was a long time before the circling aircraft landed. Then the airstrip was suddenly covered by the entire village population, chattering excitedly. The colorful turbaned Mohamed-dans, clad in loose-fitting garments, watched Billy Collins and the pilot clamber out from the small cabin.

Billy had arrived only three hours earlier at Nairobi after a night flight in a Comet. I thought it very sporting of him to venture immediately afterwards on this rather different flight in a four-seater, bumping through notorious air-pockets round the massive Mount Kenya and searching for the small airstrip in the vast sandy plains of the Northern Frontier.

As we had a long and rough trip ahead of us, we stopped only for a quick tea at the Government guesthouse and soon set off. I knew that Billy was very fond of animals, but how far this might allow for safaris under improvised conditions I had no idea.

I was worried when he told me that his only camping experience so far had been at a comfortable resthouse on a South Sea island, but when I saw that in spite of the jolting and bumping he was fascinated by every bird, plant, or animal, I was reassured.

We drove on until dark, then we stopped for a gin at one of the four rivers we had to cross. Expecting Billy to be tired after his long flight from London, and also feeling not too happy about the possibility of meeting elephants in the dark, I suggested camping there for the night, but after a discussion with Ibrahim and the Game Scout we decided to drive on.

When we reached the outpost where Elsa's goat deposit is stationed the man in charge gave me a note for George, asking

● *An evening drink. The Adamsons were set against "taming" the cubs, wishing them to lead ordinary lions' lives.*

urgently for his presence next day at the nearest administration post as witness in a game case.

After two more hours of brushing and winding our car through thick bush, we arrived at camp, ready for a reviving drink, but before George had time to pour it out we heard the familiar *huk-huk*, and a few moments later Elsa came rushing along, followed by her cubs. She welcomed us in her usual friendly manner, and after a few cautious sniffs also rubbed her head against Billy, while the cubs watched from a short distance. Then she took the meat and dragged it out of the lamplight into the dark near my tent, where she settled with her children for their meal.

While this went on we had our supper. We had made a special thorn enclosure next to George's tent for Billy's tent, and, after introducing him to his home, barricaded his wicker gate from outside with thorns, and left him to a well-deserved night's sleep.

Elsa remained outside my tent enclosure, and I heard her softly talking to her cubs until I fell asleep. At dawn I was woken by noises from Billy's tent, and recognised his voice and George's: evidently they were trying to persuade Elsa to leave Billy's bed.

As soon as it got light she had squeezed herself through the densely woven wicker gate and hopped on to Billy's bed, caressing him affectionately through the torn mosquito net and holding him prisoner under her heavy body. Billy kept admirably calm considering that it was his first experience of waking up with a fully-grown lioness resting on him. Even when Elsa nibbled him slightly in his arm—her way of showing her affection—he did nothing but talk quietly to her.

Frightening caresses

Soon she lost interest, and followed George out of the enclosure, where she romped round the tents with her cubs as if her visit to Billy had been only a morning call on the new friend. Afterwards the family disappeared toward the Big Rock, and later George left to attend the court. Billy and I spent the day in the studio discussing publication problems until George returned at tea-time.

He told us that he had just passed a herd of elephant close to camp, so we finished our tea quickly and drove along the track to film them, but when we came to the Big Rock we noticed Elsa on its top posing magnificently against the sky. We forgot about the elephants, and walked to the base of the rock, hoping to film Elsa and her cubs. As she repeatedly listened to some sound coming from behind a large boulder nearby, it seemed likely that they were close.

Elsa watched our every step, but never moved, however coaxingly we called to her. She kept aloof, and the cubs did not appear. We waited for a considerable time, but as nothing happened we decided to try our luck with the elephants.

As soon as we had returned to the car Elsa stood up and called her cubs; as if to tease us, all of them now posed splendidly. We had been waiting for over one hour for just this. However, as Elsa had made it so clear that she was in no mood to be filmed, we drove on to the spot where George had met the elephants, but we found nothing but their footmarks, and we returned to Elsa.

By the time we reached the rock the light was too weak for photographing, so we just watched the family through our fieldglasses. The cubs chased and ambushed each other around the boulders while Elsa kept her eyes fixed on us. Finally, we called her and she came down at once, rushed through the bush, and, after greeting us all affectionately, landed with a heavy thud on the roof of the Landrover.

While we patted her paws, which dangled over the wind-screen, she watched the cubs, which were still playing on the rock, quite unconcerned at her departure. Though Elsa seemed to enjoy our attentions, she never took her eyes off her children until they finally scrambled down the rock. Then she jumped off the car and disappeared into the bush to meet them.

We took this opportunity to drive home and prepare a carcass for the family. As soon as it was ready they arrived and began to tear at the meat while we had our sundowners a few feet away. All that evening we watched the lions, who seemed to have accepted Billy as a friend.

Before daybreak I was again woken up by noises coming from his tent, into which Elsa had once more found her way to say good-morning. After some coaxing from George, who had come to his rescue, she left. George then reinforced the thorns outside the wicker gate with such a bulk that he felt sure



Elsa would not be able to penetrate this barricade, so he went to bed again.

But Elsa was not going to be defeated by a few thorns, and so after a short while Billy found himself again being embraced by her and squashed under her weight. While he struggled to free himself from the entangling mosquito net George came to his rescue, but this time he took much longer to remove the thorns outside the gate, and by the time he got inside Elsa had managed to clasp her paws around Billy's neck and held his cheekbones between her teeth.

We had often watched her doing this to her cubs; it was a sign of affection, but the effect on Billy must have been very different. It was very remarkable that he did not lose his head. By the time I arrived Elsa had left the tent and was playing with her cubs near the river bush. I investigated the slight scratches Elsa had left on Billy's shoulder, but luckily they were superficial, and with a dressing of M. and B. powder healed within two days.

I was very much alarmed at Elsa's unusual behaviour. She had never done anything like this to a visitor, and I could only interpret it as a sign of affection; if she had not done it in play she could have acted in a very different way, but whatever her motive may have been I was very upset, and remained with Billy in his tent until Elsa, I hoped, had taken her cubs away for the day.

In spite of my precaution she forced herself a third time through the wicker gate before either George, who was outside, or I, who was inside, could stop her. Billy was standing up this time, and, being tall and strong, braced himself against Elsa's weight when she stood on her hind legs, resting her front paws on his shoulders, and nibbled at his ear.

As soon as she released him I gave her such a beating that she sulkily left the tent, and in a rather embarrassed way spent her affection now on Jespah, rolling with him in the grass, biting and clapping him exactly as she had done Billy. Finally, the whole family gambolled off toward the rocks. I do not know who was more shaken—poor Billy or myself.

All we could think was that this extraordinary reaction of Elsa to Billy was her way of accepting him into the family, for only to her cubs and to us had she ever shown her affection in this way. Had she been jealous of Billy or disliked him she could easily have hurt him. We certainly did not want to risk a repetition of her demonstrations toward our friend, so we decided to break his visit short and leave camp immediately after breakfast.

On 20th June the cubs were six months old; to celebrate their first half-year George shot a guinea fowl. Little Elsa, of course, took possession of it and disappeared into the bush. Her indignant brothers went after her, but returned defeated and, tumbling down a sandy bank, landed on their mother. She was lying on her back, her four paws straight up in the air. She caught the cubs and held their heads in her mouth. They struggled to free themselves and then pinched Mum's tail.

Jespah shows temper

After a splendid game together, Elsa got up and walked up to me in a dignified manner and embraced me gently as though to show that I was not to be left out in the cold. Jespah looked bewildered.

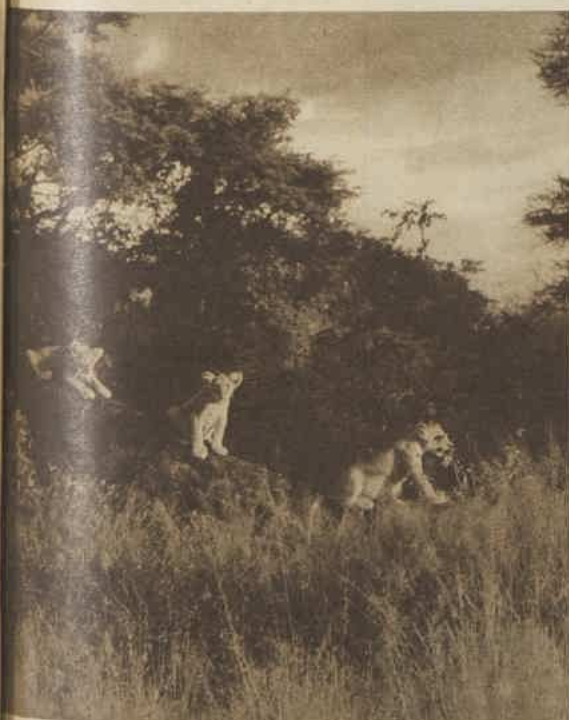
What could he make of this? Here was his mother making such a fuss of me, so I couldn't be bad, but all the same I was so different from them. Whenever I turned my back on him he stalked me, but each time I turned and faced him he stopped and rolled his head from side to side, as though he did not know what to do next.

Then he seemed to find the solution; he would go off; he walked straight into the river, evidently intending to cross to the other bank. Elsa rushed after him. I shouted, "No, no," but without effect, and the rest of the family quickly followed them. Young as he was, Jespah had now taken on the leadership of the pride, and was accepted by the family.

When they returned Elsa dozed off with her head on my lap. This was too much for Jespah. He crept up and began to scratch my shins with his sharp claws. I could not move my legs because of the weight of Elsa's head resting on them, so in an effort to stop him I stretched my hand slowly toward him.

In a flash he bit and made a wound at the base of my forefinger. It was lucky that I always carry sulphanilamide powder with me, so I was able to disinfect it at once. All this happened within a few inches of Elsa's face, but she did not

Continued overleaf



● *A happy game—the cubs play together on their favorite doam-palm log.*

Poachers burn camp — Elsa wounded

Continued from previous page

matically ignored the incident and closed her eyes sleepily.

I stayed on watching the last glow of the sinking sun gild the tips of the doom palms, then all color vanished and darkness fell.

After this we all returned to camp, and Jephah seemed so friendly that I began to wonder whether when he bit me it was only in play. Certainly, between himself and his mother, biting was a proof of affection.

By now we were, however, beginning to worry about his relationship to us. We had done our best to re-

spect the cubs' natural instincts and not to do anything to prevent them from being wild lions, but inevitably this had resulted in our having no control over them. Little Elsa and her timid brother were as shy as ever and never provoked a situation which required chastisement.

But Jephah had a very different character, and I could not push his sharp, scratching claws back by saying, "No, no," as I used to do when Elsa was a cub, and so taught her to retract her claws when playing with us.

On the other hand, I did not want to use a stick. Elsa might resent it if I did, and indeed she might

cease to trust me. Our only hope seemed to lie in establishing a friendly relationship with Jephah, but for the moment his variable reactions made a truce more possible than a friendship.

"Full of smoke"

We returned to Isiolo, and I planned to meet George in the first week of July at the camp. He would then be returning from patrol, and on his way to Isiolo to get ready for a three-week safari to the north.

As I approached the camp I was worried because I did not see George, and drove on filled with foreboding

which was increased when, as I grew nearer, the air became so full of smoke that my lungs were stinging.

When we arrived I could hardly believe my eyes. The thorn bushes were in ashes and smouldering tree-trunks added to the grilling heat. The two acacia trees which provided shade and were the home of many birds were scorched. In the charred and blackened scene the green canvas of the tents stood out in sharp contrast. I was much relieved when I found George inside one eating his lunch.

He had plenty to tell me. When he had arrived, two days earlier, he had found the camp burning and seen the footprints of twelve poachers. Not only

had they set fire to the trees and the thorn enclosure but they had also destroyed everything they could find. They had even uprooted the little vegetable garden that Ibrahim had planted.

George had been very worried about Elsa and had fired several thunder flashes between seven and ten p.m. without getting any response. Then at eleven she and the cubs had suddenly appeared all ravenously hungry. Within two hours they had eaten an entire goat. Elsa had been most affectionate and had several times come to lie on George's bed during the night: he noticed that she had several wounds. She left at dawn soon afterwards. He followed her spoor, and eventually saw her sitting on the Whuffing Rock.

They he went off to try to discover where she had come from on the previous evening. Her spoor, which led down from the river, was mixed with the footprints of the poachers. He wondered whether they had been hunting Elsa and the cubs.

After lunch he sent three game-boys to search for the camp-burners. They returned with six of the culprits. He kept them busy rebuilding the camp, which was no agreeable task, considering the amount of thorny bush which they were obliged to cut for our enclosures.

After dinner George had to start back for Isiolo to prepare for his three weeks' safari. I was not very happy to see him go at this late hour, when all the wild animals were on the move.

"Croo" kill

Soon after he had left the lions began to roar from the big rocks and kept on calling for most of the night. Elsa when she heard them at once moved herself and the cubs as near as possible to my enclosure and stayed there till dawn; then she took them across the river.

During these days I made some attempts to shoot crocodile.

Elsa and the cubs were well aware that the crocs were not friendly and often watched the water attentively for any suspicious eddy or floating sticks. But their reactions were inconsistent, and I was anxious about their safety.

One afternoon I called to Elsa, who was on the far bank. She appeared at once and was preparing to swim across with the cubs when suddenly they all froze and stared intently into the water. Then Elsa took the cubs higher up the river and they appeared opposite the "kitchen lugga." Here the water is very shallow in the dry season. In spite of this they did not cross for an hour, nor did the cubs indulge in their usual splashing and ducking games. This was reassuring, for it showed their prudence, but it was characteristic of their variable reactions that next day when I called Elsa from the same place at the same time they all swam across at once and without the slightest hesitation. Then I noticed that Elsa had a wound the size of a shilling in her tongue and a very deep gash across the centre, which was bleeding. This did not prevent her from licking the cubs, which surprised me.

When it was getting dark we were all sitting near to the river. Suddenly Elsa and the cubs looked at the water, stiffened and pulled grimaces, and three or four yards away I saw a croc. I knew that he must have been a big fellow, for his head was about a foot long.

I fetched my rifle and killed him. Although the cubs were less than three feet from me, the shot did not upset them. Elsa afterwards came and rubbed her head against my knee as though to thank me.

Nearly every afternoon she brought her cubs to the sandbank. Among its attractions were fresh buffalo droppings and sometimes elephant balls as well; in these they rolled to their great satisfaction. The cubs also played on the fallen palm logs. There was no question, when they fell off, as they frequently did, of their landing on their feet, like the proverbial cat; on the contrary, they fell clumsily on to the grass like a dropped parcel and seemed most surprised.

It was about this time that Jephah became more friendly. Now he sometimes licked me, and once even stood on his hind legs to embrace me.

Elsa took great care not to show too much affection to me in the presence of the cubs, but when we were alone was as devoted as usual.

NEXT WEEK: A fierce lioness attacks Elsa.

(From "Living Free," by Joy Adamson, published by Collins and Harvill Press, London.)

SCIENCE
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CLINIC IS ANOTHER FINE NEXONA PRODUCT

BLUE
Clinic
THE NEW
MEDICATED SHAMPOO

CLIP

Continuing . . BEAUTY CONTEST AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

from page 38

Baudouin was peering nearsightedly through his reading glasses, and Rainier had a sprained thumb. But what did it matter? Here she was, and that was all that counted. Pa Kennedy was so excited about this contest, too. He'd promised her a cheque for a million dollars if she won.

She stood at her appointed place and smiled into Jack's eyes. We've got it all, she thought. Youth and looks and the children and each other and money and the White House. But whatever will we do for an encore?

Sir Winston surveyed the dais intently. Never, never had such youth and beauty been present. He looked suspiciously at the judges. He'd just heard from an unimpeachable source that Nikita had offered to vote for

Jackie Kennedy if the United States would sell Alaska back to him. And Nehru had promised to vote for Elizabeth if England erected a statue of Gandhi opposite the one of Queen Victoria.

You'd expect De Gaulle to be above that kind of hanky-panky, but he's been said to have promised Rainier that he'd cast his vote for Grace in exchange for the proceeds from Monte Carlo — just to tide France over till Algeria got straightened out.

Sir Winston settled his face into the bulldog look that had made it famous in the 'forties. The contest had served its purpose. Among the husbands of

the contestants and the judges, they'd have a summit meeting, the like of which the world had never seen. And he'd get it started over some brandy.

He strode to the dais. "We have attempted the impossible," he thundered. "We have tried to choose between the rose and the lily, the orchid and the jasmine." He looked to the judges, who were nodding vigorously and gratefully. "We shall gather these ladies into a bouquet the like of which has never been seen. To attempt to select one from among them goes beyond the capabilities of the finite mind."

Sir Winston opened his eyes. It had been his moment of inspiration. The reporter was still sitting there, quietly attentive.

"I thought the way you disposed of the first prize was a stroke of genius, sir," he said respectfully.

Sir Winston chuckled. "It was, young man," he admitted. "It was. I remembered the prize as I finished my speech and my eyes swept the assemblage in despair. 'Twas the grace of heaven they came to rest on Mrs. Khrushchev, who was looking quite chic in black velvet and pearls."

"She'd always been rather notorious for her dowdiness, you know. And after a hurried consultation with the judges, from which Nikita gracefully disqualified himself, we called it a 'greatest improvement' medal and pinned it on her."

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of the kings he'd known, the queens did rather a better job of it.

Speaking of queens — He realised that the assemblage was looking at him expectantly. Oh, yes, the new little one, Fabiola of Belgium. A sweet girl, really, a match for Elizabeth — but then, who was?

Her Majesty Queen Fabiola of the Belgians.

Fabiola drew in her breath sharply — but with excitement, not nervousness. She came forward in pale, shimmering tulle, yards and yards of it, twisted and shaped into an exquisite ball gown — not a train. Dear heavens, every time she thought of that twenty-foot train she'd been married in! She'd had a stiff neck half her honeymoon from the way it pulled her back.

She walked slowly across the room, bowing slightly in response to the curtsies and cheers. She'd suggested having a group of two in her hair and carrying a fan just to jazz her outfit with a bit of Spanish elegance. But Baudouin had looked pained. "You can wear your mantilla and combs at a costume ball sometime," he'd suggested.

She didn't pretend that she had the outstanding good looks of Grace or Jackie. But I've got the Cinderella ingredient, she thought. I capture the imagination — spinster aunt of thirty-one nephews and nieces walks off with the biggest catch in Europe.

She smiled at Baudouin, who was sitting straight and proud in the first row of dignitaries, and thought of the day they'd met. It had been at a cocktail party, and he was introduced as Count something-or-other. She'd been stunned. Did anyone really believe that the world's most eligible bachelor wasn't recognisable?

She was just about to curtsy when she thought of that American contestant on some quiz programme who had known the names of long-forgotten groups of islands, but not of Belgium's king. He'd had a reason for forgetting it. Some perverse quirk made her decide to play the same game.

She'd pretended complete ignorance of the count's true identity and now she thanked her stars she did. He'd been so relaxed. Maybe Baudy just got shy when he was running the country. Every once in a while he'd say, "And you really didn't know me, did you, dear?" She'd have to invite that American quiz fellow to dinner sometime. She certainly owed him a truckful of brussels sprouts.

SHE reached the dais and glanced around the magnificent ballroom. She felt the weight of the diamond tiara on her head and drew in her breath happily. If this doesn't beat writing fairy-tales, she thought.

Sir Winston harrumphed loudly. Last but, by jove, certainly not least, was the newest member of the charmed circle — that lovely Kennedy girl. Oh, these Americans — they had a way with them. Positively breathtaking! His throat cleared to his satisfaction, he waited till the expectant murmur hushed, then announced grandly, "The First Lady of the United States, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy."

Ole had outdone himself, Jackie thought as she began an easy glide across the ballroom — pale gold satin, slim-lined, but with the suggestion of a train in the back. Of course, no one curtsied to her, but the deferential head-nodding was terribly flattering.

She'd been telling Elizabeth this morning about how a Washington paper had sent her over to do sketches of the Coronation. "I felt sorry for you that day," she'd told the Queen. "All the ceremony. I didn't know then that I had an inaugural in my future."

Jackie smiled to herself. The Queen was really a good sport. They were going riding together in the morning, too. She was passing the row of dignitaries before ascending the dais.

The President was watching her intently and he slapped his right hand firmly on his knee, so everything must be all right. If Jack stopped waving that hand, there had to be something wrong. Like the time they were in a procession and, after five miles of simply crawling, she'd opened her book. The minute that hand got still she knew she was in hot water. But Chaucer was such a delight.

She walked across the dais majestically and noticed how really sweet Fabiola looked. She's as new to this routine as I am, but she's enjoying it, too, Jackie thought. And really, she doesn't look at all annoyed about King Baudouin's presence.

That had been the one bad moment of this trip. Jack had talked Philip and Peter and Baudouin and Rainier and the other boys into a quick game of touch football in the palace garden. And Jack, being Jack, played to win.

Now Philip was limping and

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LESSON 34: By Leila C. Howard

Cookery Course

CHRISTMAS GUIDE, Part 1

—Cakes and puddings

THIS lesson gives advice on making Christmas cakes and puddings. Next week we will discuss the cooking of Christmas poultry and meats.

CAKES

Rich fruit cake improves with keeping; flavor develops and cake cuts more smoothly.

PREPARATION OF FRUIT

Fruit must be clean and dry; wash 2 or 3 days beforehand, spread on flat tray, dry thoroughly in slow oven; be sure fruit is not damp (if damp it will make the cake heavy). Packaged fruits are pre-cleaned, but if coated with sugar further washing is necessary. Treat crystallised cherries in same way; chop peel and raisins if too large; soaking fruit overnight in spirits in covered container enriches flavor but is not essential.

PREPARATION OF TINS

Line with 2 thicknesses of brown paper and 1 layer of white paper.

Round Tin: Cut 1 brown layer larger than the others and slit to baseline of tin at 1 in. intervals. Fit into tin first, then place other rounds in position. Cut papers for sides 2 in. taller than tin. Place in position.

Square Tin: Cut oblong strips of brown and white paper same width as tin. Place crosswise in tin; ends on all sides to be 2 in. above edge.

QUANTITIES OF MIXTURE

One pound mixture means 1 lb. butter and 1 lb. sugar (all other ingredients in proportion). Fill 1 lb. mixture into 10 in. or 11 in. square or round tin 3 in. to 3 1/2 in. deep.

Half pound mixture (half a 1 lb. mixture). Fill into 8 in. or 9 in. square or round tin 3 in. to 3 1/2 in. deep.

Quarter pound mixture (half a 1/2 lb. mixture). Fill into 5 in. or 6 in. square or round tin 3 in. to 3 1/2 in. deep.

PREPARATION OF MIXTURE

1. Wash and dry fruit beforehand.
2. Line tin, weigh and measure all ingredients.
3. Cream butter and sugar with mixer, wooden spoon or hand (for large quantities). Essences and fruit rinds give more lasting flavor creamed with the butter and sugar.
4. Add caramel or parian essence for dark cake, 1 teaspoon to 1 lb. mixture.
5. Break eggs one at a time into cup, not directly into creamed mixture, beat well after each egg is added.
6. Sift dry ingredients 2 or 3 times to ensure even mixing; use plain, not self-raising, flour (rich mixtures need very little rising).
7. Add fruit and sifted dry ingredients alternately to creamed mixture, add liquid last.
8. Do not increase quantity of liquid specified; mixture is stiffer than for plain cake but not dry; consistency will be correct if ingredients are measured accurately.
9. Spoon mixture into tin, pressing from centre to sides and corners; tin should not be less than half and not more than three-quarters full.
10. Do not hollow centre, but level cake by banging tin few times on table. Well-mixed, slowly baked cake rises evenly; if to be left un-iced, place blanched almonds and glace cherries on top.

BAKING CAKES

Bake rich fruit cake in slow oven 275deg. F. to 325deg. F. if stove has thermostat control or heat indicator; if using older-type stove, success depends on user's judgment and experience.

Bake cake in lower half of oven; do not open oven door for at least 1 hour. To prevent excessive browning of large, slow-cooking cakes, cover with double thickness of brown paper for last hour; cover light fruit cakes for first hour.

Baking time varies according to size and richness. Times below are approximate only.

RICH MIXTURES

1 lb. in 10 in. or 11 in. tin, 5 1/2 to 6 hours.
1/2 lb. in 8 in. or 9 in. tin, 3 1/2 to 4 hours.
1/4 lb. in 5 in. or 6 in. tin, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours.

LIGHT MIXTURES

1 lb. in 10 in. or 11 in. tin, 4 to 4 1/2 hours.
1/2 lb. in 8 in. or 9 in. tin, 2 1/2 to 3 hours.
1/4 lb. in 5 in. or 6 in. tin, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours.

STORAGE

Cool in tin, remove when quite cold, leave paper on, fold down over top. Wrap in clean paper or foil, then in clean towel until ready for icing or cutting.

PUDDINGS

For best results make at least 2 or 3 weeks before required. Puddings can be cooked in two ways—steamed or boiled.

STEAMED

In basin covered with greased paper and pudding-cloth or in lidded steaming-basin in saucepan with boiling water halfway up basin; grease basins thoroughly, not forgetting inside lid; fill basin not more than three-quarters and not less than half full; tie paper and cloth securely with string; make firm loop so basin can be easily lifted from saucepan.

Choose saucepan with tightly fitting lid; keep water boiling gently but steadily to maintain steady flow of steam. Boiling water evaporates during prolonged cooking; replenish when necessary with boiling water.

BOILED

Prepare cloth: Dip cloth in boiling water, wring out tightly and quickly rub in flour to form seal. Place mixture in centre of cloth; gather cloth up round mixture, tie tightly with string, leaving a little room for swelling; knot opposite corners over top for easy handling.

Plunge pudding into large quantity of boiling water in tightly lidded pan; boil gently but steadily for required time; replenish with boiling water when necessary.

CAUSES OF MOULD

Puddings become mouldy due to action of bacteria present in air. Growth of mould is encouraged by:

Fruit not thoroughly dry; mixture too moist (it should be stiff); insufficient cooking; insufficient spirits in mixture; incorrect storage.

Note: Puddings cooked in basin are less likely to develop mould. If pudding does go mouldy it is still edible. Simply cut off mould and re-heat.

STORAGE

Cooked in cloth: When cold re-wrap in clean dry cloth, hang in cool, dry, airy place (or place in refrigerator) until day of serving, then cook further 1 1/2 to 2 hours and serve hot.

Cooked in basin: When cold re-cover with fresh greased paper or foil and clean dry cloth. Store in cool, airy place (or in refrigerator), cook further 1 to 2 hours on day of serving.

TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS RECIPES

CHRISTMAS CAKE

Half pound butter, 1/2 lb. brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon orange marmalade (or plum jam), 1 teaspoon parian essence, 4 eggs, 2 1/2 lb. mixed fruit or 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. dates or glace fruits, 1 lb. sultanas, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. shredded peel, 1 lb. glace cherries, 1 oz. chopped blanched almonds or walnuts, 2 1/2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon spice, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons rum, brandy, or sherry.

Cream butter and sugar with fruit rinds, add marmalade and parian essence, mix well. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Fold in prepared fruit and nuts alternately with sifted dry ingredients and, lastly, rum, brandy, or sherry. Fill into 8 in. or 9 in. square or round tin lined as directed above. Bake in slow oven 3 1/2 to 4 hours. Test centre of cake before removing from oven; it should be firm to touch and fine skewer or steel knitting needle used for testing

should emerge clean and free of mixture. Allow to cool in tin, store as directed.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Half pound butter (or 1 lb. butter and 1/2 lb. finely shredded suet), 1 lb. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon each grated orange and lemon rind, 4 large or 5 small eggs, 1 lb. sultanas, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. shredded peel, 2 oz. chopped figs, 1 small grated apple, 6 oz. soft breadcrumbs, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon spice, 1/2 teaspoon each nutmeg, bicarbonate of soda, and salt, washed trinkets or coins, 4 tablespoons brandy or rum.

Cream butter with sugar and fruit rinds; add suet if used. Add eggs one at a time, mix well. Add fruit, peel, figs, and apple. Fold in breadcrumbs, sifted dry ingredients, washed trinkets or coins, and, lastly, brandy. Mix thoroughly to stiff but not dry mixture; stand 1/2 to 1 hour. Steam in greased pudding-basin 5 1/2 hours or boil in floured cloth 5 hours. Cool, store as directed above. On day of serving steam 1 to 2 hours longer or boil further 1 1/2 to 2 hours.



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MECS60-143

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● I was reading the other day that trainee kindergarten teachers in New South Wales are now being given lessons in woodworking.

THIS is so that they can teach the children in their classes how to use tools properly and how to make their own toys and repair them when they're broken.

What wonderful wives these girls are going to make later on!

We've been having another bout of do-it-yourself over the weekend, which means that Hugh and I have spent the time in loud argument—most of it amiable, but some of it distinctly heated.

Hugh's idea of having someone to help him is to have somebody to talk to, as well as somebody to fetch and carry and look for lost tools and pick up dropped nails, and generally be useful in an unobtrusive way.

My idea is to get on with the job in hand, but when I protest that no one can develop his latent talents as a handyman if he's interfered with at every turn Hugh says, "Go and practise on someone else's screws—I don't want mine burred."

Years of research inside my own family has convinced me that the ability to understand threads is strictly a sex-limited characteristic.

Have you ever noticed the way quite small boys know by instinct whether they're loosening the lid of a jar or tightening it, and whether they're turning a hose on or off?

Small girls (and bigger ones!) can never be 100 per cent. sure of this, any more than they can see any particular virtue in squeezing a toothpaste tube from the bottom. Which reminds me of these lines out of Ogden Nash's long poem "Thoughts Thought After a Bridge Party."

"Of the two sexes, women are much the subtler. But the way they open a package of cigarettes is comparable to opening a bottle of wine by cracking it on the butler."

Well, why not, if you happen to have a butler and no bottle-opener?

Names tie up with personality

KATHERINE is thinking of changing her name. She's distinctly pipped by her friends' jokes now that they've woken up to the fact that she has the same name (though both parts of it are spelt differently) as the second oldest daughter of the Governor-General.

It reminds me of an old school friend of mine who has two eighteen-year-old sons called Charles and Andrew and who for some reason goes white with fury when people who can't work out dates say, "Oh, you named them after the Queen's children, I suppose."

It's odd how closely your own name gets twined with your personality — there must be few people who dislike their own name.

It's common enough in your teens to want to change your name, but I think that's more an adolescent longing to change your personality.

It is an extraordinary sensation to be introduced, in a room full of strangers, to someone who has the same name.

It happened to me once, and I felt that she was far less of a stranger to me than

the others—as though we must necessarily have the same views on things and like our toast and our tea the same color.

We talked for only about two minutes, or perhaps fortunately I never had a chance to find out how wrong I was.

Modern cats with ancient instincts

THIS is kitten-moving time with us. A friend of mine who knows all about cats once explained to me that cats move their kittens about the tenth or eleventh day because by then, in their natural state, the grass round their nest would be so trampled down and the scent so strong that enemies would find the nest and eat the young kittens.

I'm perfectly willing to bow to this ancient necessity, but Diana's cat Vanessa does make a racket of it.

She takes a number of different apartments on approval and distributes her kittens all around the house while she makes up her mind which nest will be most suitable.

Today was moving-day for her.

Two kittens were put in the box I'd left invitingly in the laundry; two others I found, after a great deal of searching, in a cardboard carton in Mike's room full of balsawood aeroplanes and other junk that he can't bring himself to part with; the fifth kitten had apparently disappeared from the face of the earth.

It's as much as your life's worth to try to interfere with these arrangements of hers.

The other cats behave reasonably—Molly announces that her kittens have to be moved and waits for me to move them to some suitable place; Bobo likes to move her own, but if she chooses an awkward place and we move them again she accepts it fairly philosophically.

But Vanessa watches like a hawk for any interference with the arrangements she has made. If anyone tries to bring all the kittens together in one place she gets in a passionate fury and plays postman's knock with them, dragging the poor little scraps in and out and round the house till they're dizzy.

The fifth kitten turned up at lunchtime, bedded down in my shopping basket, which I'd filled with clothes for the drycleaner and left on the kitchen table.

Vanessa saw me discover it and started shouting warnings and curses and denunciations at the top of her voice. This time I hardened my heart, dumped basket and soiled clothes and kitten in the draughty middle of the kitchen floor, and went away.

Even Nessa could see that was no place to keep a kitten and it had gone when I came back ten minutes later.

It's now in a cupboard near the back door where we keep old newspapers and its mother is happily doing her rounds feeding her kittens in her three different nests.

She takes a 48-hour option on these desirable residences. By tomorrow night she will have all five kittens back together somewhere.

Ancient instincts are all very well, but if it's hyenas and boa constrictors she's worrying about she'd be better off somewhere where she could keep an eye on all her kittens at once.

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843

L-SHAPED home of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Benger, Adelaide. When this picture was taken the house had just been finished.

The Australian
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● Tall gums frame the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Benger, of Glenalta, Adelaide.

THE Bengers went along to our Home Planning Centre in Adelaide, looked through the wide selection of plans, then chose this one — Plan No. 843.

This design is in the popular L-shape. A spacious living-room, 23ft. by 11ft. 6in., has an open fireplace.

Room changed

In the original plan the living-room opened into a study, but Mr. and Mrs. Benger converted this to a dining-room.

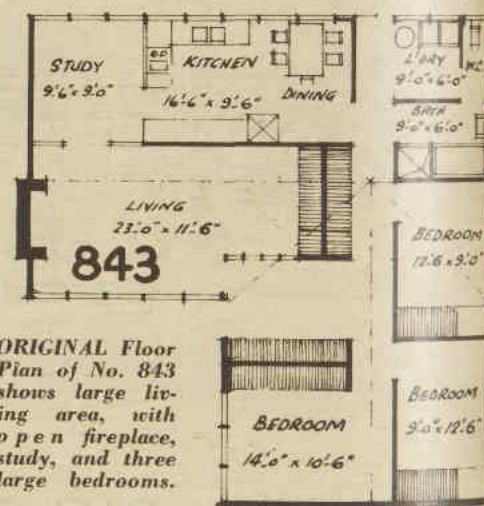
The dining recess in the basic plan (see original floor plan) was retained as an extra eating nook for quick family breakfasts and informal entertaining.

The one major alteration to the original plan was making all the bedrooms larger.

"In the original plan," said Mrs. Benger, "the main bedroom measured 14ft. by 10ft.

6in. We increased the size of this to 14ft. by 12ft. and also enlarged the other two bedrooms."

A compact bathroom, 9ft. by 6ft., opens into a separate toilet, which opens on the other side to the laundry.



ORIGINAL Floor Plan of No. 843 shows large living area, with open fireplace, study, and three large bedrooms.

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See what Maui hooked up

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 1, 1961

Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

gave him the gen just in case."

"He'll have to get everyone right off the ground later on," George said. "She may come down anywhere. And we'll want quiet, lots of quiet. They're fixing the phone now. I'll be using it right out here in the open later."

The postmaster, hearing the story from the two girls in the exchange, had had a thought of his own and contacted the nearest linesman on the roads and sent him down to the aerodrome to rig an extension for George Donovan so that his phone could be carried out where he could see the open sky.

At Brinalli Downs everyone on the place had gathered in absolute silence on the verandah outside the office except for the jackaroo on the landing-field and Dick and his mother and brother close to the phone. From the rail of the verandah they could see the aircraft each time on half its circle, and they could hear, from the open office door, the plans Dick had laid. Now, with the mouthpiece of the telephone covered by his hand, Dick looked up at his brother. "Is there anything I've forgotten, Peter?" he said.

"Run through it," Peter said. He pushed a packet with a cigarette extended from it toward his brother's mouth, and snapped his lighter into flame for him. Dick noticed that Peter's hand was trembling, and was surprised to realise that his own was steady. "That'll come later, though," he thought, "when I have to actually start to bring her down."

He took the cigarette from his mouth with his free hand, and began to run quickly through the things that had to be done. "First we've got to get her on to the right tank," he said. "Then ninety-degree turns, throttle, flaps, rudder bars . . ."

"Why bother her with those?" Peter said quickly.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please send a duplicate. Address: manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

YOUR BOOKSHELF

"The Flavour of France"

The Chamberlains (Hamish Hamilton), 41/6.

This is a picture-book of France, as well as an excellent cookery book, beautifully produced. It contains traditional recipes from various districts, each accompanied by a photograph of some feature of the district. The recipes are not over-elaborate, but demonstrate, as the attractive dust-jacket claims, "the good sense and good taste of the everyday French cook." I could not wait to get home to try some of the simpler recipes which, like Lamb Kidneys de Latour from Orleans, proved delicious. The first recipe in the book is Parisian-Vanilla Ice-Cream, accompanied by a picture of the Eiffel Tower; the last is from Normandy — for pancakes with apple sauce and rum, with a picture of the Chateau de St. Germain-en-Livet. Trout with Almonds and Cream comes from Savoy. At the back of the book are menus for luncheons and dinners.

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"Not for flying it, but she'll need the rudder bars when she's down. O.K., turns, flaps, throttle, rudder bars, brakes, and ignition. Then we head her for Weeringbrinalli . . ."

"Oh, Dick, why!" his mother said quickly. "That's such a long way. Surely it would be better to make her land here?"

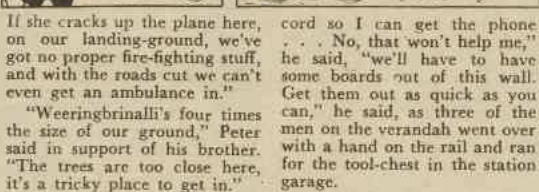
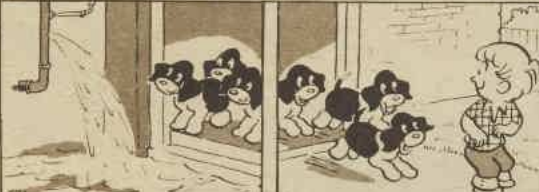
"We can't risk it," Dick said. "But is it any more risk? And she might so easily get lost and miss the town."

"All this is going to be pretty tricky, Mum. It's not going to be easy at all to get her down.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



If she cracks up the plane here, on our landing-ground, we've got no proper fire-fighting stuff, and with the roads cut we can't even get an ambulance in."

"Weeringbrinalli's four times the size of our ground," Peter said in support of his brother. "The trees are too close here, it's a tricky place to get in."

"The big risk is that she might get off course on the way into the town. I don't want to try and mess her around with the compass. We'll have to fly her line-of-sight if we can. Hey, out on the verandah," he said, raising his voice. "Try to visualise the country between here and Weeringbrinalli, as it looks from the air, I mean."

They had all flown with him or Peter many times, since the plane was used for spotting, for shopping, and for taking people to and from the railway. "Jot down anything you can think of that we can use as a landmark, and give it to Peter," Dick heard footsteps across the gravel of the drive and waited as one of the young jackeroos

came up on to the verandah and along to the door of the office. "What's happening now, Maurie?" he asked. "Is she still climbing?"

"Yeah, still climbing steadily and holding the circuit pretty well," the boy said. "It's hard to tell, but we reckon she's gone up a good five hundred feet. I'll go back now and—" he said, turning, but Dick interrupted him.

"Have you a knife on you?" he said.

"I think so," Maurie said, and felt in his pockets. "Yes, I have."

"See if you can prise out that sapling and free a bit more

wall of the office through which Dick, standing, would be able to see the westerly third of Janet's circuit over the home-stead paddocks. The plane came into his sight now, for the first time since he had run for the house and the phone, and its small, safe, turning silhouette made him realise fully for the first time the enormous difficulty of what he and she would have to accomplish together.

He took his hand from the mouthpiece of the telephone and spoke George's name sharply into it, and was relieved to hear George answer at once, without the need of calling him up through Sylvie.

"Listen, we're all set to go," Dick said. "Sylvie's managed a three-way link—I'm on to you and on to Dave at the Base. What's your weather like? Unchanged?"

"Unchanged," George's voice said from the aerodrome. "Wind dead from the east, and not strong."

"Right. We'll bring her in then, to land into wind from fifteen hundred feet on three ninety-degree turns. O.K.?"

"Yep."

"We'll bring her in a bit higher than that, and get her down while she's in the circuit. That'll give me a chance to make sure she knows where to turn. If this three-way business works you ought to be able to hear her height readings as she gives them. I'll bring her in right across the drome on a north-east line, ninety-degree left turn over the meat-works on the other side of the town, then a straight run west till she's beyond the church and the river, then a short south leg and she'll turn left on to the east-west runway. Any snags in that?"

"I don't think so," George said slowly, thinking. "No, I think that's the easiest way we can put her down. What about petrol?"

"It's all right," Dick said. "I'll be on to her in a minute, and I'll switch her over on to the other tank."

GEORGE

agreed. "Yeah, well that's what I'm worrying about. She's going to land with a load on."

"We've got to take that chance," Dick said. "She must be tiring already. I can't risk trying to fly her round for two hours or more to get rid of that petrol. She'd never stand up to it."

"No, that's right," George said. "We've got the fire truck run out, and the ambulance came in a minute ago, I heard it."

"Any questions or any suggestions?" Dick said. "Once we're through to the plane she'll be able to hear what you say, and a lot of talk is only going to confuse her."

"No questions," George said. "I've got it clear, Dick. If the approach is wrong I'll give you one word, No, and the reasons later, when we've got her back in the circuit."

"That's the idea," Dick said. "Now I'll get Dave to put me through to her. I've got to teach her to use the throttle and various other things. If I'm making any mistakes, or missing anything, you come through, regardless, George."

Dick took a last drag at his cigarette, glanced at his brother as though to say "here goes" and whistled into the mouthpiece.

At the aerodrome and at Weeringbrinalli exchange George and Sylvie winced at the sound it made, but at the

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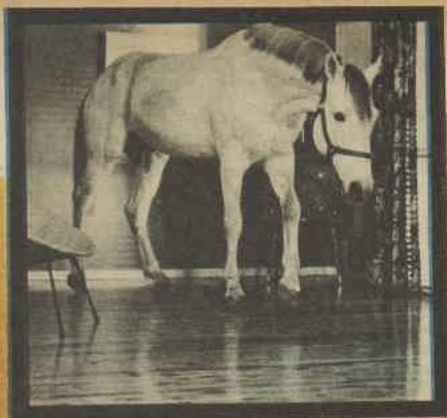
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L A 27

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Page 59



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Base Dave Jordan heard it and picked the receiver up.

"Dave here," he said, and waited.

"Have you got the radio problems straightened out?" Dick's voice asked.

"Near enough," Dave said. "You'll have to give me a couple of seconds to explain what's happening to Janet, and half a minute to make the connections here. Luckily I've got the old-fashioned type of pick set, with the mouthpiece on a long stalk and the earpiece separate, so it will come well away. I'll have no trouble relaying Janet's voice back to you because I can adjust the levels here so we get it right. Trouble will be with the other link, from you to her. If there's fading on the line, or if the ambient noise level is high there or here—"

"There won't be any noise here," Dick said. "No noise at all, except the sound of the plane going overhead at intervals."

"We'll see how we go," Dave said. "If there is any trouble I'll have to clamp the earpiece to the mike, and wrap them. But that won't take me more than twenty seconds if I have to do it."

"If you have to do that how are you going to relay for me if the signal's too weak? You won't be able to hear."

"I've got a monitoring set, I'll be able to hear both of you all the time," Dave said. "If there's any sort of a breakdown it'll take me no more than a second and a half to ear things apart and start relaying from you."

"All right," Dick said, understanding little of the technicalities, but knowing that the small delay while Dave listened and then repeated his message to the plane might be

Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

too much for any of them to deal with.

"I'll call Janet now, tell her what I'm going to do, and then let you know that I'm putting you through," Dave said. He turned back to his microphone. "Flying Doctor Base," he said. "Calling all stations. No transmission, please, except most urgent medical calls. Janet, are you receiving me, Janet? What's your altitude? Come in now."

lay. I've got to fiddle things here. You just keep circling at that altitude. Don't worry if you don't hear anything for a little while. Then you'll hear Dick's voice come in, and he'll be there all set to talk you down."

"Not Dick," she said. "I don't want to talk to him. Put Peter on—he can tell me how to land."

"What?" Dave said. "Repeat. I didn't hear what you

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see it," she said. "I just heard the noise of its engine, and then it was gone. Then I started calling you, but you didn't seem to hear me. Should I—?" He heard her give a small shriek. "Here it comes again," she said.

"Hold your course," he said. "Hold your course, hold your course, you're all right."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



"Twenty-one hundred feet. Do I have to go on climbing? Over."

"No, that's fine, that'll do," Dave said. "Level out now and watch your altimeter. Don't lose any height, keep her at twenty-one hundred. Dick's ready for you now at Brinalli Downs."

"He's taken his time," Janet said, cutting in.

"I'm putting you through to him now," Dave said, ignoring the resentful tone in her voice. "There might be a minute's de-

said. Repeat please, Janet, over."

"I want Peter Garnett to tell me what to do. Peter Garnett, not Dick."

"I'll relay your message," Dave said, at a loss. "Now don't worry if you hear nothing for a couple of minutes. Keep circling and keep your pecker up. I'll buy you a beer in half an hour's time. That's a date. Over and out."

"Did you hear any of that?" he asked into the telephone.

"I could hear you, but not her," Dick said.

"She seems to think she wants Peter to talk her down," Dave said.

There was silence for a moment. Then: "Do you think she feels strongly about it?" Dick said.

"Pretty strongly," Dave said. "Anyway, that's for you. I'm teeing things up now so you can speak direct. Give me thirty seconds, then start calling her. Don't forget you'll hear her easily, so check with her if she's hearing you loud and clear. If she's not I will have heard it on the monitor set, so don't do anything, just keep calling at regular intervals while I rearrange things here. Good luck," Dave said, and turned the mouthpiece away and stood it close to the speaker of his set.

Then he propped the earpiece of the telephone close to the transmitting microphone, reached for his headset, switched on his monitor, and stood listening. He was aware of Sister Kallston standing behind him in the quiet room. The first sound that he heard from the headphones of his monitor set was Janet's voice crying frantically: "Dave, Dave, can you hear me, Dave, can you hear me?"

He snatched mouthpiece and earpiece away from the transmitter, pushed his headphones back, and spoke into the mike. "I can hear you, Janet," he said. "Go ahead. Over."

"Oh, Dave!" she said. "There was another aircraft. I thought it was coming slap into me. I didn't know what to do."

"Where is it now?" he asked. "Where is it? Over."

"I can't see it," Janet's voice said. "I've looked all round. Maybe it's underneath me. Over."

"How close did it pass to you? Over."

"I don't know. I didn't even

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By RUD

house, and as she waited in front of the hangar for Dick to come in and land and stow her luggage and take off with her and fly her into the train at Weeringbrinalli, she had looked around her with an inkling of the inquietude and longing with which she would remember it.

This had been her first trip west of the mountains. She had been used to two things — to the city, and to the soft, welcoming southern country, where people farmed a few hundred or a few thousand acres and could walk round their boundaries comfortably in a day. Here, five hundred miles from the green and abundant coast, in the vaporless, bronzy, distantly deceptive light, the ancient, lean, level land had gone straight to her head.

She had loved the look of it, the smell of it, the brilliance of the night sky so far from the city lights, the mauve light be-

fore dawn and after the sun went down, the enormous lengths of afternoon shadows, the feeling that the earth here was unchanged, unchanging, and unchangeable. So that morning she had wondered, with longing, whether she would ever come back to it. Now, as she waited for Dick's voice, she wondered whether she would ever, standing on the ground, see it again.

A voice came to her through the speaker over her head — a lighter and quicker voice than Dave's, unfamiliar.

"Janet, Janet, can you hear me?" it was saying. "Janet, can you hear me, come in, come in. Over."

She pressed the small button on top of the microphone which enabled her to speak, and as she did it realised that it was Dick's voice that she had heard. At once she was swept by anger and an irrational feeling that the whole sorry accident had somehow

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Fashion FROCKS



• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 71. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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The Australian Women's Weekly — November 1, 1961

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RYVITA

makes you fit—keeps you slim

YR22

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been contrived by him to teach her some sort of a lesson.

"I hear you clearly," she said.

"Thank heaven for that. Now listen," he said, determined to waste no time in contrition or condolence. That could wait. "On the left-hand side of the plane, low down and well forward, there's a petrol lever on a plate marked left, right, and off. Lean down and turn the lever to right. Did you follow that, Janet? Over."

"I can see the lever," she said. "But I can't reach it."

"You can reach it," he said. "And what's more, you have to. Listen, sweetie, you're not riding a bicycle. The plane's not going to tip over if you move. Put the mike down on your lap, steady the stick with your right hand and reach down with your left and get that switch on, and

Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

quickly. Call me up when you've done it. Over."

There was silence from the plane, a long silence. Through the gap torn in the office wall he saw it come round with the wings banked at the proper angle. There was no change in its course, and no sound from its radio — no way for him to tell whether the right tank had been switched on or not.

He controlled his impatience, letting the aircraft make another complete circuit of the homestead. Then he called her up: "Janet, are you receiving me clearly? Have you got that right tank switched on? Over."

"I can hear you clearly," she said. "And the tank is on."

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He couldn't tell from her voice, filtered through radio and telephone, whether her prevailing tone was one of fear or anger. A little of each, he thought, and realised that in either case he would have to curb his natural vehemence.

"That's fine," he said. "Now we are going to put in a tough few minutes teaching you how to handle that plane for landing. It's not hard. We'll take it step by step. Don't do anything I tell you unless you're sure you've understood the instruction. Any questions now, before we begin? Over."

"Only one question," she said.

"Where's Peter? I want Peter to tell me how to land this thing."

He began to say: "Peter's here, but I think you'd better—" and realised that she was still speaking and could not hear him.

"Please, Dick, put Peter on, I want to talk to Peter," she was saying.

He wanted to argue that he would be immeasurably the better of them to talk her down. But he knew what was involved.

This was no time to exhaust her with argument. Anyway, Peter was a good pilot, as good as he was himself, though a pilot of a totally different sort. He turned to his brother, covering the mouthpiece of the phone with his hand.

"She wants you to talk her down."

he said. "Begin her on turn and the use of the throttle. I wouldn't let her at this stage that we're going to get her away from here and into Warrumbarrali."

Peter took the phone he held and the same time protesting: "You'd better. You can do it better than I can."

"Get on with it. Don't waste time with a lot of argument," Dick said, and walked on to the verandah, where he could see more of the sky. He let Peter begin to speak into the telephone saying: "Janet, can you hear me? Peter here. Can you hear me?"

In fifty homesteads spread over hundreds of miles, listeners heard his voice replying: "Oh, Pete, Peter! Darling, how are you going to get me out of this?" Those who listened inched themselves forward a little, their seats to miss nothing of it, those who had company turned to the speaker and said: "But wasn't it the other way, Dick, she was going to marry him?"

At Brinalli Downs Mrs. Garmon stayed in the office for a moment, watching Peter's white concentration as he sat with his left hand cupping the mouthpiece of the telephone to his face. He was trying to overcome Janet's reluctance to leave her steady circle and practise the ninety-degree turns she would need for landing. Mrs. Garmon felt herself growing warm with anger against the girl she had liked so well. She had been a little nervous at first because Janet came from the city. But she had warmed to the girl so much and so very quickly that almost at once she had seemed to her better than the city should have a new mistress quite unused to country ways, rather than one used to country ways that were different.

B

BRINALLI DOWNS was old, but it had its own traditions. It had been Mary Garmon's home for so long that she feared for it under any new broom not very carefully chosen. It was her only reluctance when she thought of leaving it. For thirty years she had been the owner's wife there, and for another five, widowed, had stayed on with the boys.

She had begun to think, in the few years, of a small flat in town close to her daughter and her grandchildren to think of concerts and luncheons and bridge, late mornings in bed, and a charcoal-grilled for dinner and eaten from a tray with salad, instead of the two legs of roast mutton that were necessary to feed her family and the kitchen staff and the jackeroos and the station hand-keeper. Increasingly, in the past few years, she had thought Dick had changed well and she had been irritated with him, though she kept her thoughts to herself because of mistakes he made with Janet out of his certainty that she would not could accept every facet of his life.

Now her anger was not against Dick but against Janet Osborne for causing between brothers so different that nothing before had ever put them into opposition against each other. Then she had a disgust with herself that made her tremble. She went out along the verandah and through the house to the kitchen to quieten herself by making tea for Dick. He had been under strain, he had had nothing, and he would need it.

"How is it possible," she thought, "I could feel anger against a girl who was a few minutes from now will either be dead or lying cruelly injured?"

Peter was aware of time passing as he explained to Janet how all over the elevators worked, the difference in the feel of the controls in different altitudes, and the way the plane's inertia would follow its own course, so that there seemed an unconscionable lag sometimes between a movement of the controls and a change in the plane's behaviour.

But he knew her, had got to know her in the past two weeks, and he knew that the delay would be worth it, since she would do better when she knew the reasons for what she was doing than when she was being asked to follow instructions blindly.

He explained to her twice, in slow and careful detail, how he would ask her soon to leave her known and familiar circle over the homestead, and fly instead a rectangle, with short arms to north and south and longer ones to east and west, with a ninety-degree turn at each of the four corners over carefully chosen landmarks which he described in detail. But would she see them, would she, in her fear, be able to recognise them from the air? Or would she, coming from her circle, fly on and on, afraid to make the tighter turns that would bring her round again?

"You are turning at right angles, like turning the corner of a street," he said.

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NOTHING BEATS RINSO'S RICHER, SOFTER SUDS FOR EXTRA WHITENESS—EXTRA BRIGHTNESS

Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

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The throttle frightened her, and the words "engine failure, engine failure, engine failure" were beating senselessly in her head. She had watched a young nurse once, with the needle of a hypodermic syringe touching a patient's skin, shake with indecision second after second as she tried to screw up courage for the push that would take the point of it underneath the surface. This is the same, she thought. The same, except that I must remember I have to pull it out, not push it in.

The whole of her arm was shaking with her fear and her palm was wet, so that, although she listened very carefully and watched the indicator, she could detect no change of sound, no change of speed, though she was

sure that she had moved the throttle back. She pulled a little more firmly, and the engine sound altered so suddenly that only by letting her hand fall away from the knob could she stop herself from pushing it in again.

Then she saw that in that second of fear the nose had fallen perhaps a couple of feet, and in her efforts to bring it tenderly, delicately back to its proper place, she forgot the sound of the engine and the angle of the wings. She turned her eyes to the left to glance at the indicator, and in doing it saw the left wing holding its familiar low position and looked down for a second and saw that she

had held her course, and that the landing-ground was sliding away beneath her. How many times had she crossed it, how many dozens, hundreds? And how many more before she could come down?

The airspeed indicator was steady now above the hundred mark, and she eased the throttle up a little with more confidence this time, countering the slight fall of the nose with gentle stick pressure. She flew another full circuit until the airspeed indicator had settled, and then she changed hands on the stick, picked up the microphone, and said: "All right, I've got it!"

She heard his voice for an instant, beginning to answer her, and then it faded rapidly away behind a high

oscillatory screech. She pressed the microphone button and began to call: "Peter, Peter, I can't hear you, I can't hear you."

Dick came in over the verandah rail and ran into the office as he heard the change in Peter's urgent, calling voice.

"She can't hear me," Peter said, looking up at him.

Dick took the phone from him and heard Janet's frightened voice calling for Peter as he said sharply into it: "Sylvie."

"It's not my line, Mr. Garnett," Sylvie's voice said at once. "I can hear you people real clear."

"I know that," he said. "Don't worry. Dave Jordan will be fixing it. But while I've got the chance I wanted to tell you to ring everyone between here and Weeringbrinalli—"

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"To do that you must drop your wings down, much farther down than you've been doing so far." In the air, the sound of Peter's voice flooded Janet with a relief that she had not expected. With Dick she had come to her guard, to protect herself against him. He had no patience with her fears, and any fears which he shared were obviously, to him, irrational. She had come to Brinalli with such love for him, and he had had so much open pride and pleasure in her that she had thought at first that all the promise of their odd weekends and days together would flower into lasting happiness.

It was the plane that had come between them, the accursed plane. At first she had despised herself for giving it such importance, for letting a twenty-foot length of frail struts and fabric cloud her whole horizon. "If I had come here at some other time," she thought, "when the station was not cut off by clouds and the plane in daily, almost hourly use, this trouble between us need never have begun."

But as the days passed and she became more and more aware of that high-minded good-humor in Dick which so clearly announced that he found the country's ways, the station's ways, his ways immensely superior to any others, she began to feel that it was not what people quarrelled over that mattered, but only that there was enough difference and lack of sympathy between them to lead to future quarrels.

About this there had been no open breach, no words, no quarrel; only the certainty growing in her mind and, she thought, in his, that what had seemed a magnificent idea — their marriage — would never work out.

PETER'S voice was coming to her still from above her head. "Have you understood all that, Janet? Over," he said.

"Yes. I'm to fly with the nose about a foot below the horizon, wings level, and do right-angled turns to bring me round. Peter, I didn't have time to tell him," she said.

"What?" he said. "Oh, well, don't think about it now. Don't bother about it. That can wait. Now listen carefully, Janet. Before you start all that, I want you to alter your throttle setting. The throttle is in the centre of the instrument panel. It's a plunger, like the choke of a car, and it has a bright red knob, a big one, almost as big as a ping-pong ball. Can you see it? Over."

"Yes. I can see it. Over."

"Right, now hold the stick with your left hand and put your right hand on the throttle. Don't move it yet. When I give you the word pull that throttle very gently toward you. Just a little way at first, not very much. And watch your air-speed indicator, over on the left. I want you to reduce your speed up between ninety and a hundred knots. Did you get that? Over."

"Between ninety and a hundred knots," Janet said. "I'm scared of doing that. What if the engine stops?"

"The engine won't stop, you can't stop it that way. But the sound will change. Don't be frightened by that change. It doesn't mean the engine is going to stop. But you'll be slowing down, and the nose of the plane will drop. Lift it, lift it gently, so that you keep it about a foot below the horizon. Watch your airspeed indicator. It won't change at once. Watch it for a little while, and if you've still got too much speed, pull your throttle up a little more and keep lifting the nose to keep her flying level. Do you understand all that? Over."

"I don't know—there's so much," she said. "Pull the throttle a little toward me, lift the nose to keep the plane flying steady, watch the indicator, get the speed down to between ninety and one hundred knots and, I suppose, keep circling. Is that all? Over."

"That's all," he said. "It's really not very hard. Now off you go. Don't panic when the engine noise changes. You'll be all right. Call me up when you've got the speed we want. Over."

He covered the mouthpiece with his hand and shouted to Dick, who had gone on to the gravel with the others: "Watch her — she's taking throttle off." If she panicked, if she did it wrongly, if she forgot the nose and let it fall away, he didn't see what good it was going to be to have Dick watching.

"You're taking too long about all this," Dick called to him from the driveway.

"I know," Peter said. "But what can I do? I've got to try to build her confidence up."

In the air Janet sat for a long minute with her hand on the throttle and the microphone lying in her lap.

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Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

from page 63

the Pearsons, the Turners, and the MacPhersons. She'll be flying over there; we'll want progress reports from them as she goes over."

"I'll ring them," Sylvie said. "But every station within fifty miles will be watching, don't you worry."

At the Flying Doctor Base Dave Jordan, the non-flyer, the wingless radio man, inside the sheltering walls of his monitoring earphones, had been so completely absorbed in the instructions, so completely with the frightened girl in the plane, that his body had been flying as he listened, moving slightly with what he imagined the movement of the plane to be, his hand lifting slightly and then falling back as he imagined her hand rising and moving on the throttle.

When the break came, when he could no longer hear Peter's voice, for an instant he was lost and hopeless, and he wanted to cry as she was crying: "Peter, I can't hear you, I can't hear you."

Then he realised that the answer lay on the table a foot away from his hand, seized the telephone earpiece, bent to the microphone, and said: "Hold on, Janet, I'll have Peter through to you in a few seconds," and as he straightened up heard her give a little moan of relief and say: "Oh, Dave!"

He replaced the earpiece against the microphone and said "Bandage" sharply to Sister Ralston, who had already guessed at his purpose and was

holding out the roll of narrow gauze. Quickly, with a dozen deft, tight turns, he bound the earpiece to the microphone and then said "Cotton wool," holding out a hand.

In spite of the moment, Sister Ralston allowed herself a small smile.

It was like a phony film operation—any moment now he should be calling grimly for forceps, sponges, clamps. Dave tore the unwrapped sheet of cotton-wool into three pieces and wrapped and rewrapped the bound earpiece and microphone till they were thickly muffled.

"What happened?" Sister Ralston said.

"Feedback," he said. "Maybe something they're using here in the clinic—I don't know. Some rise in the noise level, even a knock on the table, can go ringing round and round a circuit like this and build up like an echo in a cave. This padding will keep it out. I should have done it at the start." He listened for a moment to the sounds coming through the headphones. "It's O.K. now," he said. "Better than it was before."

He wished there was some way of letting them know at Brinalli Downs what he had done and that, with reasonable luck, there should be no more interference with the link between them, but he couldn't do it. He could hear Janet's voice, too loud because of her relief, and he adjusted the level to cut out the blast.

He could hear Peter's voice, clear and steady, saying: "No, don't think about it, Dave's got it fixed, we won't get cut off again," and he felt a glow of satisfaction and power. He settled down to listen again, but he was not flying now, not lost in the technicalities Janet was trying to master. He was listening with a trained ear, evaluating the clarity of the signal.

Now that the throttle setting was adjusted and the link between the plane and the ground re-established, Peter was ready to begin teaching her to manoeuvre the plane into a position from which it might be possible for her to land it. He knew the points on the road ahead which would be difficult—getting her to pull the plane over steeply enough to make a right-angled turn, getting her to close the throttle, getting her to put the nose of the plane far enough down to achieve the right gliding angle.

BUT the first seemed to him the worst. He was afraid that when he persuaded her to stop circling and straighten out she might fly on and on beyond his known landmarks, unable to make herself turn the plane; or that she might turn too shallowly and go on making shallow left-hand turns, so that they lost sight of her and she lost sight of Brinalli Downs homestead and the landing ground; or even that, in a desperate determination to overcome her terror and put the plane into the steep bank he desired, she might overbank, lose her sense of direction, perhaps turn 180 or even 360 degrees without being aware of it, and find herself lost over the flat, featureless timber country.

He was sweating as he talked, and he could feel the tension inside him increasing steadily as the moment when he must turn her out of the safe circle approached. But despite his uneasiness, he kept his voice confident, reassuring. "Don't be frightened of the

tip," he said. "Don't hold yourself away from it. Go with it, go with the plane. You can't fall out of it—it isn't possible. Don't jerk the stick over—put it over smoothly, and smoothly back again. Watch that nose. Don't let it fall away. Look at your altimeter before you go into the turn, and again

FROM THE BIBLE

● "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love."
(Authorised Version)

● "As the Father has loved me, so I have loved you. Dwell in my love."
—John 15.9.
(New English Bible)

when you've straightened up. If you've lost height, lift the nose gently, and climb again. You remember the points where you're to make your turns? Over."

"Over the dam beyond the homestead, then fly straight till I find a fence cutting across, turn at the fence and follow it about a mile till it goes through a clearing, turn over the clearing, and fly straight across trees until I see the ruins of a shed, turn over the shed, and come straight in toward the homestead. Is that right? Over."

"That's right," he said, with relief that she could repeat it with such certainty. "You'll find the clearing and the shed easily. Watch carefully for the fence, there's a strip cleared on either side of it, but it doesn't look much from the air. Make your first turn over the homestead dam, so that we can see you. Begin as soon as you're ready. And don't let that nose fall away. What's your altitude now, and your airspeed? Over."

"Twenty-one hundred feet, a little bit more—and a hundred and five," she said. "Peter, what about the door? Over."

"I didn't hear the last," he said. "Repeat please. Over."

"The door," Janet said. "Door. It was open when Dick fell out of the plane."

"But it's closed," he said. "It must have been closed by the slipstream. I don't understand. Over."

"It's shut," Janet said. "I think it has been all the time. But how do I know it's latched? It might come open when I turn the plane."

He wanted to say well, lean over and give it a prod and see if it's latched, but he knew how impossibly difficult that would seem to her, and he knew, too, that it must have banged sharply shut so that the latch caught as the plane accelerated in its first near-full-throttle rush across the ground.

"It's latched," he said confidently. "It latched itself automatically as you took off. Don't think about it. It can't open. Besides, you'll be doing left-hand turns only. Even if you were turning to the right, your seat-belt would stop you sliding over that way."

"It's undone," she said. "I undid it in the first couple of minutes. I can't do it up with one hand. I've tried, but it isn't possible."

"You'll have to get it done up," he said. "It only takes a second. Take your hands off the stick."

"No," she said sharply, cutting in. "I can't, Pete, I can't, I simply can't. Let me get these turns done while I know what I'm supposed to do. I'm coming in over the homestead now. I'm turning," she said, to forestall any argument from him.

She was not, in fact, over the homestead, he knew, but only approaching it. There was little he could do about it. She would have felt better, safer, in the heaviness of the turn if she'd had the reassurance of the belt cutting across the top of her thighs, but he knew that she was safe enough without it.

He pushed his head and shoulders out through the gap cut in the wall, and his heart began to pound as the plane came into view flying straight across behind the house and down toward the great earth-banks of the dam. Dick and his mother and the cook and all of the men were standing stock-still in the middle of the drive, watching the plane. Peter saw that she was flying straight and level without wing-wobble or deviation toward the dam. Then she was over it and beyond, with no turn made.

The idea of these turns, these right-angled, steep, impossible turns, had frightened Janet so

much that she had thought while Peter's quiet voice went on and on repeating instructions and reassuring her, unless she did them soon, she would never have the courage to do them at all.

The business over the seat-belt gave her opportunity. Better to make these damnable turns than do that, better to do anything at all that Peter said her, rather than take her hands off that treacherous stick. The stick had become, for her, the centre of her opposition to her fear, and her hands were icy and cramped, with her knuckles showing white against the stretched skin, in her effort to grip it tightly and yet not let it gently.

She saw the dam ahead of her and then rushing up beneath her, and the moment she came so suddenly that she was beyond it and knew that she must turn now, at once, when there was no longer time to think. She put the stick back over in a movement that she thought would turn the plane quarter of a circle, and the engine reared up and she was dizzy, falling and had no memory at all of the instantaneous movement with which she returned the stick to its normal position.

She felt sickness, and a sudden exhilaration, and just as she began to notice that the plane was down below the level where it should be Peter's voice came to her from the speaker above her head.

"Fine, that was fine!" he said. "A beautiful turn. You let

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CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP 1 pint TOTO: 12 tomatoes; 1 white onion; Salt and pepper; ½ pint stock or water. A few bacon bones or pieces; Parsley, mushroom and bay leaf. Slice the tomatoes and cut the onions finely. Place into a saucepan with the herbs, bacon, salt, pepper and water or stock. Cook until the onion is quite tender and the tomatoes pulped. Rub through a sieve. Make TOTO according to the directions on the packet and add the sieved tomato purée and stir together until well blended. Serve topped lightly with whipped cream.

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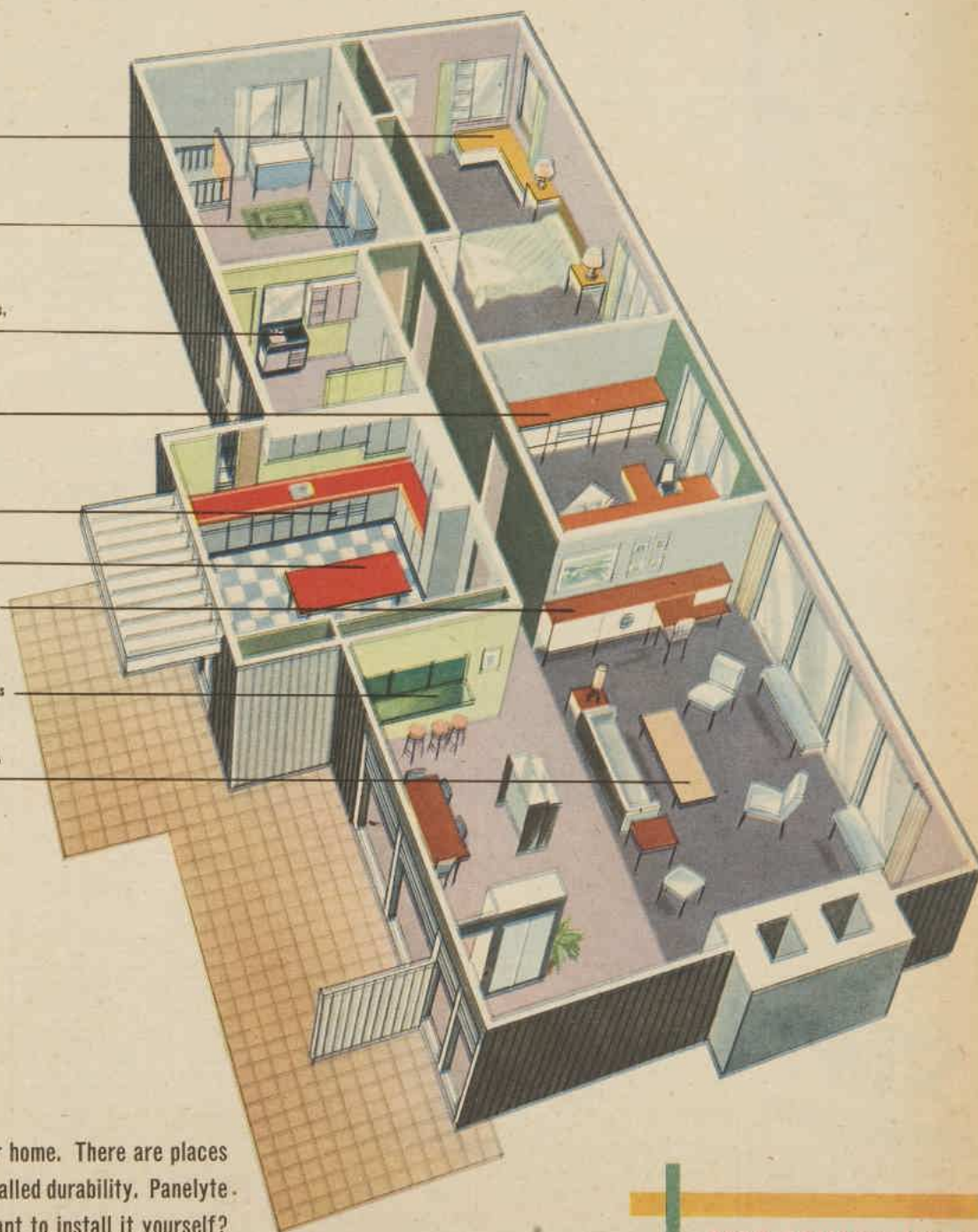
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Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

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nose fall away a little. Ease it up gently now, and level out when you see the fence. Don't call me unless you have an urgent question. Watch for that fence, and make your second turn in exactly the same way."

"I did it, I did it, I really did it!" she said, amazed, and knowing that he couldn't hear her because the microphone was lying dead in her lap. Her voice was high, and caught in her throat on a laugh of excitement. She had not been aware of being on her correct line, had not even thought of it. But Peter had said the turn was good, so she must be right, and the fence lay somewhere ahead.

She peered forward, putting the nose down instinctively as she searched for the fence Peter had said might be difficult to see. Then she noticed that the nose was down, a long way down, pulled it up and, as she moved the stick, saw the narrow clearing and the fence was underneath her, and put the stick sharply left without hesitation because she feared the loss of the landmark more than she feared the turn.

The two movements, stick back and stick to the left, had been rough and sudden, and the plane leapt over to the left, nose down, spiralling, and in several seconds of torture and confusion she could hear her own scream and the high whine of the motor before her frightened reflexes took charge and brought the stick back to the right.

She was flying at one thousand feet over featureless timber, her mouth dry and her eyes fixed with a terror that prevented her seeing anything but the change those seconds had made on the altimeter dial. She braced her toes against the floor to try to stop the convulsive shaking of her legs, and her heels beat out a swift staccato clatter on the rubber flooring.

She was too bewildered, too confused, too shaken to think of lifting the nose and trying to regain lost height. She picked up the microphone, pressed the button, swallowed hard in an attempt to control her voice, and said: "I'm lost. I don't know where I am. Over."

In the office at Brinalli Downs Peter glanced sharply at his brother as the words came through and saw that Dick, bent down beside him to listen, had heard them, too.

"Have you made your second turn?" he said quickly. "Give me also your height and speed. Over."

"I turned—I think," she said. "It all went wrong. Height one thousand feet. Speed just below a hundred. Peter, where am I? I can't find the fence."

A dozen possibilities suggested themselves to him—he might have turned, she might have failed to turn—she might have been in a spin, or a long sideslip—she might even now be heading back toward the homestead paddocks, or on and on over the trees into the tiger country. The only quick way he could think of locating her was by the sun.

"Keep that nose steady," he said. "Don't lose any more height whatever you do. Where is the sun, Janet? Over your right side, or your left? Over."

The query surprised her, and it was a moment or two before she realised what he wanted to know, and glanced round to find the answer. "It's high and behind me. Where should it be?" she said.

"You've turned too far," he said. "Now bank the plane to the right, Janet, the right this time. Keep the nose up, and turn it steadily until you've got the sun high on your right. Keep turning, watch for the

fence, and don't lose any more height. Over."

"That's the long leg," Dick said. "Give her another minute and a half. If she doesn't find it then you'll have to start her circling."

"She may be beyond the point of the third turn when she finds it," Peter said. "How are we to know?"

"As long as she doesn't lose the fence again we can bring her back," Dick said, trying to measure the times and distances in his mind.

"I think I've got it," Janet's voice said. "Yes, I've found the fence. Over."

"Good. Fly dead above it, and don't lose any height. Watch for the clearing—you must be almost there. When you turn make your movements smooth and gentle, and don't let the nose fall away. Call me as soon as you've completed the turn."

"When you get her back overhead you'll have to put her into circuit again while we straighten this out," Dick said. Both of them were watching the second-hand of the office wall clock, uncertain whether there was still time for her to find the clearing, or whether she was flying away from them, north along the fence, beyond the turning point.

From 1000 feet Janet could easily see the clearing ahead of her, with the narrow cleared line of fence running into it and out beyond it on the other side. Her terror when she had

thrown the plane into a spiral dive had momentarily exhausted her, so that she was drained now of any feeling except a dull and sad certainty that if she failed to make, this turn, and make it cleanly, she would be lost.

This time, when she turned, there would be no fence to follow. This would be the short north leg of the rectangle she must fly, and the exactitude of her turn would be her only guide over the trees to the second clearing, with its ruined shed.

JANET began her turn correctly over the dead centre of the clearing, but fear of what had happened last time made her cautious, and she thought she had perhaps not banked as steeply as she should. As she straightened she looked behind her and she couldn't see the clearing, so she pulled the stick a little left and then a little more left, and then she began to hunt and peck first left and right, until she was certain that she had left the clearing dead astern. She closed her eyes for a second, trying to remember the length of the first leg of the rectangle, and how long it had taken her to fly it.

But she couldn't see it, couldn't remember it, couldn't estimate it—too much had

happened since, an eternity of time had passed in the tumult of the dive and the search for the fence. She knew that she should lift the microphone and tell Peter she had made the third turn. But she was too tired, too tired.

Then she saw the second clearing and the ruined shed beneath her, and she turned automatically, without thinking or fearing. She noticed as she straightened that again she had let the nose of the plane fall away, but when she looked at it the altimeter was showing 1200 feet, so she must have been climbing all along the northern leg. Then she could see the vast clearing of the homestead paddocks in front of her. She could hear Peter's voice, calling her urgently to come in, come in.

She couldn't answer him, she could do nothing but concentrate on the dam beyond the homestead. Here she must turn, but a shallower turn this time—a turn which would take her back on to the familiar circle she could fly without fear. She would answer then, and listen to their arguments. But nothing, nothing would take her out again away from the landing-ground, over the trees.

From Brinalli Downs Peter had begun to call her as soon as they had heard the sound of the engine, and knew that she had successfully made the third turn and was running down again toward the homestead. He saw, through the gap in the wall, that the plane was beginning to turn over the dam, and knew that she must be all right, must still be flying it, but his voice was tight with tension as he called again and again: "Come in, Janet. Come in, please, Janet, now. Over."

At the exchange, at the Base, at the aerodrome, in dozens of homesteads scattered over hundreds of miles, they could hear the tension in his voice without knowing that she was over Brinalli Downs, and they stiffened, listening. At last, when she had made a complete circle of the homestead paddocks and the landing-ground, Janet lifted the microphone and said: "I can hear you, over." At the exchange, at the Base, at the aerodrome, in all the homesteads people relaxed a little and smiled their relief.

At Brinalli Downs Mrs. Garnett had come back to stand against the wall of the office, watching her two sons. She could see that Peter was pale with the strain of the past few minutes, and because she could see that already they were tiring she imagined the deathly tiredness that must be assailing Janet, and she longed to say to them, "Hurry, hurry, bring her down anyhow, but bring her down." Peter was speaking quietly now into the telephone.

"That was fine, Janet," he was saying. "You're a magnificent navigator. Now get the nose up, keep circling, and climb gently till you're back at two thousand feet. Did you hear me? Over."

"I heard you," she said. Her voice was flat. "I am climbing. But, Peter, I'm tired. Don't mess about any more." Her voice rose suddenly to a wail. "I can't stand it, I can't stand it."

"She's all to pieces," he said, covering the mouthpiece for a moment. Then he spoke into it again. "You're doing fine," he said. "Just keep climbing. Just tell me what happened when you made that second turn. What happened? What went wrong? Over."

"I lost control," she said. "What does it matter now? It felt like going down the turns of a corkscrew." Peter said quickly, covering the mouthpiece, speaking to his brother.

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***** AS I READ *****

THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting Oct. 30

ARIES

MAR. 21—APR. 20

* Lucky number this week, 9.

Gambling colors, red, grey.

Lucky days, Monday, Wed.

* It's risky just now to rely on promises made by people with many irons in the fire; their intentions will be excellent, but performance may be poor. Thought and action on your part are important.

TAURUS

APR. 21—MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 7.

Gambling colors, silver, blue.

Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

* The most important person might give you a surprise present. If single, this could be an engagement ring. If a parent, a son or daughter might marry, bringing happiness to the family.

GEMINI

MAY 21—JUNE 21

* Lucky number this week, 5.

Gambling colors, grey, violet.

Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun.

* Avoid being involved with unusual people about whom you know very little. Don't borrow or lend to mere acquaintances. Have nothing to do with wildcat schemes for making money.

CANCER

JUNE 22—JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 6.

Gambling colors, lt. blue, gold.

Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

* There's a shower of invitations about to descend on you. If a hostess or in charge of arrangements for an important function, you win praise for your efforts. Many find romance.

LEO

JULY 23—AUG. 22

* Lucky number this week, 3.

Gambling colors, violet, green.

Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

* The object of a passing romance may leave town. A few of you receive a transfer in connection with your occupation. You say farewell, temporarily or permanently, to something in your life.

VIRGO

AUG. 23—SEPT. 22

* Lucky number this week, 1.

Gambling colors, yellow, black.

Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.

* The notification that you have won a prize, been accepted for a job, passed an examination, may be on its way to you. Some of you have documents to sign, possibly legal, or forms to fill in.

LIBRA

SEPT. 23—OCT. 22

* Lucky number this week, 5.

Gambling colors, green, gold.

Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

* Check accounts for possible mistakes; this could save your cash. Keep track of receipts which may be needed in a hurry. The more businesslike you are the better you'll come out. Count your change.

SCORPIO

OCT. 23—NOV. 22

* Lucky number this week, 6.

Gambling colors, navy, red.

Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.

* Although you may have the responsibility of an undertaking you may prefer to work indirectly through others. You may lead the man in your life by a silken thread so he does not realise it.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23—DEC. 22

* Lucky number this week, 2.

Gambling colors, white, navy.

Lucky days, Monday, Friday.

* Your good nature may lead you into much expenditure of time and energy, yet this could bring you a lifetime friendship or an offer of real practical advantage with no strings attached.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 23—JAN. 19

* Lucky number this week, 8.

Gambling colors, black, rose.

Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

* If a gardener you'll be busy with new projects. If you play any game you'll be practicing to improve your standard. If one of a family, group picnics or beach trips are likely.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 20—FEB. 19

* Lucky number this week, 4.

Gambling colors, brown.

Lucky days, Tuesday, Sat.

* Your chance to shine is here, and more may depend upon it than you suppose. You come under the notice of influential people who can help you. Display your talents, but avoid slapdash methods.

PISCES

FEB. 20—MAR. 20

* Lucky number this week, 1.

Gambling colors, brown, green.

Lucky days, Monday, Thurs.

* Purposeful activity is the keynote to a successful week. Plan ahead, foresee contingencies, write down essentials to be done so you can hit your targets. Then relax and enjoy a surprise.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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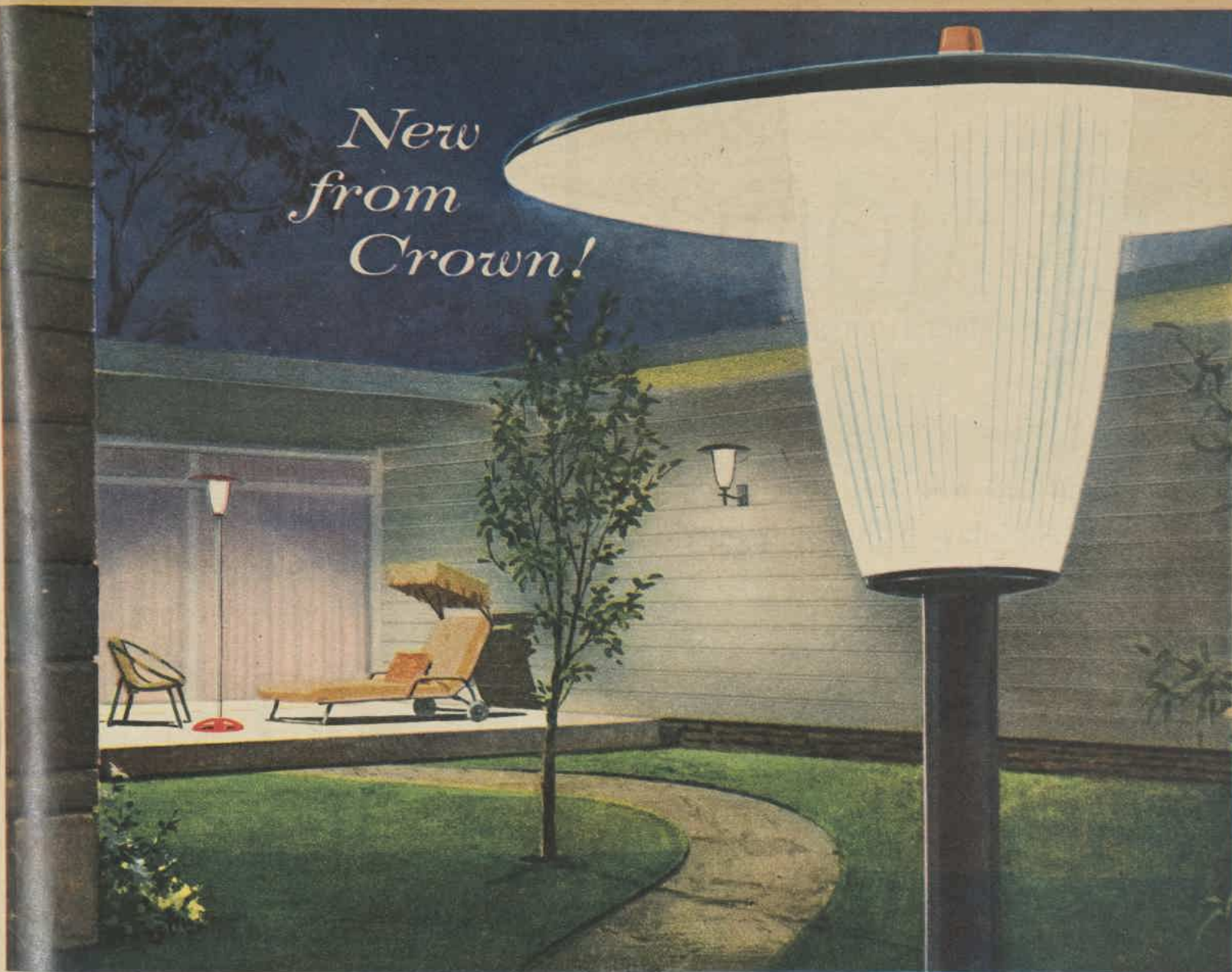
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 <p>Avalon Patio Standard Lantern. Overall height 6' 4" Diameter of reflector 16" Height of glass 8½" Diameter of base 18" Retail price £15/4/9.</p>	 <p>Avalon Exterior Lantern Down. Overall height 15" Diameter of reflector 10" Height of glass 8½" Projection 11½" Retail price £8/2/-</p>	 <p>Avalon Gatepost Lantern. Overall height 18" Diameter of reflector 10" Height of glass 8½" Retail price £7/12/6.</p>	 <p>Avalon Exterior Lantern Up. Overall height 15" Diameter of reflector 10" Height of glass 8½" Projection 11½" Retail price £8/2/-</p>	 <p>Avalon Garden Post Top Lantern. Overall height 7' 3" Diameter of reflector 16" Height of glass 8½" Retail price £9/15/3.</p>
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The 'Avalon' series have white fluted glassware with a white under-side reflector. All fittings except the Patio Standard Lantern have hammertone grey or gloss black metalware with a flamingo knob. The Patio

Standard Lantern is available in either hammertone grey metalware with a flamingo reflector, or with a geranium red reflector and base, and a white pole and knob.



Crown

LIGHTINGWARE

FREE PLANNING SERVICE. Planning light fittings for your home? Send us details of the room or rooms — photographs, plans, etc. We'll be glad to send you a lighting plan personally designed for your home. Use coupon and tick Free Planning Service box.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 1, 1961

FREE LIGHTINGWARE BROCHURE — MAIL COUPON NOW

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Please send me fully illustrated colour brochure of Crown light fittings for the home.

NAME _____

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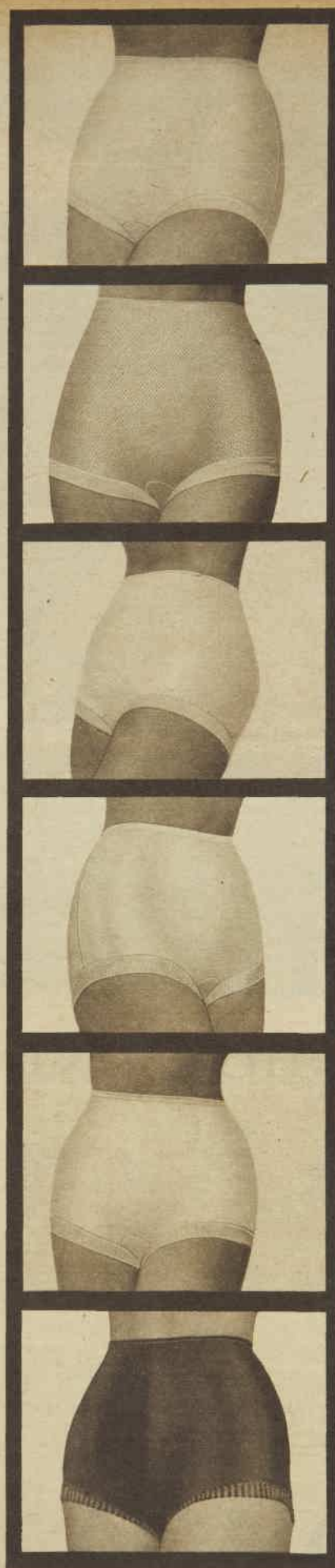
W.W. 1/31

LA MODE

briefs...select from six fabrics

The prices will suit your purse
even the day before pay day!

You may choose a whole spring and summer wardrobe full of the lightest, loveliest, wispy soft briefs from this La Mode collection. Your favourite fabrics (and some you have never seen before) are all full cut and contoured for comfort. The waistbands are gentle yet firm and are guaranteed to last the long life of the garments.



New 2 oz. brief

— the lightest, coolest, soft stretch-cotton ever knitted! Double thickness gusset. Boilable elastic. Three sizes for all fittings — small, medium and large. White only.

6/11 — Girls' sizes 5/11

New Cool-mesh

Air-vented for coolness and freshness. Shape retaining, quick drying. In white only. Sizes SSW to OS.

6/11

Cotrilon brief

Soft, snug, absorbent interlock, also exclusive to La Mode. Boilable elastic, wide rib leg bands. White or pink. SSW to OS

6/11 Girls' sizes 5/11.

New Swami brief

An ever-popular fabric — fresh, cool, absorbent, long wearing. Available in white, pink or blue. SSW to OS

6/11

New Silkalure brief

Long lasting loom fabric. Gentle waistband and wide rib leg bands. In white or pink. SSW to OS

6/11

Bri-nylon brief

— with pretty fluted leg bands. Contour-cut for smooth fit. In white, pink or black. SSW to OS

8/11

LA MODE

"Heavens!" Dick said. "And to seat-belt. She'll have to listen to it."

"Peter, can you hear me?" Janet's voice came again.

"Go ahead, I'm listening," Peter said.

"What's the point in making me climb again?" she said, and her voice was querulous. "I want to get down, not up. I'm not going to climb. I'm going to level off."

"Please do what I ask. Keep climbing. Be reasonable, darling. Do it for my sake. Over."

He was aware of Dick beside him, and of ears listening all over the countryside. What did it matter now, what did anything matter, except that

he done it? Why did he always have to dominate everyone? He was aware of having done it all his life with Peter. It hadn't mattered there because they were brothers, because the bond between them was an old one, because Peter was the elder anyway, and because he never saw himself as being in the contest.

But with Janet . . . with Janet . . . his loss was suddenly a great hollow inside him, and he moved away from the chair from which Peter was speaking to her, and put his head and shoulders out through the wall to look up at her as she crossed his segment of sky in the aeroplane. He couldn't see her, of course—only the sun catching

from page 66

Dick uncovered the mouth-piece and put it to his face. "Janet, it's Dick," he said roughly. "Stop horsing about and get that seat-belt fastened. You can kill yourself if you want to, but that's my aircraft you're flying, and it's worth a lot of money. Take both hands off the stick, and fasten that belt. It won't take you more than a split second to do it. Over."

He waited, but there was no reply from the plane.

"Janet, are you receiving me? Come in," he said.

Again there was no answer from the plane. Had they lost

RIVETS



she should regain her nerve and follow his instructions?

He had not called her that before, not used any endearments to her, had had no agreement with her beyond a spoken one that the situation should be made clear to Dick before she left the west, and a largely unspoken one, stronger than the one on his side than on hers, that they should coast along for a few months, see each other occasionally when he could get down to town, leave things alone and let them take their course.

Beside him, listening, Dick blazed with anger, but anger against himself. It was not Peter's fault—no part of it was Peter's fault. Nor Janet's probably. In a sense he knew that he'd been fighting with her, and enjoying it, from the day she arrived. But oh, so gently—never letting it come to a showdown. But why? Why had

the window-glass of the Piper as it passed.

Each man kills the thing he loves, he thought, and wondered where he had heard the words before. If they were true, then he had done it good and proper.

He could hear Peter explaining to Janet that she would have to fly the rectangle again, that she had to practise turns until she could do them accurately, that her seat-belt must be fastened before they went any further with tuition.

He listened for as long as he could bear it, counting the passing time, measuring against it the fraying of her nerves, and Peter's, by argument. Then he went back to the telephone, took it from Peter's hands, covered the mouthpiece, and said: "What height's she at?"

"Two thousand feet, and flying level," Peter said.

contact, or was she refusing to answer him, waiting until she heard Peter's voice again?

"Janet, are you receiving me?" he said. "It's no good sulking. Fasten that seat-belt and we can go ahead. You won't get any more instruction till you do. Come in."

This time her voice replied at once. "I haven't got six hands," she said coldly. "How am I supposed to fix the seat-belt and operate the mike?"

"Have you got it securely fastened? Over," he said.

"I told you I had," she said. "Yes. Over." "That's fine," he said. "Wonderful. Now everything's dandy. Now you've got to fly that rectangle again. Don't break your circle till I give you the word. We'll take it step by step. Tell me what your main difficulties were last time."

"Put Peter on. I'd prefer to talk to him," she said.

"I know that," Dick said. "Peter's having a rest. Give him five minutes. Then I'll put him on. You've got to fly that rectangle again before you get him. Any questions?"

Janet waited a second, wondering whether to pursue the argument. Then she gave in.

"I don't know how to judge the turns," she said. "How do I know when I've turned through ninety degrees? It's easy on the fence, but on the others? Over."

"It's simple enough. The horizon is a clockface, flat in front of you. You're heading straight for the figure twelve. Ninety degrees left will bring you to nine o'clock. Right? Pick the point on the horizon where nine o'clock would be, and bring the nose round to that. And watch you don't let it drop away as you do it. O.K. Turn over the dam and go straight into it now. I'll talk you round. Watch the nose in your turns and don't call me up unless it's something urgent. Turn now and watch your landmarks. Over."

He saw through the gap in the wall that the plane made the first turn with scarcely any loss of height, and as it flew off straight and level on the southern leg he drew the cup on the desk toward him and took a mouthful of tea.

When she came in, on the last leg of the rectangle, she was east of her course, and crossed the far side of the landing-ground instead of the home-stand.

He talked to her as she went round again, reminding her to watch her altimeter when she straightened up, and this time she came over the home-stand dead on her proper course, but several hundred feet, he thought, below her proper height.

"The first time you were off course, and the second time you lost height," he said. "Go round again and this time come in on your line and at two thousand feet."

To page 70

Famed maker of models keeps fit with All-Bran

Mr. A. H. White, Personage Rd., Castle Hill, N.S.W.

Mr. Alfred H. White, renowned maker of model ships and cathedrals, says: "I have never suffered from irregularity since eating All-Bran. I enjoy it very much. All-Bran is certainly a good product—keeps me fit at all times."



Invite "Mother Nature" to Breakfast

All-Bran is made only by Kellogg's. It is a crisp, appetising breakfast cereal that is rich in BULK—Nature's way of keeping you fit, regular and cheerful.

That is why we suggest you invite "Mother Nature" to breakfast—for this is the way "Mother Nature" promotes and maintains regularity—if you let her. No harsh purgatives or medicines needed this safe, gentle way.

"Bulk" is the answer

With so many modern foods overcooked and over-processed, it is necessary for us to eat at least one food every day which is rich in "bulk." That one is All-Bran—made by Kellogg's for this very purpose.

In addition to giving vital "bulk," All-Bran is a health food. All-Bran contains: Vitamin B₁, Vitamin

B₂, Niacin, Food Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus.

See then why it is so important to enjoy this nourishing laxative food—instead of harsh purgatives which drain energy away.

Begin this pleasant test tomorrow

Enjoy All-Bran with milk and sugar every morning and drink plenty of water. Ten days usually prove effective. If not, you should see your doctor.

If after 10 days you are not completely satisfied, Kellogg's will gladly send DOUBLE your money back if you return the packet.



So crisp and appetising

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

K634

Since I changed to FAB my clothes have never looked whiter



...they've lost that 'left-over' grey look

Women who have changed to FAB are thrilled to find that they've said goodbye to nasty grey soap scum forever. They find their clothes sparkling white—brighter than before. FAB's richer, hardworking suds make light work of the heaviest wash. Even greasy overalls and grubby playclothes come clean and bright. See for yourself how FAB leaves your clothes as clean and fragrant as clothes can be. If your clothes are still suffering from 'left-over' grey soap scum, change to FAB today!

FAB leaves no left-over soap scum that settles in your clothes

FAB makes richer suds that keep on working long after other suds have given up



FAB washes cleaner, whiter, brighter than any soap powder or any detergent!

It seemed to him that the circuit took her twice as long, but when she came over she was dead on course. "What's your height?" he asked.

"One thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine," she said confidently. "I'm coming on."

"You are," he said. "That's excellent. Keep circling and listen carefully." He was determined now to keep pressing her, to keep her successful, not to give her any chance to talk, to argue, to think.

"You're at two thousand feet and you're flying level. Now, when I give you the word, pull your throttle off. Grab hold of the throttle lever and pull it right out toward you. You'll hear your engine ticking over very quietly. That's all right. It won't stop. It's like a car running in neutral. Now, as you do that, you'll lose your forward speed and the nose will drop away. Pull the stick back, pull it back, so that you're still flying level. Then

Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

from page 69

push your throttle in again and the nose will go up and you'll start to climb. Push the nose down then, till you're flying level. Have you got all that clear? Any questions? Over."

"Pull the throttle up and lift the nose when it drops. Push the throttle in, and put the nose down till she's flying level. Is that right?"

"That's right. Take it slowly. Don't rush your movements or you'll get a nasty switchback effect. You've got two thousand feet to play with, so there's no hurry. Off you go. Try it."

"All right," Janet said. "It seems a stupid thing to do, but I'll try it."

The first time she pulled the throttle up the fall of the nose and the sudden near-silence frightened her and she pulled the nose up and pushed the

throttle home and achieved just the unnerving switchback effect that Dick had warned her about.

She watched the altimeter, regained two thousand feet, circled till she was again over the landing-ground, and tried the manoeuvre again more cautiously. The moment of glide before she lifted the nose and the great forward surge of power that seemed to go through the plane and through her body when she pushed the throttle in gave her the first feelings of confidence she had had that morning.

After a minute or two Dick called her up again. "If you've lost height, regain two thousand," he said. "Then

close your throttle, let the nose fall, and steady it when it looks about three feet below the horizon. Hold it there and watch your altimeter. Glide down like that until you've lost five hundred feet. Then open up your throttle and let her climb slowly back again. Any questions? Over."

"I'll get lost. I can't go on circling while I'm doing that."

"Try it on the straight the first time. Get back on to your rectangular course, and start your glide immediately after straightening out of the third turn. Call me up only if you're in trouble. Over."

Janet flew the rectangular course again, unwillingly. She was getting used to the look of the strip of country, so that finding her turning-

point landmarks was quite easy, but nothing, nothing, she felt, would ever accustom her to the vertiginous horror of the moment when she seemed to hang, head down, between the canted wings. She knew that she couldn't really be hanging head downwards as she turned — the laws of sense and gravity denied it. But at 2000 feet, alone, in a turning plane, the laws of sense and gravity were suspended for her, and she was sick and shaken with alarm at every turn.

On this round, when she'd turned for the fourth time, closed her throttle, and let the nose fall to the measure Dick had recommended, the plane came down in a long glissade, silken, weightless through the vivid morning air, with a motion she thought was like the envious flight of birds. She was beyond the homestead, well below her 1500 feet, when Dick's voice recalled her to the need to act.

"Open your throttle, turn and begin to climb," he said.

She wavered then, unable to nerve herself for the steep turn at so much lower a level, then opened the throttle and, as the nose lifted, put the stick a little to the left.

"Watch your altimeter," Dick's voice said. "What happened?"

"Sorry. I'm at twelve-fifty and climbing now," Janet said.

DICK'S voice was firm. "I can see you. You can climb faster than that. Ease the nose up a little more and circle till you get to two thousand feet. When you're there, go into the circuit again. Make your four turns, and after the fourth one pull your throttle back, let the nose fall roughly three feet below the horizon, and watch your airspeed indicator. Keep it on eighty knots. If it's showing more than that, your glide is too steep. Ease the nose up a little at a time till the indicator is steady at eighty. Any questions? Over."

"Do you mean I can alter the speed of the plane by lifting or lowering the nose when it's gliding?"

"Sure," he said. "That's the only way you can, with your throttle off. I said three feet below the horizon before. Those measurements are only rough—they look different to different people. You've got to find out for yourself what inclination of the nose will bring you down at a steady eighty knots. Take five minutes over it if you like, or ten, but get it fixed in your eye. It's very important to you when you're coming in to land. Now try it. Round you go. Over."

She tried it four times—four more hideous sets of four right-angled turns—before she was certain she had learnt the gliding angle.

"Fine, you've got that," Dick said. "Now regain two thousand feet, turn over the dam in the usual way, close your throttle, watch your indicator, keep your airspeed at eighty knots, and make your second turn on to the line of the fence while you're still gliding. Straighten out, open up your throttle, fly straight and level to your third turn—you should be somewhere between thirteen and fifteen hundred feet then. Close your throttle again when you come in sight of the old shed on your fourth turn, make your fourth turn while you're gliding, and come in straight and level over the homestead. Aim to come in at a thousand feet, losing no more than five hundred on each glide. Any questions? Over."

"Why can't I just come in from miles away, flying absolutely straight, and getting lower and lower? Surely that'd be the safest thing."

"That country's flat, but it's not as flat as that. That's impossible. There's timber, there are unevennesses in the ground, and we couldn't see you or direct you. You've got to have your landing-ground in sight, and you've got to turn on to it while you're gliding down. Now get going, and make your second and fourth turns gliding ones. Over."

"Let me do them when I have to," she said. "I know what I have to do, and I can do it better if it's only once. If I have to do it over and over again . . . Her voice petered out, tearful and desperate.

"You're wasting time," he said, his voice deliberately neutral and business-like. For himself he didn't care about the listening ears, but he was glad for her sake that she didn't know of them.

"It's no good flying round and round working yourself into a tizz about it. You've got to do a gliding turn on the second and fourth. Get started now, and call me up and give me your altitude when you've made the second turn. Over."

To be concluded



**THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
THING IN YOUR KITCHEN
EXCEPT THE FOOD IT MAKES**

Your Sunbeam Mixmaster is so beautiful you'll want everyone to see it; so easy, fast and many-purposed you'll wonder how you ever did without it. As you turn out lighter sponges, higher, finer, textured cakes, creamier ice creams and smoother mashed potatoes, you and your Mixmaster will automatically take the hard work and guesswork out of cooking.

LOOK AT THE PICTURE and you'll see how easily you can adjust to the perfect speed for every mixing task and how the two straight sided bowls are designed to make aeration faster and more even. That big juice extractor too, just whizzes out fruit drinks at short notice. You can't see the ball bearing disc that lasts a lifetime, nor the powerful fan-cooled motor, but you know they're the best possible because they're Sunbeam—which is another reason everyone is so proud to own a Sunbeam Mixmaster.

THE SPEEDY, LABOUR-SAVING MINCER ATTACHMENT

- Streamlines your hardest kitchen task—minces raw or cooked meat faster and better than hand-mincing.
- Chops vegetables for soups, sauces and chutneys.



THE VERSATILE DRINK-MIX BLENDER ATTACHMENT

- Makes every kind of long and short drink.
- Purees baby foods, cream soups, sauces.
- Turns leftovers into sandwich spreads.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

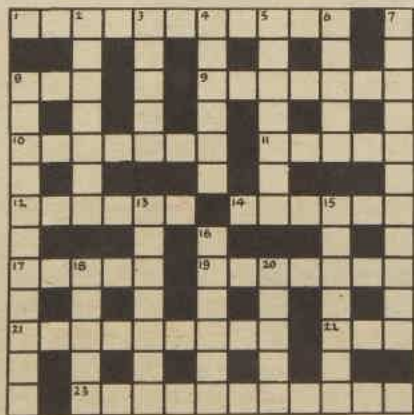
MANDRAKE wants to speak to outer-space Emperor Magnon about the mysterious disappearance of a star. He uses an inter-planet alarm, and Magnon appears as a tri-dimensional projection. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Gory Ted lost cave-dwellers (11).
- Putrefaction of a trotter (3).
- Be a world-famous surgeon to raise a pustule on the skin (7).
- Intense (7).
- Half a score of them make a whole (5).
- He thinks he has proof of nothing but his own existence (6).
- No herb can make an ancient Irish judge (6).
- Its board has 256 squares (5).
- Its capital is Montgomery (7).
- Dispatches exist deep (9).
- Part of a foot (3).
- Gain red rose (Anagr., 11).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Lake in North America, and rain, too (7).
- Extensive in a regal way (5).
- Bad tee (Anagr., 6).
- Stir wet a whirling wind (7).
- The devil sits at a night convention. Can you see him? (5).
- When rare tea is in the pot (11).
- Invigorating food or drink, starting with a first-year university student whose foot went into his head (11).
- An undetermined person or thing (2-3-2).
- Firesides in her hats (7).
- Fragment of cloth and a label make the rabble (6).
- A tainted person, if headless, could be a member of the House of Lords (5).
- Mars on the warpath commits a fiery crime (5).

Fashion PATTERNS

● Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 4348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7406.—Slim-skirted button-through Princess-line frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Short-sleeved style takes 3½yds. 36in. material; with three-quarter sleeves, 3½yds. 36in. material. Both styles require 1½yds. braid or grosgrain ribbon. Price 4/9.

F5263.—Pretty sunfrock with self-cummerbund. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. lining. Price 4/-.

F7451.—Child's sleeveless frock with full skirt and contrasting collar. Sizes four to ten years. Requires 2½ to 3yds. 36in. material and ½yd. contrast material. Price 3/-.

F7449.—Full-skirted frock with draped neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and ½yd. contrast material. Price 4/9.



Invite your friends in for a "Bushells Break"



*The Tea
of Flavor*

The Instant that IS coffee

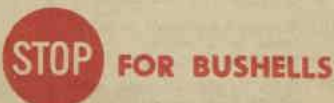
The new and friendly way to get together with neighbours and your friends is to invite them in for a "Bushells Break."

It is a wonderfully easy, relaxed way to get together . . . even for you, the hostess.

A friendly cup of Bushells helps everyone relax and enjoy the bright company and pleasant chit-chat . . . and

Bushells INSTANT Coffee means you can now serve either tea or coffee without fuss or trouble, yet know you are offering your guests the best there is . . . Bushells.

Bushells like to think they have made it easy for you to have these friendly get-togethers often. Invite those friends and neighbours NOW . . . and arrange a "Bushells Break" this week.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

November 1, 1961

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

**PATSY ANN
NOBLE** gives
a recipe — p. 11

**TONS OF
TRAVEL TIPS**
— see pages 4-5



LETTERS

Help! I'm oh, so lonely

DEAR TEENAGERS, I read your letters every week and I envy you more than anyone could ever know. To think you only have problems like clothes, diets, records, and boys.

My problem is loneliness. I am only 19 and to get out and meet people I joined a dramatic society. I was elected secretary and am also vice-president of our town sporting club. I try to make myself interested in everything and everyone and I have a lot of friends. But they are not close friends, they are acquaintances.

Do you know what it is like to come home after a show or party and cry yourself to sleep? Can you understand what it is like to be in everything and yet be left out? I can't explain this feeling—but I have it in my heart. Any other reader in this position can be consoled by knowing there are two of us. If anyone can help me, please do. —"Marooned," N.S.W.

Terse verse

IN the morning, lots of yawning.
Out of bed, head like lead.
Towel's wet, in a fret.
Can't find brush, frightful rush.
Coffee cold, rolls all sold.
Missing hat, mess on mat.
So much fuss, miss the bus.
Endless wait, office late.
Boss in grumpy, clerks look frumpy.
Ask for rise, correct surmise.
Hours go past, home at last.
Favorite chair, forget all care.
Relatives call, spirits pall.
Buzz in head, late to bed.
Awful dream, wake with scream.
Day to face, same old race. —
"Typical," Melbourne.

Salad years

PITY for the poor kids who leave school after third year. Fourth year is the best year of your life. You're not treated like a child and you have some responsibility yourself. If you hate schoolwork, at least you can do the subjects you like best. You have the fun of school socials,

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O.,

too. I'm heartbroken that I've only got a little while to go—provided I pass, of course! —Susan Walker, Coff's Harbour, N.S.W.

Best things

DURING a literature period at school the master asked us what we considered the three greatest things in our lives. I decided that love, friends, and Christianity are the three in my life. You may wonder why I do not include living in a free country. I would have included it as my next greatest thing, but I decided it would not be to my advantage if I did not have the other three I named. What do other readers consider are the three greatest things in life? —Richard Kruse, Blackburn Road, Blackburn, Vic.

Time flies

WHEN it is tomorrow, tomorrow becomes today. Today, when it is tomorrow, which will be today, becomes what we term yesterday, which never is but was. An opportunity missed today cannot be easily regained when today is gone. —Phil Ossifer, Elizabeth Street, Geelong, Vic.

Out of sports

I'M furious! I'm boiling! I'm wild! Why? Oh, why are seniors, especially girls, forced to play sport? Chivied and ordered like toddlers, they are crammed into ghastly garbs and commanded to "Go, play!" when all the time they are longing to go and study in some quiet corner. I hate sport, my idiotic mistakes spoil it for everyone else, and besides, I want to study so I'll pass exams. At 18 one is supposed to be mature enough to decide one's career and participate in community affairs, and yet we're forced to rush around after a ball whether we like it or not! —"Basketballer," Belmont, Vic.

Query answered

I HAVE often heard and read of "Washington, D.C.," but I don't know what the D.C. stands for. Could you please tell me? —Colleen Hill, Nanbaree Road, Ryde, N.S.W.

The "D.C." stands for District of Columbia.—Ed.

Wedded miss

EVER since I have been married my husband and I have been left out of everything. My husband is 19 and I am 17. We aren't accepted at teenage dances and we feel out of place at adult functions. Other young married couples have said it's the same with them. —"Left Out," Launceston, Tas.

Incongruous

DOESN'T it seem incongruous that now that summer is here millions of people will do their best and go through

BEATNIK



"This running away from employment is endsville, man —what I need is a holiday!"

the agonies of sunburn in an effort to tan their skins as dark as possible—and yet the people who have naturally black skin will be shunned as much as ever. —"Teen," Newcastle, N.S.W.

Junior farmers

THROUGHOUT Australia there are many young people who belong to Junior Farmers' Clubs. A Junior Farmers' Club is a group of at least ten girls and boys between 10 and 25, who elect their own officers, hold regular meetings, and carry out individual home projects.

There are many of these projects. For girls there is home science (needlework, cookery, etc.) and for boys there is agriculture, livestock, and general things such as cattle and sheep judging.

As well as acquiring skills in these things, members can win overseas trips and scholarships to study at Agricultural Colleges, or win merit certificates

and the "Star" Junior Farmer Contest designed to select the most outstanding boy or girl in each State.

Anyone wishing to obtain further information regarding Junior Farmers' Clubs should write to the Australian Council of Young Farmers, Endeavour House, 33 Macquarie Place, Sydney.—Bruce MacKay, Parramatta, N.S.W.

Next Week

THERE are two pages of color pictures of slim, trim clothes for the young man with fashion on his mind. We tell you how much they cost, too. Debbie, our teenage chef, cooks up another treat—ALSO, there's another article in our series Art Through the Ages. Young star jockey Geoff Lane is our pin-up on the cover, and there's a story about him.

ART CRITIC BOILED IN OILS!

AN artist paints to release his pent-up emotions, whether they be fear, sorrow, love, hatred, etc. Or he might wish to give his own personal impression of some subject. Unless he is painting purely for profit, and therefore not a true artist in the proper sense of the word, he does not think about the reaction of the general public at all. Unfortunately, there have been far too many get-rich-quick "artists," usually of poor or mediocre ability, who throw the paint on the canvas, put it up for sale, and some status-seeking "art lover" will purchase it at an immense profit to the artist. —"Leonardo," Marmong Point, N.S.W.

RECENTLY I saw an exhibition of this nauseating form of art and was amazed to hear so many varied interpretations on what the artists meant by these daubs and

● From Campsie, N.S.W., "Art Student" wrote: "I cannot understand how anybody can like modern art. Splashes and blobs of paint just thrown anywhere isn't art—anyone can do that." Most readers, however, didn't agree . . .

splashes of paint, obviously just thrown at the canvas. To me this is just an extravagant waste of good paint. Because of the fear that they will not be considered fashionable, people buy this art to keep up with their friends. —"P.A.M.," Blacksmiths, N.S.W.

HAVE you ever heard the famous words of the German writer Goethe? "A work of art," he wrote, "is like a monarch; you have to stand before it and wait until it starts to speak." I gather that "Art Student" is a person who likes being spoon-fed. Why not buy a camera? Then

generally applied to most of the modern movements, the term may be applied to forms of Egyptian art, so the style is really older than that of the Old Masters. —"Art Lover," Newcastle.

THE "art student" who criticised modern art has obviously never studied the subject. Rather than the passage reading "I cannot understand how anybody can like it," I think it should read "I cannot understand it." A modern art representation of the Crucifixion of Jesus, if studied and understood, can be more pleasing than an ordinary painting. It shows greater thought, skill, and emotion. A painting should arouse emotions of the same kind in the observer as were aroused in the artist when he was inspired to paint it. This is often truer of a painting in the modern style than of one in the old.—Merome Darlington, Shackleton, W.A.

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● "Now you are up where you belong—with all the other little angels!" he said as he lifted me high into the air. No, I wasn't dreaming. My boy-friend really DID say that. It sounded wonderful!

HE was the boy, I thought, who always laughed at all the romantic parts in films. Yet here he had come up with sweet words worthy of a wide-screen sweetie. Probably he did it to avoid a "roasting" for crushing my dress! But I didn't care—the heart-warming thought was there. I suddenly realised it was one of the little courtesies so often missing in boy-girl friendship. Later I listed tiny things we girls like, and hate, boys to say and do. Here they are . . .

WE LIKE YOU TO . . .

1. Take us home to meet your family. It lets us know that you're proud of us.
2. Tell us the truth about everything. None of this attitude, "what we don't know doesn't hurt us"—we'll find out in the end and be doubly hurt.
3. Tell us when you think we look really pretty. We go to a lot of trouble to look nice and it's worth while if you appreciate it.
4. Have a favorite dress or hairdo that we wear. Then if we want to look "special" for you, we know just how.
5. Offer to help wipe-up when our Parents have you to dinner.
6. Be sweet and interested in your younger brothers and sisters. You were a "nuisance" once, too.
7. Be interested in our jobs, studies, and future plans in these fields.
8. Always ring us when you say, and sometimes ring as a surprise to let us know you're thinking of us.
9. Let us know when you're taking us on dates so we can be ready on time.
10. Remember us when you have a few shillings left over from your budget. Girls just love to be spoilt with little, unexpected gifts.

WE HATE YOU TO . . .

1. Show-off when you're driving a car by speeding and taking risks. It terrifies us and we're not keen to come again.
2. Always want to have a night "out with the boys." Why not let us bring some girl-friends and make it fun for all?
3. Wear too much greasy hair oil. Who wants to run their fingers through mops of "axle-grease"?
4. Refuse to dance at parties or dances because you "don't know how." Get up and try, or decide to learn from an expert.
5. Behave badly in public when we're with you—say, by not standing for a woman in a bus or by not walking outside of us on the street.
6. Use bad grammar when you're speaking. There's nothing "sissy" about a well-spoken man.
7. Speak badly of past girl-friends. We like to think you have respect for all girls and that you will be pleasant about us if we stop dating.
8. Complain about the price of tickets to a certain show. If your budget can't afford it, don't ask us. Pick something which suits your pocket.
9. Ask for gifts back when we stop going with you. We will always want to keep these and remember the fun we had with you.
10. Flirt with and make a fuss of other girls when we're on a date with you. Try to make us feel "special" and you'll be that to us.

MEMO ALL BOYS:

YOU CAN BE DARLINGS

By Kerry Yates

FROM here ...

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● Take a map of the world. Where are you? Just here. In Australia. And there, many miles across the map, is London. Between is a kaleidoscope of peoples and sights and sounds and traditions. You want to meet everyone, see everything — the lot.



YOU can't, of course — not the lot, but if you've a year, £600 to spend, and a bit of imagination, you can sample as much as you can digest. You can start your grand tour—not from England—but almost as soon as you leave Australia.

How soon, depends on the route you take.

Study the map again. Now, jot down in geographical sequence the places that most fascinate you.

Reached London yet? Then trace your way back to Australia—a different way back.

This is the way YOU want to go. Don't let anyone talk you out of it. With your money, it's your world, and without having a crack at, your way.

Your travel agent is the man to tell you if your home-planned trip is feasible. You may have to compromise, but it's worth taking extra time for exploration—on paper.

You'll find that nearly everything is possible. That you CAN take a slow boat to China — or a fast train from Rome to Moscow, complete with huge samovar of tea.

But before you settle on any such exotic route, there are two oh-so-down-to-earth realities to keep in mind.

Firstly, it's very easy to get transport TO Europe. It's extremely difficult — owing to the migrant traffic — to get BACK to Australia, unless you have booked a long time ahead.

"Waggon-trains"

Therefore, it is important to plan and book your ROUND trip before you leave Australia.

Secondly, although you can get a reduced single fare from Australia to England in the "off-season" with any shipping line, you will have to return with the same line (or an allied line) to get a reduction coming back.

But unless you travel first-class leaving Australia "in season" — in which case the fares to and fro are usually

exactly the same—you will have to expect your return to Australia to cost more than your trip to Europe.

For instance, you can get to Europe at a minimum of about £90, but the cheapest berth you can get back to Australia is about £150.

So now we can go ahead and plan. Which way from Australia?

Will you go **OVERLAND** to London from India?

Look at the distances on the map. It is an immense tour and a rugged one. It's tackled by four coach services only once a year, in February or March.

Travelling by coach or minibus, a minimum of 9000 miles overland, it is NOT the most comfortable tour in the world. Neither is it the cheapest way of travelling. But for sheer Marco Poloish adventure you can't beat it.

Are you coming? Well, you can book quite a few ways.

"The Indiaman" service comprises two coaches of about 38 seats. The

tour, leaves from Colombo and arrives in London on the 64th day. It costs £118/10/- and is run by Western Australian Colin Thick. Compass Tours again are the booking agents.

The prices quoted are the transport costs only. They do NOT include your sea or air trip to Colombo—£69 the absolute minimum sea fare—nor meals and accommodation en route.

You'd have to allow an extra £1 a day for these. And on some stretches of the trek you'd have to be prepared to camp out overnight.

But what about going by **SHIP** to London? Can you do any touring en route?

My word you can! Ports of call on any shipping run offer enough time to say you've seen and been. And while it would cost you too much to disembark from the ship in the earlier stage of the voyage—single port-to-port legs of sea voyages are very expensive, compared with the Australia to London through fares—there's no reason why

We'll take an "off-season" ticket in all cases, because it's cheaper than when travelling "full season," and we'll leave Australia in either July or August so that we get there before winter.

Fares quoted are those from Sydney. Other Australian ports of embarkation may cost more or less, depending from which port the ship begins its north-bound trip.

All aboard for Italy? Right. We'll book a berth in a four-berth cabin in Castel Felice, one of the ships run by the Sitar Line. At a minimum this will cost £127 single. But there's a £10 discount if we disembark at Naples.

See Naples . . .

That's just what we're planning to do. Heavy luggage will be sent on in the ship to Southampton. Only light baggage will be needed for the overland tour.

En route we call at Auckland, Singapore, Colombo, Aden, and while the ship is passing through the Suez Canal we take an overland tour to Cairo and join the ship again at Port Said.

Then, full steam ahead through that incredibly blue Mediterranean and into the bay of Naples.

Ecco Napoli! ("There's Naples!") Yes, having been on the ship for a month, we've picked up a little bit of Italian. We've also picked up a couple of friends who are going to travel through Italy with us, and, on the voyage, we've had time to read about the country and plan a rough itinerary.

We'll do our touring by **TRAIN**. They're cheap and very good in Italy, and from the central railway station in Naples we can buy a special "travel at will" ticket. This, second class and valid for 30 days' travel anywhere in Italy, costs £15/3/8.

Actually, it saves a lot of time and trouble to buy this ticket before leaving Australia. You can buy it from the Italo-Australian Agency, 309 Victoria Street, West Melbourne, Victoria.

Ticket in hand, Italy is at our feet. And where we can't go by rail, there'll always be a **BUS**.

Modern Marco Polos go 9000 miles by bus

70-day tour, which begins in Madras and includes the Holy Land, costs £169/8/6.

Your booking agent is World Travel Service, which has offices in Sydney and Melbourne.

Penn Overland Tours offer a shorter (64 days) coach tour, which also includes the Holy Land, starts from Colombo and costs £110/10/-.

Bookings can be made through Partitours, 56a King William Street, Adelaide.

"Spirit of Australia," a minibus tour run by Allan Simkin, of Sydney, lasts 55 days and costs £140. Compass Tours, with offices in Sydney and Melbourne, handle bookings.

"Waltzing Matilda," also a minibus

you shouldn't leave the ship once you get to a Southern European port and go overland to England.

In any case, some shipping lines terminate their voyages in Greece or Italy or France, so you HAVE to tour Europe overland.

But, even if your ship is going on to London, it's a cheaper proposition to disembark at a Southern European port and make your own way north than it is to set south again from London.

Your choice of shipping lines and disembarkation ports is wide.

For example, we'll take Italian, Greek, Dutch, and English ships. We'll disembark at a Mediterranean port and we'll wander at leisure through the different countries to England.



... TO there—VIA everywhere

***So you've decided to travel
to London? Well, you need
not go the shortest way.***

***Read these tips and take
a fun-filled, devious route...***

Staying in youth hostels or in pensions (boarding-houses) at each centre, about 30/- a day, should cover all expenses, leaving a bit extra to buy a string of coral strands in Naples, a silk scarf or gondolier's hat in Venice, a hand-tooled leather purse in Florence, and postcards.

What to see in Italy? That, of course, depends on what your particular interests are. With a normal superficial interest in everything we want to see art galleries and beaches, churches and taverns, large cities and small mountain villages, markets and department stores.

For specific information on any particular place, the C.I.T. office or the E.N.I.T. — both Government tourist offices in Italy — are the places to head for.

For an art or university student, touring in Italy is just a bit easier and cheaper. From the Italian Embassy in Canberra you can get a student's card, which will give you free entry to all public art galleries and half-price entrance to private collections.

For accommodation, there's a chance that you'll get free board in university lodgings.

Some useful addresses in Italy, by the way, are: Italian Association of Youth Hostels (A.I.G.) 24, Via Guidubaldo del Monte, Roma; Italian Camping Federation, 2, Via Mameli, Firenze; Italian Automobile Club 8, Via Marsala, Roma.

Plenty of transport

Thirty days goes fast, and now it's time to leave Italy. To go where? We can catch our train to the borders of three countries — France, Switzerland, or Austria.

In either country we can get good and cheap train travel — this is impossible to organise from Australia, but simple to arrange from a large railway station before you leave Italy.

But we can also leave Italy by boat. From Bari, or Brindisi in the South, we can catch a regular ferry up the Adriatic coast to Trieste, and then go

north into Austria or East into Yugoslavia.

From Brindisi, too, a ferry will take us to Greece. And from Naples we can go by ship to Sicily, Malta, Marseilles, Barcelona, and right down the coast of Spain to Valencia, a trip that can take a minimum of three days. Also leaving Naples for Spain are cargo ships carrying vegetables and occasional passengers.

It is best not to try to organise a boat trip before you leave Australia. Timetables and services are often erratic and it is simpler to book on these trips through your tourist office in Italy.

But now, we'll leave you there, and set off from Australia on a different ship. We'll go Greek.

That means we'll take a berth in Patris, which is run by the Greek-Australian Line. This, in a four-berth cabin, will cost £125 single.

We travel via the Suez Canal and the voyage terminates at Piraeus, the port of Athens—where "Never on Sunday" was filmed.

through Italy and France to London.

But as Patris is semi-chartered by the O.V.C. we are bound to meet members on board who want to spend more than three days in Greece before heading for London.

Good. Then we can happily miss the club contingent train and catch the next one when the ship comes back two months later.

And two months is easily tucked away in Greece. Living simply in low-priced hotels, NOT in the marble hotels in Athens, £1 a day will cover accommodation, food, and travelling costs.

We'll travel mainly by local buses and ferries. The American Express Company in Athens can help with timetables and itineraries, as can any large travel agency. Chat Tours, in Stadiou Street, Athens, is one of the more reliable companies, and can usually arrange reasonable accommodation anywhere in Greece.

For the pilgrimages to Delphi — perched miraculously on a ridge of Mount Parnassus — to Olympia, and

Two months with the glory that was Greece

En route we learn to drink thick sweet Turkish coffee — served everywhere in Greece — a couple of words of the language, and swot up our Greek history and geography.

And one morning, as we get into the cooler Mediterranean, shoals of barren islands slip past the portholes. There's Milos — where the famous Venus de Milo was found. These are the Greek Islands and soon we'll be in Piraeus.

Where to from there? There is a choice. If, before we leave Australia, we join the Overseas Visitors Club — £10/10/- entrance fee and yearly subscription — we can get free two days' board and sightseeing in Athens before catching, again all for free, a special coach, then ferry to Italy, and train

to Epidaurus, the 4th Century B.C. open-air theatre set in the mountains of Peloponnese, where Greek tragedies are still performed, it's best to take an organised coach tour with a guide.

Each tour lasts a full day or more, and includes meals at good restaurants and the cost, ranging from £4 to £7, is value for money.

We should try to see a performance of traditional Greek dancing in the ancient theatre in Piraeus; should seek accommodation in private Greek homes in the towns and villages rather than in hotels; taste the famous Greek honey for breakfast; and stay on some of the Aegean Islands.

• Continued, page 10

HOW TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY

• **PASSPORT:** Your travel agent will give you an application form to fill in. Send or deliver it, plus your birth certificate, £1, and two unmounted photographs about 2in. by 2½in. which have been certified and signed by a responsible citizen, to your local Department of Immigration office. If under 21 years you will require your parents' written consent. You should apply for a passport at least a month before departure.

• **VISAS:** Your travel agent will advise what you need, depending on your itinerary. In Western Europe, Australians require visas for Spain and Portugal only. Check the date of expiry of the visas. They are issued for various lengths of time.

• **TAX CLEARANCE:** This can be applied for not EARLIER than a month before departure.

• **INOCULATION, VACCINATIONS:** Smallpox vaccination is necessary. And if travelling through the East, typhoid and cholera protection is recommended.

SUMMER

● Candy Hardy presents
clothes as you
designs can be made
for pretty much
Box 4060, G.P.O.



7417: Nifty one-piece is straight-cut and just loaded with latest fashion, from its round, collarless neckline to the self-ruffle trim on the slightly flared skirt. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



7279: New summer party fare—a bare-top one-piece with a fitted midriff and swirling skirt. The fabric choice is yellow-and-white-striped cotton, equally pretty in plain or floral. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



CLOTHES TO SEW

...here as pretty a collection of summer resort
...could hope to see or wear. Even better news: All the
...from easy-to-follow paper patterns. Order now
...mer sewing. Mail orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd.,
...Sydney. Be sure to state size required.



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — November 1, 1961



7285: High style for the young in candy-striped cotton. The sleeveless bodice has a collarless neckline and the skirt is a flurry of stripes. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



7278: Be a 1961 seashore belle in these resort-cum-beach separates. This four-in-one pattern is a perfect investment for summer days ahead. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

Louise Hunter

Here's your answer

He does

"I ATTEND a co-ed high school.

There are several long halls in this school with stairs at each end. Every time I see a certain boy he smiles and watches me down the hall till I go down the stairs and he can no longer see me. I didn't know this until one of my friends told me she had seen him watching me several times. At first I did not believe her but one wet day I was eating lunch in a classroom and he came into the room with some other boys. From where I was sitting I could see him and he just gazed at me until the bell rang. This has happened to me several times since then. I am just an average-looking girl and there are several girls I know of who like this boy a lot, and they are more attractive than me. They are allowed out and I am not. Do you think he might like me?"

"Not Sure," N.S.W.

I'm sure he does.

Too young

"I AM nearly 14 and rather small. I like a girl very much. Every time she sees me she smiles at me. I would like to ask her to a dance that is on in a few weeks' time, but as she is a bit taller than me I was wondering if it would make a difference. She is not interested in one particular boy; she likes many. Should I ask her?"

"Buto," N.S.W.

You are far too young to ask any girl to a dance; your height has nothing to do with it. If a girl likes a boy, his height or lack of height makes not the slightest difference to her.

Talk trouble

"I AM a girl of 17 and have been working in an office for 12 months. I find it difficult to keep a conversation going with any boys I go out with and feel that I might not be capable of keeping a boy-friend. I have good looks, good figure, I dress well, and come from a lovely home with lovely parents. Is there a book I could read on how to improve my conversation, or what would you suggest?"

"Hoping," N.S.W.

Read: "How to Win Friends and Influence People," by Dale Carnegie. It doesn't actually teach you how to make conversation, but it is chock-a-block with good ideas that build confidence and have been proved to be true. It should be a great help to you.

As well as this, make it a habit to read a newspaper thoroughly every day. Many people who can't keep a conversation going just have nothing to say and don't know what is going on around them. Reading a daily newspaper will give you plenty to talk about and make you more interesting.

I can't see any evidence from your letter that makes me feel you are incapable of keeping a boy-friend, but you really should work at your conversation.

By the time a boy gets to the stage of asking you out you should have a fair idea of his interests. It might be judo, board-riding, tennis, or catching butterflies. Before you go out with him, go to the public library or read that paper again and learn something about his pet passion. Then you'll at least be an interested and intelligent listener, a combination young men like.

Unhappy time

"I AM a 16-year-old teenage girl and I am very unhappy. Everybody tells me I am just at the difficult age, but there must be something else wrong. My trouble is that I am always in trouble at home. I have thought of running away, but that won't do me any good. If I am at fault, please tell me so. I love my parents very much and I don't want to hurt anyone."

"Worried Teenager," Qld.

Nothing is the matter with you except growing up. Growing up and being a teenager is terribly difficult. Round 16 is just about the worst time of all.

It is ghastly about mothers and fathers, I know. Most girls want their advice and help badly but can't and don't ask for it because their parents suddenly seem to treat them differently. They do, too.

The thing is that you are different, you are not the girl you used to be. You are growing so fast emotionally that you are almost a stranger to them. They are trying to understand you. Your mother stares at you with wonder and you mystify your father. It is no one's fault, not yours, not theirs—it is just growing up.

I bet you are awfully moody, happy

one minute, ready to cry the next, all mixed up about everything.

There is only one thing to do—just sit it out, and week by week you will improve and get more used to the new you. So will your parents. I think you will pull out of this stage fairly quickly because you sound nice. Don't think the world is against you. Feel that you may have something to do with it.

This is the time to jump sharply to any task your parents ask you to do. Do what you have to without being told. Tell them where you are going, with whom, ask what time you should be home, and be as nice as you possibly can.

If you make them happy about your behaviour, they will want to make you happier than you are, as a reward. Don't worry about the way you feel. We all feel as you do at some time in our lives. As you so sagely say, running away will do no good.

Trouble ahead

"WE are three very attractive girls of 14 but we look 17. The boys that we have been going out with for three months are decent boys of 20 to 21. We are very much in love and our mothers disagree with us going out with them. Do you think we should continue going with them?"

"Trio," Vic.

No. If you keep going out with them, both you and the boys will find yourselves in serious trouble.

Tell the truth

"I AM nearly 16. The other day I was introduced to a boy who asked me out. I am not allowed out with boys, so I made an excuse. I see him only on Saturday at work, as he goes to school. Could you please tell me what to do? I am too scared to tell him why I can't go, as he might not want to see me again."

"Worried," Qld.

You are barmy. If you told him the truth and said you would love to go out with him but your parents don't allow you to go out with boys yet, he would understand completely.

He would put you down in his mind as someone who likes him and as a prospect for later on; not wipe you off as he probably has because you gave a silly excuse. If he asks you out again, tell him the truth.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

HOW is your know-how on common foreign words or phrases? Here are some widely used ones:

Repondez s'il vous plait

(French)—please reply

Via (Latin)—by way of

Vice versa (Latin)—the other way round

Faux pas (French)—a mistake

Eureka (Greek)—I have it!

Voila (French)—There you are

Finis (Latin)—the end

Bonjour (French)—good day

Bonsoir (French)—good evening

Au revoir (French)—till we meet again

Auf Wiedersehen (German)—till we meet again

Fete (French)—a festival or holiday

Veni, vidi, vici (Latin)—I came, I saw, I conquered

Do nothing

"AT university there is a boy and I know he likes me, as he often smiles at me. But this is as far as he has gone. Should I take the initiative in asking him to accompany me to a social function? Thinking of Christmas, would it be O.K. if I asked him his address to send him a card? I have photos taken of myself for use as a Christmas card. Would it be inappropriate if I sent one of these, or should I send a funny card?"

"Waiting," W.A.

It would be inappropriate if you did anything. Leave it to him. If you must send him a card, don't ask him his address; get it some other way. Don't send him one with a picture of you on it. That sort of Christmas card is strictly for intimate friends.

Impossible romance

"I AM a schoolgirl and I'm nearly 14.

Recently I went to a party with a friend of mine who is nearly 15. We had a very enjoyable time and we seemed to get on very well together. He enjoyed the same sort of music as I did and he was a very nice person to talk to. My girl-friends think so, too. But lately he just doesn't seem to be so friendly and when I see him in the street he merely says 'hello' and walks on. As I still like him as much as before, do you think I should continue my one-sided romance?"

"What Next?" S.A.

How can you? Two's company, three's a crowd, but one? That's impossible.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Know your etiquette

COFFEE AND PANCAKES

• How do you extract the juice from the slice of lemon often served with black coffee? Also, should lemon always be served with black coffee?

YOU don't extract the juice from the lemon for coffee. Take the slice from the bowl and put it in your coffee. Lemon is often served with black coffee, often in a bowl or on the saucer, never in the cup. Lemon-in-coffee is an acquired taste, so don't force your guests to drink it by having the lemon already in the cup.

• How do you eat unrolled pancakes? If already rolled, what cutlery do you use?

PANCAKES shouldn't be served unrolled, but if they are, roll them up with your fork, then eat them using the fork. If you're in doubt, watch your hostess and do as she does.

• Which way do you stir your coffee?

CLOCKWISE. But after all, does it really matter which way you stir your coffee, or if you eat your pancakes with a fork and spoon?

The main thing is to use your common sense, and as long as you eat gracefully, and with the minimum of fuss, many little problems of etiquette will solve themselves.

RINGSIDE WITH THE RUSTLERS!

● If there's still one male stronghold left, surely it's the TV Western.

IN these shows, generally, women are kept in their place — you might say they're home, home on the (fuel) range, or that the Western is a place where men are men and women are not allowed in it.

With the exception of "Annie Oakley," I can't think of a show in which the star has been regularly a woman.

Maybe this is because Belle Starr(ing) is dead and buried! Another reason could be that starring roles call for male characteristics.

I mean, all right, could you have a lady sheriff — and still have a show?

Why, if she had to tell a bad gunslinger he had only five minutes to get outa town, she'd talk for so long she'd have to shoot the poor clown for overstaying his welcome!

And where, pray, would she wear her badge when she went into the saloon at night — in a strapless evening dress?

(I must concede, in all fairness, that some girls I know would be most adept at heading off bad boys — at the pass!).

Again, surely you need a rugged he-man for the role of a wagon-master. The result's all right with a Ward Bond — but with a weird blonde . . . ?

Some of the honored institutions would be changed beyond recognition by increased female influence in TV thud-and-blunder sage-sagas.

Would not, for instance, women rename Boot Hill Winkle-picker Hill — until, of course, chisel toes came in the next Sears Roebuck catalogue?

And, in post-Civil War series, gone would be the traditional carpet-baggers (exploiters of the South from the victorious North).

Yes, suh! There'd instead be evil girl suede-baggers, raffia-baggers, and crocodile-skin-baggers!

Even the time-honored pastime of rustling would be botched up by belles. They'd forget the cows to put their brands on boys!

However, maybe females will creep in and take over our TV refuge of masculinity.

Already there are signs of women worming their way into the Western.

For instance, there's that ad in which a lass is apparently a haddie — she's on a poster, wanted in her such-and-such bra.

I see in this ad visible foundation for my fears.

So watch it, fellers. Maybe in years to come we will recall having lived through the TV cowboys' losing battle with cow-girls.

A terrible tussle full of Gunsmoke and known, naturally, perhaps as "Chester's Last Stand"?

— Robin Adair



ROBIN SHELDON, 12, being nursed in Marrickville General Hospital, Sydney, by aboriginal twin sisters Jennifer (left) and Alison Bush.

● One aboriginal nurse is an uncommon enough sight in an Australian city hospital. Two identical aboriginal nurses in one hospital must be unique.

The patients see double...

By
WINIFRED
MUNDAY

BUT the patients and staff at Marrickville General Hospital in Sydney are becoming used to meeting Jennifer Bush in a hospital corridor, turning into a room — and coming face to face with her double.

Jennifer and Alison Bush are identical twins from Darwin. They are in their second year of nursing training, and are two of the most popular student nurses in the hospital.

To avoid a bit of the confusion they are put on different shifts, usually in different wards. That, at least, keeps their identities straight while they are working.

"But," said Jennifer, "I often meet an ex-patient of Alison's in the street who thinks she is being snubbed when she says 'Hullo' and gets a puzzled look from me in return."

To avoid name mix-ups Jennifer is known as Nurse Bush and Alison is Nurse Alison.

The sisters are 18 — Jennifer is one hour older than her sister — and were born in Sydney, brought up in Darwin, and educated at Bowral (N.S.W.) High School.

They have eight younger brothers and sisters at home in Darwin, where their father is a laborer for the Department of Works.

The Bush Church Aid Society has helped the girls with their schooling and nursing.

They have not yet decided whether they will return to Darwin when their Sydney general training ends in two years' time.

They might stay on to study obstetrics and take a special mothercraft course.

The sisters say that neither at school nor at the hospital have they ever come up against racial prejudice.

In fact, Jennifer has shone both at school and at the hospital. In 1959 and 1960 she came second in the State Junior Athletics Championships, and last April she was chosen by her fellow nurses to attend the 12th International Nurses' Congress in Melbourne.

... WHEN THEY'RE TREATED BY THE NURSING TWINS

when
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ART through the ages:

Here is another fascinating article in our series which explains the famous art periods during the past 1000 years. The series is written by a well-known Australian artist, Mr. Douglas Watson.

A human touch

● 4. EARLY RENAISSANCE (13th-14th centuries): Tradition broken.

ITALY was the first country to break away from the Byzantine tradition — a tradition of formality rigidly controlled by the Church.

I talked about Byzantine art in the first article in this series (T.W., October 18).

Briefly, the artists of the Byzantine period concentrated on the significance and inner meaning of the Biblical stories they depicted, rather than on the character of the people in the stories.

The breakaway began in the mid-13th century, when there was a definite trend away from formality toward naturalness and humanity.

The Florentine Giotto di Bondone, referred to now simply as Giotto, was the main driving force of Italian painting of the time.

He was born in the small village of Vespignano, about 14 miles from Florence.

When he was young he joined the studio of the famous painter Cimabue, developing very quickly and becoming very conscious of the limitations of the old Byzantine traditions.

Giotto felt there was a lack of humanity in earlier forms of expression.

First and foremost an artist on a grand scale and a painter of frescoes, Giotto sought the truth of natural forms.

His art is the work of great intellect, but the stories he painted are told simply and with tremendous conviction.

His "Life of Christ" in the Scrovegni Chapel at Padua, Italy, is a masterpiece of power and simplicity of statement. The story was clearly stated and easily understood by the people of his day.

Be it hands clasped in anguish, or lifted in wonderment, or just the smiling glance of unbelievers, the dramatic moment as interpreted by Giotto has



GIOTTO (1267?-1337) painted "Annunciation of St. Anne" (pictured) between 1304 and 1306 as part of a great fresco, "The Life of Christ," in the Scrovegni Chapel, Padua, Italy.

few equals in the history of human expression.

Giotto influenced all who followed, including Masaccio, Michelangelo, and Leonardo da Vinci.

NEXT WEEK: Mid-Renaissance

CUT OUT AND KEEP THESE

WE will publish this series in the shape here, so that you can cut out each article and neatly paste it in a book.

● From page 5

Island-hopping by the local ferries — or if we're lucky maybe by a fisherman's sailboat — is cheap, and, eventually reaching Rhodes, we can steam across to Istanbul in Turkey before returning to Athens and setting north for London.

This, as we said, can be done by O.V.C. members on their special train. But if we're not members, or if we decide to leave Greece before a two months' stay, we can buy our own train ticket for London from a travel agent or the railway station in Athens.

For £26 we can get an open ticket to London, valid for a month. That is, we can travel by rail any route as long as we get to London within the month — either via Yugoslavia or Italy.

Or we can take a bus 150 miles from Athens to Patras and then board either a Greek or Italian ferry for a 24-hour sea trip across to Brindisi, in Italy, and there buy an Italian "travel-at-will" 30-day train ticket. The ferry trip costs at least about £9.

Another alternative is to catch a ferry from Piraeus right up to Trieste or Venice, calling at the Yugoslav ports on the Adriatic Sea.

Before we leave Greece, though, there is time for a pine-scented climb up to the Acropolis in Athens at sunset. No matter how "touristy" the thought seems, it's a "must."

But Europe is not only Greece. We'll start again from Australia and disembark in Portugal. We'll take a Dutch ship to Lisbon.

A berth in a six-berth cabin in Johan Van Oldenbarnevelt will cost £150 single. And, while trying to watch our calorie counts, we'll plunge wholeheartedly into that magnificent Dutch

food en route, and some interesting sightseeing at the ports of call.

By the time we reach Lisbon we'll have touched down at Wellington and Auckland in New Zealand, Suva, Tahiti — 24 hours there — Callao, Balboa, Cristobal, Miami, and New York.

After these sights, Lisbon is suddenly "so Europe." Again, heavy luggage is left on the ship to be discharged at Southampton. For our tour through Portugal and Spain, then up to England through France, we don't need much of a wardrobe — and certainly no formal clothes.

We can travel comfortably through Portugal by bus or train, making sure to visit Estoril, near Lisbon, and travelling north through the university

town of Coimbra to Oporto, where, of course, the only real port wine is made. And we can take a look at the beautiful single-span bridge over the Douro River. It was designed by Eiffel, the man responsible for the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

Staying in adequate pensions, full board and travelling costs shouldn't be more than £1 a day, and when you eventually cross into Spain, through the Douro Valley, you can even budget for less than £1 a day.

Spain — just look at it on a map — is enormous. And if you don't have a car the only way to cover it is by train. Though erratic, the Spanish trains are cheap, as the more miles you cover the cheaper the mileage.

We can buy all our train tickets at the first big railway station we come

to. Tickets are issued on a coupon basis, simply for the length of distance you want to travel. The coupon booklet must carry a passport photo of the purchaser.

Using the trains, the complete travelling costs through Spain can be as little as £5. Pensions — and not hotels — are the best places to stay, and life is cheaper if we avoid spending too much time in the big cities or at the tourist resorts like the Costa Brava and the Spanish Riviera.

We're so used to our magnificent Australian beaches we'll probably be a bit disappointed in the Spanish bathing resorts — but there are a lot of other compensations. We mustn't miss seeing the gipsy flamenco dancing in

Continuing . . . HERE, THERE — AND EVERYWHERE

the caves at Granada — and on a Sunday, in any town, a bullfight.

Spain, if you get right down to Gibraltar and catch a boat over to Tangier for a day, can take easily a month to see, travelling constantly. So, heading north, it's best to go direct, slowly through France, by train, to England.

By the end of two to three months' touring we'll look and feel a bit ragged, and want to settle down in London.

Touring in France, it's as well to realise that, although food and the general costs are more expensive than that of Spain or Portugal, Youth Hostel accommodation is cheap and plentiful.

Northern Europe — Scandinavia, too — has no shortage of good clean Youth Hostel accommodation.

Let's set off from Australia again in a British ship. This may sound a bit dull compared with the foreign lines, but P. & O.-Orient are offering some fascinating off-season trips.

This year, for instance, if we take the cheapest berth — £131 from Sydney — in Himalaya, leaving in December, we can call en route at Bali, Singapore, Colombo, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Piraeus, Naples, and eventually disembark in Barcelona, Spain.

Here, at the main railway station, we can buy our train coupons, spend about a month in Spain, and instead of going into Portugal can take a side excursion from Valencia to the Balearic Islands by ferry.

The travel is cheap — about £1 to get from the mainland to the island of Ibiza — and so is the living in an island pension. Here, too, in January, we'd find the climate milder than anywhere else in wintry Europe.

From the islands we can take a ferry northwards to Barcelona again, and travel by train through the Basque country into France. By train then, or bus, we can dawdle along the French Riviera, staying in Youth Hostels.

Next frontier to cross is the Italian one, and while the sun still shines along the Italian Riviera we can travel using the 30-day "travel-at-will" train ticket.

Leaving Italy again, after a month, we might be able to manage a week's skiing in Switzerland, travelling through by train to Germany, and then to London.

We're there at last. By any route we've seen a lot before arriving at our destination.

● In future issues we'll return to Australia, covering new territory, and also discuss air travel.

First baby for the Johnny Devlins

● Congratulations to the Johnny Devlins! Johnny and his wife, Carol, are expecting a baby — their first — in January. Carol looked an angel in a pale blue cotton embroidered smock when she and Johnny were shopping in a Sydney Legacy babywear shop recently.

THE Devlins say they don't care if it's a boy or a girl. They hope to be in their new home in Ryde by then. Carol designed the house — and there's a nursery for the baby and a "den" for Johnny.

The baby won't be lacking attention. Johnny comes from a family of five boys, and Carol from one of two boys and four girls.

Johnny hasn't decided yet whether to have an operation on his hand, which was injured several years ago. A specialist has told him there's only a 50-50 chance of success.

Johnny can play the guitar now, but not a piano. If the operation failed he might not be able to play either.

Johnny hopes to do a two-week variety tour of New Zealand in February. He'll be paid £500 a week, plus all expenses.

THE stars are shining bright in willowy Laurel Lea's grey eyes. She's been singing since she was a little girl. She left school at 15 to join the touring tent show run by her father, Con Lianos, and for the past few years has appeared in TV shows regularly.

She wasn't seen for about six months at the end of last year. She'd broken her jaw in a fall from a ladder and could hardly talk, let alone sing!



LAUREL LEA — her stars look bright.

Recently, however, she was signed to make records for Leedon — and Laurel says it won't be long now before her first one will be released.

She used to sing wild, way-out rock, but is slowing down a bit now. Not from old age, however, for she is only 18.

Laurel will also appear regularly on Johnny O'Keefe's new TV show.

Laurel's brother is that dashing drummer Little Rock Billy — and she let out his big secret by telling me his real name is Doug.

GOOD-LOOKING Jay Justin is doing so well with his singing he's had to give up his job in a Sydney shoe store and work full time at his entertainment career.

THE apple of Nat "King"

Cole's eye is his teenage daughter, Sweetie Pie, so when she begged him to record some rock-'n-roll songs instead of his usual romantic ballads, he gave in. He's working on a few now, and one number will be called "Sweetie Pie."

THERE'S a rumor that Edd

"Kookie" Byrnes may be secretly married to a girl called Asa Maynor. His close friends think so, but Edd denies it. If it's true, he's denying it because (like fellow Warner Bros. star Connie Stevens) there's a clause in his contract which says he cannot marry for an indefinite length of time.

POP singer Patsy Ann Noble, this week's cover pin-up, has given us her favorite recipe for Lemon Cheese Cake. Here it is:

Take half-pound semi-sweet biscuits, 1 cup butter, 1½lb. cream cheese, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, whipped cream.

Crush biscuits into fine crumbs, melt butter, add to biscuits, and mix well. Grease or lightly oil a fancy mould pan, press mixture into tin over base and sides. Chill in refrigerator while making filling.

Cream cheese and sugar together until soft and fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each. Add vanilla and lemon peel and heat.

Pour into crumb-lined tin and bake in a slow oven for 40 to 45 minutes. Turn off oven and leave in oven till cold. Refrigerate for at least two hours.

When ready to serve, loosen sides of mould and turn on to serving plate. Cut into slices and serve with whipped, sweetened cream.

THEY'RE still after the elusive Presley in Britain. Birmingham promoter Brian Delarme offered Elvis about £100,000 for one appearance in England, plus jet transport to ensure the famous hip-slinger would not be away from Hollywood for more than 24 hours.

But Elvis' manager turned the offer down, saying that when Elvis WAS free to visit Britain, first consideration would be given to the promoters who tried to book him four years ago.



OUT SHOPPING for babywear — Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Devlin. The baby is expected in the middle of January.

Local talent: Johnny Devlin's voice and presentation are fine on his new (Festival 45) "Hey Little Angel," but the words and tune are just a pot-pourri of all the other songs of the past year. Sorry, Johnny, I know you wrote it—but I do like your singing.

HARDLY anyone could go wrong with the lovely "Greensleeves," and the David Fuller Trio (on W & G 45) doesn't either.

IT'S a wonder our household isn't sick to the back teeth of Bryan Davies' "Five Foot Two" (H.M.V. 45). My young sister has been playing it all week and regards the record and Bryan's pin-up among her treasures.

THERE'S something intriguing about Barry Stanton's smooth rock number "Begging On My Knees" (Leedon 45). Rock is growing old—but Barry's song does it gracefully.

IN classical, plaintive ballad style, the Howard Morrison Quintet pours out the story of the "Lonesome Traveller" (W & G 45). But it's a sweet sorrow.

Pops: Seen Cliff Richard and The Shadows yet? Like them? You can "Listen to Cliff" and "The Shadows"—both on Columbia LPs.

THE Twist is a variation of jive and rock dancing in America, and a record by that name was a big hit for Chubby Checker. On Columbia LP he sings a series of songs "For

Twisters Only." I think he makes a horrible noise, but granted it would liven the kids up at a teenage party.

THERE'S a new LP, "The Sensational Lloyd Price," out from the man who made "Personality" famous (Ampar).

WHETHER Brenda Lee is a 16-year old veteran or a 32-year-old midget or just the confident young miss she seemed in Australia, there's no doubt she puts her songs over well. There are four good ones on "Let's Jump The Broomstick" (Festival E.P.).



I could hardly believe it, HAIRSETS FOR 4d!

Yes, when Jill said I would get 15 lovely hairsets from one 4/10 tube of concentrated Curlypet, I didn't just amaze. But it's true, definitely true. I'm now saving pounds on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hairdo's I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling all the girls how good, how economical Curlypet really is. It's the most!

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

WORTH HEARING

Tchaikovsky: Fifth Symphony

THIS seems to be the season for old favorites in the field of classical releases. But the well-known works coming up for release in the past few weeks have been outstanding enough in their performance to justify revival.

This week's choice is a stylish and polished performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, by Sir Malcolm Sargent and the London Symphony Orchestra, released on an Everest label.

Tchaikovsky's "Fifth" is something of an enigma. It appears to have been written with some sort of story or "programme" in mind—as witness the fateful-sounding theme that opens the work and breaks dramatically into all four movements. Yet Tchaikovsky gave no hint of what the programme, if any, was.

But there is no need to puzzle out stories in order to appreciate the work. Its flowing melodies and rich orchestration can be enjoyed for their own sake.

—Martin Long

YOUR LOOKS ON THE JOB

By Carolyn Earle

● On the prowl for a job over Christmas? Well, looking your best won't automatically put you on the payroll, but a trim, tidy appearance is an obvious asset that counts greatly with an intending employer.



SO, whether you're after a temporary job to see you over the holidays or have something more permanent in mind, study the clues given before you make the rounds.

A pretty face is never a stumbling block for a young girl, but neither is it any kind of job insurance. However, if you look well groomed, are suitably dressed and intelligent, you are ripe material for almost any job.

By and large, young skins get by splendidly with just the lightest touch of make-up — a bright, clear lipstick, a touch of foundation that blends smoothly with your own skin tones, a dusting of powder—all applied with a light and sure hand according to the natural contours.

If it's properly put on, your make-up will not be in need of constant repairs. Above all, you can be comfortably certain that it is perfect for your interview — no streaks, no smudges, and just enough of everything.

Hair needs to be properly cut and styled. A clean, shining, simple hairdo is what older people like best. No employer likes to feel you might have to spend half HIS day keeping your locks in order, so leave fancy, glamorous hairdos for other occasions.

Never underestimate the effect of a good set of teeth and well-kept hands and fingernails. Get your dentist to whisk stubborn stains off your teeth, and use a mouthwash to make sure you're sweet-to-be-near.

Chewed fingernails or chipped polish on rough, red hands tip off the observer that you're not a girl for detail—hardly the way to inspire confidence in your working ability.

If you're under 17 do aim for hands that are clean smooth with nails manicured into a neat, rounded shape, not too long or pointed. The light, pearly shades of nail varnish are best, and a chip should never, never be seen.

Last but not least, and it goes without saying, be neat and immaculate in clothes that suit you, your teenage status, and the job you (hope to) hold down.

TEENA by Linda Terry

